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THE
HIGHLAND INN.



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INTRODUCTION.

DUNCAN MAC ALPIN, M.D., of Bas Alpin, the writer of the Diary of which the following pages form a fragment, was the scion of an ancient and honourable Gaelic stock, claiming lineal descent from King Alpin*. Being a second son, he was destined to procure his livelihood by his own energies ; and, consequently, received a superior education to that which usually falls to the lot of the embryo chief of a Highland family. After completing his classical studies at the Mareschal College of Aberdeen, he re-

* Alpin was the sixty-eighth king of Scotland, in a direct line from Fergus the First. He ascended the throne in the year eight hundred and thirty-one, and reigned only seven years. George Buchanan, in right good latin, informs us that ~~he~~ was the son of Achaius ; and, after many battles with the Picts, he was slain, and his head cut off and stuck upon a pole ; and that the place where this happened was called, in Buchanan's time, *Bas Alpin*, that is, the death-place of Alpin. The antiquity of the Doctor's family is, therefore, undoubted.—EDDIE.

moved to the Metropolitan University—in homely language, the College of Edinburgh—where he acquired a sufficiency of medical lore to be dubbed a Doctor, and to enable him to hold the double commissions of assistant-surgeon and ensign in the forty-second regiment. But young Mac Alpin's mind, tintured by romance and poetic imaginings, the growth of the mountain regions of his nativity, was ill adapted for the performance of his surgical avocations, for bandaging and amputating limbs; he, therefore, soon exchanged the lancet for the sword, fought his way to a company, and, in due time, he might have commanded the regiment, had not the waywardness of his disposition changed again his destiny, and led him to resume his medical functions. He had, in the interval, made a voyage to America, where he was shipwrecked; and on his return to Europe, meeting with disappointment in an attachment which he had long and devotedly fostered, and not finding his professional occupations sufficient to withdraw his mind from dwelling upon this unfortunate event, the Doctor attempted to divert his melancholy by travelling. At Naples, tidings reached him that he was the head of his family; his brother, the chief, having early finished his career by dint of indolence

and the power of whiskey ; and he was on the way to Bas Alpin, when the incidents that are related in the following fragment occurred.

Such is the brief account of his author which the Editor has thought necessary to lay before his readers. In executing the task devolved upon him by the will of the deceased, the Editor has felt, in its full force, the truth of the adage, "that no duty is more irksome than arranging the papers of a deceased friend." They consisted of a voluminous manuscript on Medicine, which was at once deposited in the hands of Messrs. Longman and Co., and which has since met the public eye in the shape of two goodly octavos ;—an endless collection of letters, that would have made three handsome quartos, in accordance with the custom of the present day, which leads Editors of posthumous works to sacrifice the reputation of their deceased friends to the debased appetite of the public for private gossip and scandal ;—a few unfinished fragments of poetry, that will rest quietly in the vault of the Capulets ;—the sketch of a rejected tragedy, which the author believed to be too classical to please the sophisticated taste of a modern audience ;—a plan for a History of Medicine, which the Editor laments his friend did not live

to execute;—and the Diary, of which this volume is a fragment.

The Diary appears to have commenced at the time when the mind of the writer was suffering from the disappointment alluded to: it contained some curious and severe strictures on the character of the fair sex; their irresistible passion for wealth, equipage, and rank, and their inconstancy. The Editor attributes these strictures to the then state of the worthy Doctor's feelings, out of regard for which, and from his high veneration for the virtues of womankind, he has consigned them to the flames. His executor, Angus, or, as some moderns translate this ancient and honourable Gaelic discriminative, *Æneas Mac Errie, Esq., Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh*, would have destroyed the whole Diary, on the possibility of some of the remarks affording grounds for actions of libel: but the Editor argued the point with the learned writer, and, at length, dumb-founded him with the following quotation from our immortal Shakspeare:—

“ What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he, of basest function,
 That says his bravery is not on my cost,
 Thinking that I mean him—
 ——— how then? let me see wherein
 My tongue hath wrong'd him ; if it do him right,
 Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,
 Why then my taxing like a wild goose flies,
 Unclaim'd of any man."

Were the question asked why this portion of the Diary had been selected for publication, the Editor would reply, that it contains nothing personally offensive to any one; that it displays a faithful description of a part of the Highlands much visited, but little known; that the stories are calculated to please by their verisimilitude to nature; and that the picture of his friend's habits and feelings, as drawn by himself, are honourable to human nature, displaying an unsophisticated character, and a mind, although eccentric, yet imbued with elevated moral feelings, and the highest principles of rectitude.

With regard to the arrangement of the materials of the Diary, the Editor has only to remark, that he has left it as he found it, with the exception of the division into chapters, and their mottoes, in conformity to the custom of modern novelists. To the mottoes, indeed, he has a partiality, having been once employed by a distinguished authoress to add his mite to the Treasury of Amusement, which she was about

to open to the public, by finding mottoes for her chapters; and the extraordinary popularity of this work, he has vanity enough to think, was, in some measure, due to the appropriateness of these chapteral decorations.

Such as this fragment is, the Editor offers it to the public. Like an exhibition of pictures, some of the sketches will please one taste, some another; and if it obtain the suffrages of one-half of its readers, he will rest contented; satisfied that the way to gratify all the world is to please one half of it.

Pennycuik, 10th October, 1835.

CHAPTER I.

"——— subject to a critick's marginall."

RETURNE FROM PARNASSUS.

THE DOCTOR'S JOURNAL.

I HAD passed Loch Achray without seeing one of the numerous beauties of that romantic lake; for the rain, which had fallen in torrents, from the moment that my eye caught the first glimpse of Loch Venachar, was accompanied with an impenetrable cloud, shrouding the whole scene. It had just begun to ascend on the base of Ben Venue, and, like the rising of the curtain in a drama, was displaying the Tro-sachs, tinted by the mellow rays of the setting sun, whose broad disk, although still visible, yet, was beginning to dip behind the summit of the mountain. While I surveyed, with mute ecstasy, this scene, my servant, Dugald Macnab, rode close up to me, and touching, respectfully, my shoulder with the but-end of his whip, informed me that we were arrived at Ardken-
 okrochan, Stewart's Inn. This communication disturbed a train of pleasing reflections, into

which the prospect now opening before me had led my imagination ; but as I was desirous of pursuing my musings, I dismounted with as little consciousness of the effort as possible, and was standing, with my chin resting between the thumb and the fore-finger of my right hand, gazing upon a magnificent rainbow, formed in the last partial droppings of the dispersing cloud, when the salutation—"Hah! is it possible?—can it be the Doctor?—By Gad, it is! Hah! Dr. Mac Alpin, is this you?" completely dissolved my reverie. On turning round to observe who thus accosted me, I was surprised, and certainly not displeased, to behold my old friend Colonel Standard, from whom I had parted, on the Bluff of Savannah, in North America, in the year 1805.

The workings of Time in the figure and on the physiognomy of my friend were sufficient to have disguised him from my recollection ; and, but for the upright, starched air of the old soldier, and two or three characteristic traces that no revolution of years could obliterate, I should not have recognized the man to whose kindness I had been deeply indebted, when thrown by shipwreck upon the coast of Georgia, in the *fifth* year of the present century.

The Colonel, as he now stood before me, was

on the wrong side of seventy: he was a lank, raw-boned figure, nearly seven feet in height, with a large aquiline nose, deep-sunk penetrating hazel eyes, shaded with large, shaggy, well-arched eyebrows, a fine elevated forehead, and a mouth of ample capacity; a slight projection of the under-lip of which, and the downward inclination of its angles when the lips were compressed, gave an air of stern intelligence to his countenance, that at once bespoke the profession and the intellectual character of the man. He was dressed in a single-breasted blue coat, with a red collar and cuffs; a white keysermere waistcoat, with flap pockets, and breeches of the same material; well-blackened hussar boots, and a cocked hat, mounted with a black cockade and a gold loop. The few grey hairs that marked the outline of his temples and forehead were combed carefully backwards; for his hat was raised in his left hand, while he held out his right to receive mine; and the tuft which time had spared on the back of his head was formed into a slender cue, terminated with a curl, that reached at least ten inches below his shoulders. To complete the picture, he carried an umbrella under his arm, and one of his gloves dangled, in mili-

tary fashion, from the wrist of his bared hand.

"It is indeed you," said he, as he grasped my hand with an energy which indicated no failure of his muscular powers—"I could not be mistaken; although, by Gad! there is some change in the symmetry of the handsome young man who parted from me on the Bluff. Let me see:—'tis twenty-three years ago—heh! Doctor?—yes, it must be twenty-three:—the battle of Alexandria—aye! aye! it was the second year after that affair:—just two years after my old campaigning comrade Abercrombie fought that battle. My Letitia"—Here the veteran paused, and, casting around his eyes, continued:

"I see none of the women folks near:—well, you may recollect my Letitia was only six weeks old: and my poor wife, who had suffered in her confinement, was beginning to crawl out to breathe the air of that cursed climate—for I must call it so, although it was the place of her nativity."

"I remember it well," replied I.

"Yes," said he—"if you recollect, we had just finished a decanter of Sangaree, under the Tamarind tree, opposite to my house on the

Bluff, when the boatmen hailed ; and the firm, farewell-shake you then gave me thrills in my hand even now :—no shame, Doctor ; all the mother was in your eyes :—it was the utterance of friendship and gratitude, for your heart was on your lips.”—

The quivering of the old Colonel’s lip, and a slight faltering in his utterance, plainly told me that, whatever the lapse of years had effected in his exterior, the bosom of my friend was unchanged. I returned the pressure of his hand with all the warmth of my nature, for my feelings were too much overpowered to permit me to reply to him in words ; and a thousand reminiscences of events that had passed away since the period of which he spoke rushed upon my mind.

The beam of hope which then, in spite of the shipwreck that I had suffered, gilded every prospective scene, had been extinguished in the gloomy clouds of disappointment. Many of those with whom I had set out in life had distanced me in the career of ambition ; many, who held the warmest place in my affections, were no more ; one, whose image was the only idol my heart had ever worshipped, whose smile was to me like the promise of Heaven, whose words fell upon my ear like the accents

of an angel, and whose asseveration I believed to be as sacred as holy writ, had—I cannot write the sentence. I had returned to Scotland, after wandering over half the globe, disappointed in all my anticipations, misanthropic in my feelings, and yet eager to traverse again the haunts of my boyhood; and although I had long been above all pecuniary anxieties, yet this was the first moment that my heart had felt any thing like the return of its original sympathies: it had vibrated but few chords in unison with the feelings of any human being for fifteen years, except of gratitude towards my servant, honest Dugald, who had clung to me through every change of fortune and of circumstances. But the fire which had once glowed in my breast, and had been only smouldered beneath the dross of disappointment, ingratitude, and treachery, now kindled again at the touch of the old Colonel's hand; I once more found that I belonged to my species; my sternness gave way, and, in spite of my utmost efforts to restrain my feelings, I was obliged to shade with my hand the tears that started into my eyes.

The worthy veteran, without appearing to notice the excess of my emotion, politely urged me to retire into the inn, to disencumber myself of my wet cloak.

"I will go," said he, "and order a good peat fire to be lighted in our humble dining-room, for the sake of the ladies, who I fear may suffer from the drenching shower which overtook them in their first visit to the Loch. You know my wife, Doctor?" continued he; "but I long to introduce you to my daughter, my niece, and my sister."

I bowed my thanks for his polite intention.

"I must lay an embargo upon you," said the old gentleman, turning back as he was entering the inn, "as I have done upon four most agreeable men whom we met at different points in the course of our tour, and who have agreed to form a part of our social circle during the week, which we propose to dedicate to the scenery of Loch Cateran*."

On entering the little inn, I found that my worthy servant, Dugald, had lighted a fire in

* The Editor has not altered the orthography of his deceased friend, because it is supported by the profound antiquarian lore of Dr. Macculloch. "*Cath earn*," says he, in his work on the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, "in the Gaelic, signifies soldiers or banditti; the Quatrani of Fordun and the Kernes of Shakspeare; and, from the wild recesses of the Trosachs and Ben-Venue having afforded refuge to these marauders, the lake received its name *Cateran*."

my bed-room, and was in the act of airing my linen when I opened the door of the apartment.

“You will excuse me, sir,” said he, raising himself as erect as his lame knee would permit, and placing the back of his hand on his forehead: “how could you stand sae lang wi that wat cloak upon your shoulders? Do ye nae mind the fever and ague ye got in the laigh countries, frae standing wi wat shoon on, to look at a mountebank?—Troth! ’tis miraculous that the rhumatics, that kept you without wink o’ sleep last night, are sae soon forgotten.”

I acknowledged my error, and took the kind reproof as it was intended, expressing my satisfaction at the comfortable aspect of my apartment.

“Aye,” said Dugald, again touching his forehead, “I chose it because it has nae draughts; and, too, because it is within the sough of the linn ahint the house; for I ken weel your honour’s melancholy turn, and the liking ye have to sic half-smothered din, when there is ne’er a mouse stirring at midnight; and—”

“And what, Dugald?” said I, as he stopped short in the details of his reasons.

“Only a Hielandman’s haverills;—’tis an auld story of the Each-Uisk snorting on the

north bank o' the stream, that came into my head."

I smiled at Dugald's reason for the choice of my chamber, although I could have readily dispensed with its situation within the sound of the waterfall, at the back of the inn; especially as this was now increased by the late rains, and its monotonous rumbling, softened only by the interposition of the walls, was quite perceptible.

"But, what is the Each-Uisk, Dugald?" said I, wishing to hear an uneducated Highlander's explanation of the superstition to which it alluded, and which I had almost forgotten.

"What should it be," replied the honest Gael, apparently surprised at my question, "but the Water-Elf? Is your honour a child o' the mist, and no ken the Each-Uisk? What is it but the Elf-Horse wha stands ready saddled and bridled near the torrent, at the dead o' the night, to tempt the wayfaring man to mount her; when, galloping down the Trosachs, she plunges into the Loch, and the rider is never heard o' mair. She can be laid only when pierced wi silver shot; but few try the experiment, though I ken'd a man who loaded his piece wi sax-pences, and lay in wait a week o' nights for her on the side o' Lock Lubnaig, where he had lost many a sheep."

I was astonished at the strong hold which early impressed superstitions take upon the imagination, and which even make cowards of men who are otherwise bold and daring. Such was the case of honest Dugald, who had been long enough absent from his native glen to have obliterated less deeply rooted prejudices; his courage had been tried, and found efficient on several occasions; but he would sooner have marched up to a cannon's mouth, than have walked down the Trosachs after night-fall. I attempted to lead him by argument into the regions of truth and good sense; but the respectful assent, "It may be sae, sir!" which he slowly articulated, as he gave the last touch to the velvet collar of my new coat, convinced me that it is only necessary to return to this land of shadows, glens, torrents, mists, and rainbows, to awaken again, in all their primæval vividness of colouring, those superstitions that the hand of tradition traces on the juvenile imagination of the Highlander.

As I have not yet given the pedigree of Dugald Macnab a place in my Diary, I shall now, for the benefit of those into whose hands these valuable papers may fall, when I shall be gathered to my fathers, here state, that this most faithful of servants was the eleventh son of a

small tenant of my grandfather, one of the last of those who held lands "in steelbow," a species of tenure now extinct. With very little education, except that imitative culture of the active faculties by which he was enabled to climb rocks, to swim across lakes and rivers, to spear a salmon by torch-light, run down a deer, and to convert its haunches into venison hams, Dugald attained his eighteenth year, when, becoming tired of these occasional exertions, and of his more monotonous and daily occupation of herding cattle on the wastes, and fired with military ardour, he "left his father's house," and, trudging to Perth, enlisted into the forty-second regiment. In this school of heroism, Dugald continued for twelve years, sharing the glory of every service in which the regiment was engaged, until he received a musket ball through his knee at the affair of Badajoz, and was invalided. I was then surgeon of the regiment, and, knowing the excellent disposition of Dugald, who was universally respected in the corps, I hired him as a servant. In sketching the portrait of Dugald Macnab, I may liken him to the gnarled trunk of a mountain oak,—a thick-set, rugged Gael, with strongly marked features, high cheek-bones, small grey eyes, a turned-up nose, and sand-coloured, crisp,

curling locks, which harmonized with the deep vermilion of his complexion. The halt in his pace, which his wound caused, has produced a habit of screwing up his mouth, when he advances his disabled limb,—a gesture not favourable to his beauty : but Dugald, like some other productions of Nature, is not to be estimated by his exterior ; for under this unprepossessing aspect he conceals one of the tenderest and most affectionate hearts that ever beat in mortal bosom. Wherever accident led us, in our peregrinations, to sojourn for a few days, the rude Celt became the centre of attraction ; mothers left their infants in his arms, and the children of both sexes hovered in crowds around him : his gentle and affectionate manners recommended him to the former, while his hilarity and unalterable good temper were irresistible attractions to all those guileless hearts to whom amusement was the business of life, and suspicion and reserve were, as yet, utter strangers. When labouring under a dangerous disease in Paris, augmented by the treachery of pretended friendship and the falsehood of women, which had severed every tie that could reconcile me to the world, and I sought for death, the kind-hearted Dugald never left my room, but, equally regardless of the contagion of

the malady which threatened my dissolution, and of the calls of exhausted nature for repose, tended my couch day and night. When delirium further deprived me of the power of managing my pecuniary matters, his delicacy, which would not permit him to touch my purse, led him to supply my necessities from his own little store ; and instead of leaving me to my fate, and benefiting by my fall amongst strangers, when reason returned and convalescence was approaching, he carried me in his arms from my bed to my sofa ; and as my limbs began to renew their office, like a nurse over a child, he upheld my tottering steps among the groves of Chantilly, whither I had been ordered by my physician, to inhale new vigour from the balmy breezes of that salubrious and delightful residence. Such is Dugald Macnab—to him, indeed, may be justly applied the character of another faithful domestic, in the language of our immortal dramatist:—

“ — good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world ;
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not of the fashion of these times.” *

If I live to carry his head to the grave, I shall plant a wild brier on the sod, as an emblem of

* *As You like it.*—Act II. Scene III.

that sweetness which owed nothing to cultivation, but which exhaled its fragrance, and blossomed kindly, beneath the chilling blasts of poverty and the blighting breath of misfortune.

CHAPTER II.

“ ——— to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
 It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven;
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
 An understanding simple and unschool'd.”

HAMLET.

ON descending into the little parlour of the inn, I found the veteran occupying two chairs, one as a seat and the other as a footstool. He rose, however, as I entered the room, and taking me by the hand, politely led me to Mrs. Standard, who was seated by the fire, and who instantly recognized me as an old acquaintance; then turning round to another lady, who stood on the opposite side, he introduced me to her with all the formality of the old school.

“ Doctor! Miss Bridget Standard, my maiden sister;—Bridget! my respected friend, Doctor Mac Alpin.”

Mrs. Standard, twenty-three years ago, was a pretty little woman, with fair auburn tresses, and regular but expressive features, of a lively

disposition, witty, and very fond of admiration. Even at that period, however, when she was only twenty-six years of age, as is not uncommon with her countrywomen (she was a native of South Carolina), the rose that blushed on her virgin cheek had begun to fade; and now, although she could not be regarded as an old woman, yet, from the shrinking of her features and the sallowness of her complexion, she had the appearance of being, at the least, ten years older than was actually the case. Her voice, too, which was once melodious, and remarkable for such variety of modulation as threw a charm over every sentiment she uttered, was reduced to a monotonous treble, which gave to her remarks, even when they were intended to be most kind, an air of reproof and harshness; and, to what was meant for mere repartee, the semblance of biting satire. She still, however, exhibited the same neatness in dress that distinguished her when a young woman; her bonnet, which she continued to wear within doors, although this fashion has been long since discontinued, was as appropriate, and her plain brown lustring fitted as closely to her small symmetrical figure, as when she shone forth, the envy of the one sex and the admiration of the other, in Savannah. Her hand, on the form

and size of which she always prided herself, was decorated with a brilliant and several other rings, and her black morocco shoe was fixed with the same gold buckle that was displayed on her foot twenty-five years ago.

I had never before seen Miss Bridget Standard. She was considerably above the ordinary stature of her sex ; and her features, which were large, were rendered more marked by the leanness of her whole frame, which for extenuation might have been regarded as totally devoid of radical moisture, or a specimen of a living mummy. In speaking of a maiden lady, I dare not venture to hint how the vermilion of fifteen had become fixed upon such a cheek ; or how the pure ivory of the teeth peered between lips not a line in thickness ; or how the dark locks, that hung in ringlets round her angular visage, had retained their jet beneath the frost of sixty winters, especially as her eyebrows, which shaded eyes of the same hue as her brother's, and which had modestly retired into their sockets, seemed to have caught some of the snows that had fallen in that period. Her voice was the soprano of Mrs. Standard's treble ; and, although seldom exerted when her brother was present, yet, as I afterwards

learned, it was occasionally heard, not in the most perfect harmony with that of her sister-in-law. Miss Bridget received my bow of salutation with a very formal courtesy; an oblique throwing back of the head, with a slight closing of the left eye and a compressed pursing of the lips, which swelled the wasted buccinators almost to a smile; and was intended as expressive of the most gracious reception of her brother's friend.

"Biddy," enquired the veteran, "what are the girls so long about?"

"My dear Augustus," replied Miss Bridget, giving him a look which was meant as a reproof for putting such a question before a stranger, "you know that they were nearly drowned in that odious shower; and it is natural for young people to spend a little time at the toilet. If I had ventured to the Loch in spite of certain warnings of my corns, I could not have been dressed so soon, brother." And, casting a sideling glance into a looking glass, which hung on the opposite wall of the room, she adjusted a pink gauze scarf over her collar bones; for, consistently with the fidelity of a true chronicler, I cannot employ the word bosom.

"If the shower had fallen thirty years ago,"

said Mrs. Standard, in an undertone, as if thinking aloud, and without raising her eyes from the fire, into which she was gazing—”

“Humph,” said the Colonel; while Miss Bridget, affecting not to hear the remark, walked slowly to the window, humming the tune of an old ballad—a custom which many persons adopt to lull the rising fiend of recrimination.

“If the girls have taken cold, and should they suffer from this drenching,” said Mrs. Standard, “the blame shall be at your door, Doctor! for ever since you described the Highlands to the Colonel, in such overstrained, romantic language, when you were our inmate in Savannah, he has done nothing but talk of the anticipated pleasures of this tour; and a pretty business we have made of it.”

The old Colonel rose leisurely, with a dignified air, from his chair, for he had resumed his lounging position; and, taking two strides towards the middle of the room, finished a pinch of Macaba, which he held betwixt his thumb and two fore-fingers. I was amused at the alacrity with which Miss Bridget turned round, as she observed this preparation for a matrimonial skirmish, and with her look of exultation in the revenge that she now antici-

pated for the covert arrow which Mrs. Standard had aimed at her.

“My dear,” said the Colonel, approaching his wife, “have I not often told you that the narrow, calculating notions of your Trans-Atlantic education”—he would have proceeded, but, at this moment, the door opened, and the daughter and niece of my friend entered.

The appearance of the young ladies produced an almost electrical effect on the temper of all the party. Like the landscape suddenly illuminated by the sun bursting through a lowering sky, a smile of pleasure overspread the countenances of both parents; even the parched inflexibility of Miss Bridget’s features relaxed to something expressive of placid satisfaction. The veteran introduced me to his daughter as an old and valued friend; and, having returned her graceful courtesy with my best bow, I soon found that my name was not only familiar to her ear, but that the kind manner in which her father had often spoken of me, had made an impression highly favourable towards me, and prepared a welcome which accident now enabled her to realize.

Miss Standard was tall, handsome, and in

features a softened resemblance of her father ; yet there was something so beautiful and attractive in her smile, that everything like restraint instantly vanished before its radiance ; whilst, at the same time, none who saw her could fail to expect, in her remarks and conversation, something indicative of more than ordinary judgment and understanding. Her eyes were dark, and softened by the shade of long, black silken eye-lashes : there was little colour on her cheek, but its absence harmonized well with her placid features : and a fine expanded forehead, on each side of which her black hair lay in simple braids, conferred an expression to her face at once dignified and mild. She might have sat for the portrait of a *Madonna* ; or as *Tragedy* in her most engaging mien.

Caroline Ashton, the niece of Mrs. Standard, reminded me of one whom I would willingly forget. She was a head shorter than her cousin : her figure was symmetrical, light, and elegant—a fairy frame : she was fair, with an oval, well-proportioned face, encircled with a profusion of auburn ringlets. The bloom of health spread upon her cheek was heightened by a constant play of lively expression, which

ever varied her laughing features, and beamed in every glance of a full blue eye,

“As heaven's unclouded radiance clear.*”

She was evidently a great favorite with her aunt, whose look, in gazing upon her, bespoke the secret pleasure with which she beheld the ripening charms of the animated girl; for she was still entitled to this appellation, being only in her seventeenth year, that most interesting period in the life of woman, breathing of innocence and love, when, like the spring of Nature, all is full of promise, and the blush of every unfolding bud is deepened by the beauty with which imagination paints its anticipated maturity.

My eyes were riveted upon the lovely girl; her form, her look, the fascination of her smile, the playful liveliness of her manner, the musical tones of her voice, were the exact similitude of one in whom once rested my destiny: a thousand events—many sunny hours—the retrospect of which appear like a fairy dream which has vanished in the gloomy reality of a day of wretchedness—rushed upon my memory. The question, who is she? presented itself

* Wilson.

every moment, and numerous conjectures, the most improbable, thrust themselves upon my imagination in reply, and determined me to secure the first opportunity of resolving the mystery—for such it seemed to me—that could produce an identity of person and manner, where no relationship existed.

“I hope, Caroline,” said Mrs. Standard, “your feet are not very wet?”

“How could they be otherwise, my dear Aunt, unless I had borrowed a pair of the guide’s shoes, which were perforated with holes, to keep, as he told me, the feet dry, by permitting the water to run out of them as fast as it entered?”

This description afforded Mrs. Standard an opportunity of remarking, “that she was surprised to hear of so ingenious a contrivance among such a savage race.”

“And had you no shelter during the full pelting of the shower?” again eagerly enquired Mrs. Standard; and, without waiting for a reply, turning round to the Colonel, she remarked that it was in vain to expect anything like rational weather in that deplorable country: that if they did not lose their daughter and niece by the repeated drenchings that they must sustain, she could not survive it; and if she

must die, she implored that he would, at least, take her where she could be buried like a Christian, and have the benefit of the church service.

"We had, indeed, quite a treat," said Caroline, anxious to avert the sparring which she foresaw would follow this remark; "we got into Fair Ellen's bower, and had a specimen of Mr. Oatland's oratory."

Mrs. Standard's lip slightly curled into a sarcastic smile, as the word bower was uttered.

"Bower! indeed," said she; "for my part, I am nauseated with these Highland bowers!"

The old Colonel could no longer resist the pleasure of returning the fire of this attack, and dryly remarked—

"Yes, my dear; but you had taste enough to be delighted with Ossian's Hall, at Dunkeld, which, to be sure, has somewhat of the air of the metropolis in it, and is almost as interesting as the submarine palace in the last Christmas pantomime."

Miss Standard, who, not less than her cousin, trembled lest this conjugal sparring should proceed farther before a stranger, now interposed—

"I could not have believed," said she, "that the Advocate, with his drollery and affection

for high jinks, as he terms the pranks with which he amuses us, possessed so much fine taste and sentiment. He recited several passages from the *Lady of the Lake* with a degree of feeling and pathos which was truly delightful."

Miss Bridget left the window and joined the circle round the fire.

"Yes, Aunt Bridget," said Caroline, "I rejoiced that you were not of the party; for, considering that he is a married man, he has already made too deep an impression upon your heart."

Miss Bridget drew herself up, pursed her thin lips, and, casting a glance towards the looking glass, replied—

"My dear Caroline, how can you be so cruel as to make me the object of your jests? You know that any regard I have for Mr. Oatland, arises from his polite attentions to a deserted old maid, whom nobody else condescends to notice."

Mrs. Standard threw a significant glance at Caroline.

"Never mind, Biddy!" said the Colonel, for he knew it was a sore subject; "never mind."

However, the conversation was here inter-

rupted, for the dinner was now brought in. The four gentlemen of whom my friend had spoken entered the room ; and to each I was severally introduced. The party consisted of Mr. Oatland, a Scotch barrister ; Mr. Frederick Mordaunt, an English clergyman ; Mr. Sketchly, an amateur artist ; and a young Cantab, Mr. Percival, who had come from Cambridge to ransack the cryptogamic treasures of Ben Lawers ; and whose phrenological ardour would have led him to measure almost every cranium in each step of his progress.

During dinner, the Cantab, who filled a chair next to the Colonel, fixing his eyes upon the head of Dugald, who had just entered to assist, in waiting, the Colonel's servant and Peggy, a smart Highland lass, who officiated in the double-capacity of waiter and chambermaid. Having finished his observations, he whispered to the veteran—

“ I see something peculiar in that fellow's head.”

“ Yes,” replied the old gentleman, “ he has the sandy crisp locks which I have observed to be peculiar to the lower order of Highlanders.”

“ Nay,” continued the Cantab ; “ he has

the organ of covetousness and that of murder strongly developed; I should not like to meet him alone in Glenco."

The Colonel's attention was otherwise engaged, and the remark passed unnoticed.

"How is this, Peggy?" said he, as the girl placed a brace of grouse on the table, "I thought your mistress said there was no game to be got at Ardkenokrochan."

"I dinna ken, sir!" was the reply; "they came into the house just afore dinner."

The old gentleman looked astonishment; Mr. Oatland smiled.

"Colonel," said he, "you may depend upon the girl's veracity: you have yet to learn the aptitude of this species of game for motion: they came in most opportunely; and sometimes, also, they walk off from mere spite at being too long kept from the spit. Shall I take the liberty of carving them?—Miss Bridget, permit me to offer you this backbone."

The Cantab, who had turned his eyes from the head of Dugald upon the fine elevated forehead of the Advocate, now remarked that nothing surprised him more than the ready wit of Mr. Oatland, seeing that the organ of comparison in him was so feebly developed.

"My wit, Mr. Percival," said the lawyer,

"lies deep ; but, like the latent heat of the chemists, it is sometimes made sensible by collision with opposite materials."

The Cantab bit his lips.

"I never doubted," said he, "the existence of talent ; but as your baldness enables the organs to be easily traced, I only wondered, and must acknowledge, that it is an exception to the general rule, to observe comparison so little prominent in your cranium."

The Advocate bowed, and begged that Mr. Percival would not permit the confidence which he reposed in craniology to be shaken by any thing in so eccentric a head as his.

The Cantab continued pertinaciously to defend the truth of phrenology, offering to tell the capacity of every person present who would submit to the examination of head which he required. This proposal was not, however, accepted ; and, when the servants left the room, I took the opportunity of informing the learned Craniologist how egregiously he was mistaken in the character of Dugald, who was the least covetous and the kindest hearted of human beings.

"Education, Doctor, may have counteracted his natural propensities," was the reply.

"Ah, hah !" exclaimed the Colonel, "I per-

ceive that, after all, you may fashion a man as you please, in spite of either physiognomy or phrenology. I always thought so:—give me a good schoolmaster, or a smart drill-serjeant for a recruit, and I will turn you out a clever scholar, or as steady a soldier as ever shouldered a firelock, whatever may be the bumps and the irregularities of the caput. What do you think, Mr. Mordaunt?"

The clergyman, who was deeply engaged in a conversation with Caroline Ashton on the influence of poetry on the morals of society, and only heard the question without its prelude, looked up and replied:—

"I think, Colonel, that although there are exceptions, yet its general tendency has been to nurture immorality."

The Cantab seemed amazed.

"As to the immorality," said the veteran, "I cannot perceive how it can affect morals, either one way or the other. It is true that it has been said to afford arguments for materialism."

Mr. Mordaunt looked as much astonished as the Cantab.

"Materialism!" replied he, echoing the term—"materialism!—how can it possibly afford arguments for materialism? It is more

likely to cause murder ; and, indeed, with due submission to the profession, Colonel, I am of opinion that, except for the immortalization of heroes by poets, war would long since have ceased to be the scourge of humanity."

Mr. Oatland smiled.

"The poets may have had some influence," said the veteran, not discovering that he and Mr. Mordaunt were at cross purposes ; "but, in making this admission, you must relinquish the agency of bumps."

The Clergyman appeared still more astonished.

"By no means," exclaimed the Cantab ; who, though he was not aware of the drift of Mr. Mordaunt's remark, yet felt that the Colonel had attacked phrenology. "It does not follow :—the organ of ambition, which may be as largely developed in the poet as in the hero, is variously influenced and modified in its action by other organs, and both characters are stimulated to seek the bubble reputation, although by different means :—it must be allowed that the numbers of the poet, which rouse the energies of the hero, would fall unheeded upon the ears of one devoid of military ambition."

Mr. Mordaunt, who now discovered that he and Colonel Standard were talking of very

different subjects, laughed heartily at the mistake.

Miss Standard, who had been listening with attention, remarked that "she could not avoid saying, that, ignorant as she acknowledged herself to be of the principles of phrenology, she thought, that even were these correct, the science was one with which she would never desire to become acquainted: for, as much gratification arose from the contemplation of circumstances unfolding the characters of individuals often directly opposed to our anticipations, one source of pleasure would be lost were we capable of tracing character, at first sight, on the contour of the head."

Mr. Sketchly, who had hitherto remained silent, now also attacked the Cantab.

"Miss Standard," said he, "is undoubtedly correct: much of our gratification is derived from unexpected results:—thus, if, in turning the corner of a rock, on leaving a rugged and dreary glen, our eye suddenly fall upon a rich and cultivated strath, the pleasure which this scene affords us is less derived from the picture itself than from the unlooked-for change of scenery."

Mr. Percival replied by remarking that, "however true this might hold with regard to

the picturesque, yet, in mind and morals, truth was the great object ; and if phrenology could discover a rogue beneath the cloak of hypocrisy, the advantage thus derived from its aid would greatly overcome the loss of such a gratification as that to which Miss Standard alluded."

The Colonel, who was leaning upon the table, and twirling his glass during this conversation, now put on his spectacles, and, propping himself upright in his chair, turned his eyes directly upon the Cantab, and thus addressed him :—

"Mr. Percival ; my dear sir, let me tell you—a scholar and a man of science, that you are still young in the knowledge of the world ; and, therefore, permit an old fellow, who has grown grey in the study of it, to give you a little useful information. You are right, sir, in saying that truth is the object most worthy of research—'querere verum in Sylvas Academi'—I think that's the phrase in Horace." The Cantab nodded assent. "Well, sir, it is certainly the best and most becoming object of research : but if you hope to acquire it, as far as human character is concerned, solely by the aid of phrenology, or of any other science, by Gad, sir ! let me tell you that you will find your expectations most woe-

fully disappointed. This is no *façon de parler*; but an opinion spoken, by Gad! in sober earnest."

"Do you mean to maintain, Colonel," said the Cantab, "that the propensities of man do not depend on physical structure, but are created solely by circumstances?"

"I know nothing of the physical structure of the brain," replied the veteran; "but I know the influence of circumstances. Although Mr. Mordaunt be present, yet I must quote a passage of Scripture, which you cannot fail to recollect, in proof of this remark. —'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'—was the reply of Shimei to the prophet, who foretold his cruelty as a conqueror. Shimei had never displayed any propensity that could indicate the conduct which he afterwards pursued, and which was evidently born with the occasion—yes, sir, born with the occasion: and many a man, by Gad! would pass the muster of life, and perform his duty with honour and credit, but for some cursed circumstance or other crossing his line of march. I have known men, who would have wept over the death of a sparrow, plunge a bayonet into the bosom of a helpless female in the sacking of a town: and many a natu-

rally honest man has been driven by distress, or allured by temptation, to commit acts which have brought him to an untimely end. What influence, sir, had the organs of these men over the circumstances that impelled them into the current of infamy? Where were those of murder and covetousness before these impulses occurred?"

"The organs were called into activity by these circumstances," said Mr. Percival.

"By Gad! Mr. Percival," was the reply, "it is well for the best of us, that phrenology cannot perform what it pretends to: we should cut a sorry figure, indeed, were every man's motives of action chalked out upon his forehead: and many a hole would be found in uniforms that now appear whole and unspotted. It is sufficient, my young friend," continued the veteran, softening his tone, "that our derilections are exposed to one eye; from which indeed they cannot be hidden, and under whose inspection they must appear in all their deformity, in that great muster to which the human race shall be one day called; and I may venture to say, that, with all the integrity of the Judge who shall pass sentence upon us, there will be more lenity on that occasion, than would be displayed by erring man to his fellow, had each of us a

window in our breasts, through which our motives and feelings might be viewed. Yes, Mr. Percival, it is enough that we answer for our conduct to the Great General of our salvation ; and, I trust," said he, rising up, and taking the Cantab kindly by the hand, " I trust to find you, my young friend, on that day of universal inspection, not the worse for a little advice from an old soldier—to think every man honest until you find him out to be a rogue, whatever may be the shape of his head."

The Cantab, who felt the kindly-meant reproof of the veteran, as it was intended, bowed ; and a pause in the conversation following this address, Mrs. Standard nodded to Miss Bridget ; and the ladies, rising, left the room.

The Colonel having rung for fresh peats and a billet of wood for the fire ; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Oatland, having ordered tumblers, hot water, and a bottle of Glenleevit to be placed on the table, instead of another bottle of port ; and, having lighted his cigar, we drew our chairs towards the fire. The lecture on phrenology, however, had produced feelings of seriousness which were not favourable to conversation ; it therefore flagged ; and as the ladies had no drawing-room to retire to, they were heard chatting on the little esplanade in the

front of the inn. Mr. Mordaunt and his friends successively left the room to join them, leaving the veteran and myself seated on each side of the fire. The old gentleman replenished his tumbler and stirred the fire ; and, having lighted a fresh cigar, and reclined backward in his chair, as if to indulge in a reverie, I rose and walked to the window.

It was a beautiful night: a thousand stars spangled the deep vault of the sky; and the full moon, which hung suspended in it, was reflected in a stream of dazzling lustre from the unruffled bosom of Loch Achray, while her soft beams, "sleeping upon the banks," obscurely illuminated with silvery light the face of Ben Venue, and the projecting rocks and tufted knolls of the Trosachs, throwing the huge shoulder of the mountain and every hollow into the deepest shade. The stillness which settled upon the scene, although in some degree broken by the dull, monotonous sound of the waterfall at the back of the inn, the voices of the party on the little esplanade before it, and the occasional lowing of distant cattle, yet, produced a powerful feeling of solitude, whilst, at the same time, the mind was impressed with an idea of extension and space, which I have often experienced from moonlight scenery,

without being able to explain it. I was reflecting whether it might not be attributed to the deep shadows diminishing the apparent height of objects, combined with the obscurity which blends every thing in the distance into one hazy mass, the outline of which, marked upon the horizon, leads the imagination far beyond the visual boundary of the landscape? I was weighing these opinions in my mind, when the Colonel, taking his cigar from his mouth, and turning half round in his seat, addressed me.

“ Doctor,” said he, “ it is many years, my worthy fellow ! since we last met ; and as we may not have such an opportunity again, I will take advantage of the absence of our friends, to give you a little sketch of the good and the bad—and, by Gad ! there has been enough of the latter—which have befallen me since we parted.”

I resumed my chair. The veteran threw his cigar into the fire ; and, having placed his handkerchief on one knee, and crossed the other over it, so as to form a rest for his hands, which were clasped in one another, and with a slight inclination of the body forwards, he thus began. But, before stating what my friend said, I cannot avoid inditing a few sentences in

admiration of the attitude for narration which he thus chose. It is one which completely relieves the mind from any effort to maintain the action of the muscles that support the perpendicularity of the trunk of the body : for, by the rest given to the hands and arms, the body bends gently forwards, and every muscle is left in complete repose. No position, therefore, can be more favorable for delivering a narrative ; the mind is left unoccupied with any extraneous matter ; it is fully collected within itself, and kept steady to its object ; past events are readily recalled by the slightest efforts of recollection, and the current of the details flows free and undisturbed.

CHAPTER III.

Remembrance

Puts forth her light, that, like the eternal lamps
 Of tombs, burns only to illuminate
 Sepulchral gloom. —————

————— Yet, I bear
 Within me warm and urgent thanksgivings
 For the gifts left me.

ANON. See notes on *Philip Van Artevelde*.

THE old Colonel, seated as described, twice essayed to commence his narrative, but paused, as if some reminiscences that the effort had awakened stifled his voice: at length, after a struggle with his feelings, he thus began:—

“ Doctor! you may recollect that, a few weeks before you left Savannah, my father-in-law died; and, as this happened during my wife’s confinement on the birth of her first child, the event protracted her recovery: she was just beginning to get about again at the time you sailed. The necessity of looking after the plantation which fell into my hands on the death of the old gentleman—you did not

know him, I believe?—he was a very odd fish ; and although a staunch lover of the bottle, and one who never flinched while another man could keep his seat at table, yet, by Gad ! he was never overtaken but once, and that happened at the mess-table of a Yankee regiment, when he was eighty-five, a few months before his death : indeed, it brought on the complaint that terminated his career. But I am wandering from my story. What was I saying?—Aye—I recollect.

“ The necessity of looking after the property, and the natural wish of my wife to remain in the place of her nativity, induced me to stay six years longer in Savannah ; although I hated the place, and its aguish climate did not accord with my constitution. During this time my son was born ; and things rolled on merrily enough, until the yellow fever broke out and nearly depopulated the town. By the blessing of Providence, my family escaped the contagion of disease.”

I could not avoid here interrupting the worthy veteran, in order to set him right on the subject and nature of yellow fever, which is merely endemic, and neither contagious nor infectious.

“ Well,” continued he, “ I dare say you are

right; but we thought it contagious; and how could we think otherwise, when some houses were exempt from its influence, and others were swept utterly away by it? But I cannot argue the point with you.

“The distress which surrounded us, and the dread of a visitation from the fever, obliged me to dispose of the plantation, much under its value, and to evacuate the place. We intended to take refuge in New York; but the disease had gained a march upon us and entrenched itself there. Scarcely had we landed ere our ears were assailed with the tolling of the passing bell: nothing was seen in the streets but coffins and funerals; the air bore only sounds of lamentation; the stores and the shops were shut up; and, if you entered a house, you found that it was either deserted by the family, or you saw it, like an hospital, containing patients in every stage of the disease—some dying, some dead—and others, whose sallow countenances displayed that they had not escaped the tainting breath of the malady, were looking on with a kind of stupid apathy, as if heedless of the fate which threatened soon to overtake themselves.

“The first house at which I ventured to call, was that of Mr. Grant, a respectable merchant, whom I had frequently met with at the

table of my father-in-law. The door was opened by a black fellow, who answered my enquiry, whether his master was at home? by saying, ' Massa is sick at heart, and cannot be seen.' Guessing, however, at the cause, and thinking that I might be serviceable, I urged my entreaty to see his master. The negro was inflexible: ' Massa sick—no see any one,' was the only reply I could obtain; until, my pertinacity tiring out his patience, he at length agreed to request permission to admit me. Afraid to lose my object from the stupidity of the slave, for he was one, in that boasted land of freedom, I followed him into the parlour. I found Mr. Grant, in deep distress, seated at a table covered with letters, his forehead resting upon his hand, and an infant, about three years of age, upon his knee. He stretched out his hand, and recognized me without altering his position. ' Can I be of any service to you, my dear sir?' said I, on taking his hand.

" ' Alas!' he replied, with a voice expressive of the deepest anguish, ' nothing can serve me now. This is a house, Colonel Standard, borne down with wretchedness: in one week, I have been bereaved of two of my children; and within this hour——' here his voice faltered, and he struggled with his feelings—

‘they have been followed by their mother.’ The infant, who was looking wistfully in his face, on my entrance, had now raised himself upon his father’s knee, and, putting one arm round the neck of his parent, whilst he applied his little lips to the moistened cheek, down which the tears were silently coursing one another, said, softly, ‘Dear Papa!’ The expression overpowered the unfortunate man: he pressed the child to his bosom, and wept aloud. The scene was too much for me; and, finding that my feelings were scarcely under control, I squeezed his hand and left the house. In twelve days afterwards, this little boy was the only surviving representative of a family which had been in the full enjoyment of health and prosperity not a month before my arrival in New York.

“Thank Heaven! we were soon enabled to leave this melancholy scene; and I landed in England, with my family, in the autumn of the same year.

“Our party was here increased by a daughter of an unfortunate and profligate relation of my wife, that beautiful girl, Caroline, whom you have seen.”

“She is indeed a beautiful young woman,” said I.

“Not more beautiful than good,” replied the Colonel. “Her story is a singular one; but you shall hear it at another time.

“Not to tire you, Doctor, with a useless narrative—I took up my abode in London; and, after a few years, sent the girls to an excellent school, and my son to Harrow. The talents and industry of Charles were a source of great gratification to me, and of pride to his mother. He passed through his school examinations with credit; and was looking forward to University honors at Cambridge, whither I had sent him. But who knows what may happen in the march of time? Who can anticipate the commands of Providence?”—

Here the old soldier paused; and, strongly compressing his lips, sat for some minutes silent, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. At length, recovering himself, he continued:—

“During a tour, which my wife and myself and our daughter and niece were making in Switzerland, I had fixed our head quarters at Berne; and there Charles joined us. He was delighted with that singular town; its arcades, magnificent terraces, fine fountains, and noble avenues. Our house was situated close to the Grass Kirchof or terrace which overhangs the Aar, and commanded a view of the rich country

extending between the city and the base of the mountains; and of the Alps beyond them, white with eternal snows. Charles was full of ardour, an enthusiastic lover of Nature, and possessed of insatiable curiosity, and his time being limited, he determined to employ every hour he could command in examining the country; and, therefore, now and then left us for two or three days together, on excursions to the more remarkable mountains and glaciers. On the last of these excursions—"here the veteran fetched a deep sigh—"he departed, immediately after breakfast, with an experienced guide, to visit the glaciers of the Eiger and Jungfrau. His mother, who had never before displayed any uneasiness on Charles's account during these expeditions, having, on this occasion, heard that these glaciers were dangerous to traverse, felt a strong presentiment that something would befall her son, and mentioned her apprehensions to me. I confess that, notwithstanding your stories, Doctor, of the 'Taishataragh,—I think you call it so?"—I nodded assent.—"I mean," continued the veteran, the second sight of your mountain regions, and the instinctive feelings under the dominion of which you would place man as well as brutes—I confess that I treated her apprehensions as the groundless

terror of an over-fond mother. She would not, however, be satisfied ; and, to calm her mind, I procured another guide to follow Charles, with a note beseeching his immediate return : at the same time, I secretly blamed myself for complying with her request ; and hoped that, for once, the dear boy would disregard my commands. Poor youth ! he was saved that pang ; for the note never reached his hand, the guide having, by some mistake, taken a different route.

“ Night came, and Charles did not return. The fears of his mother were now redoubled ; and the contagion of her terrors was communicated to both my daughter and niece. I endeavoured to compose their minds by suggesting, what was actually the case, that the messenger with his recall had not encountered him ; and that our poor boy would certainly return next day. It was in vain : fifty times were they at the door to see whether they could not descry his approach. The anxious countenance of my wife was indescribable : she would walk about the room for some time ; then sit down with her hands folded together, and start at every sound that indicated any thing like an approaching step.

“ At length, midnight came, and with it an

increase, of all her apprehensions. I vainly persuaded her to retire to rest. She placed herself close to the window, with her eyes thrown out into the night, and her ears open to catch every casual sound : but all was stillness and silence. I sat by her, holding her hand in mine, sharing her anxiety ; for, by this time, my own fears were unaccountably excited ; and I felt ready to sink beneath the intense gaze of enquiry which every now and then she fixed upon my face, for minutes together, without uttering even a sigh. The tears poured down the cheeks of my daughter and poor Caroline, who stood hanging upon the back of my chair and that of my wife, watching her countenance and mine, while sighs and stifled hysterical sobbings broke from their bosoms : but still the wretched mother said nothing. At length a streak of twilight was seen upon the eastern horizon : my poor wife turned upon me a look of anguish, which I can never forget ; and, as I held her hand, I felt an involuntary shudder vibrate through her frame. I folded her in my arms ; when, as if suddenly loosened from the intensity of thought which had hitherto overpowered her, she heaved a deep sigh, then hid her face in my bosom, and gave vent to a flood of tears. ‘ Oh ! Augustus ! ’ exclaimed she, after a few minutes, ‘ I feel that I am doomed to be

wretched!—I fear!—I fear!—but the morning is breaking—you must go yourself to seek for poor Charles, and I will go with you——. No, no! I cannot—I must live for my other dear children!’ and, disengaging herself from my embrace, she clasped the two girls in her arms, and all three wept aloud. Ah! Doctor,” continued the veteran, “there are circumstances in life which turn all our manliness to mockery. I silently wept with them; and it was not until my wife again urged my departure that I was conscious of the necessity of controlling my feelings.

“I left the house with a heavy heart, taking nothing with me but a stick shod with an iron point, which is used in mountain expeditions. My first object was to procure a horse; but the streets of Berne were as silent as the grave, and I perambulated them for some time without encountering a living thing, until one of the patrol issued from the arches of the guardhouse, and demanded my name and place of residence. I satisfied the enquiry, and, with his assistance, procured a horse, on which I left the city as soon as the gates were opened, as the first rays of the rising sun had glanced upon the summits of the snowy mountains. I crossed the bridge over the Aar, and took the road to Thun.

The sun rose with unusual brightness ; the freshness of the morning, the perfume of the lime trees, and the music of the feathered songsters warbled from every spray, so well calculated to cheer the mind and elevate the heart under ordinary circumstances, only added to the weight of anxiety which pressed upon mine. The gaiety of every object around me seemed a mockery of my feelings, and I rode on almost in a state of apathy. I reached Thun without having seen or heard any tidings of my poor boy. It was necessary either to leave my horse there, or to rest him if I wished to proceed by land. I determined to go up the lake after breakfasting, for which I entered the inn of the Bellevue. I here ascertained that a young Englishman, answering the description of Charles, had dined there on the preceding day, and left the inn in the company of two foreign gentlemen, with the intention, as the landlord understood, of proceeding up the lake and traversing the glaciers of the Jungfrau : ‘ but,’ added he, ‘ the thing is impossible : it has been only once accomplished, by some miners of the Valais, and never since attempted. I hope the young gentleman will come to no harm.’ This remark, Doctor ! did not, you may be sure, lessen my anxiety ; nor

was it diminished by the answers to the thousand questions which I put to the boatmen, as we pursued our way up the lake to Neuhaus, where we landed ; whence I proceeded to Interlacken, hired horses, and, having procured a guide to ascend the mountain, we departed for Lauterbrunen.

“ When we arrived near the celebrated fall of the Staubach, I perceived a knot of the country people at the door of the inn at Lauterbrunen, earnestly listening to the narration of a man, who, by his dress, appeared to be a guide. I involuntarily turned towards the group ; but a strong feeling of apprehension seized upon my frame ; I could not approach the spot ; and, therefore, I requested the guide to enquire what was the matter. I too soon read, in his undisguised countenance, as he returned, the result of his enquiries ; his feelings were evidently strongly excited, for he stood gazing at me, as if uncertain how to communicate his intelligence ; whilst I, dreading to hear it, yet tortured with suspense, charged him to speak—to tell me the worst—I was prepared to meet it.—How little we know ourselves ! I thought I could depend upon my courage : but when the guide, in a hesitating voice, replied—‘ I fear, sir, we need proceed

no farther'—the bridle dropped from my hand, and I felt that heart-sickness which makes every thing swim before the sight, so that I should have fallen from my horse if he had not assisted me to alight, and supported my steps into the inn.—Oh, Doctor !——”

Here the old gentleman paused for a few minutes, compressed his lips strongly together, tried to check two or three convulsive sobs, and struggled hard for the mastery of his feelings. He soon recovered his composure, and thus continued his narrative :—

“ On entering the house, I was led into a room, where—if possible, conceive my horror—where the first object which presented itself was the dead body of my poor boy, stretched upon a bed !—Every object vanished from my eyes : I felt as if life was passing away ; and instantly sunk upon the corpse in a state of complete insensibility. The humanity of the landlord and of the guides led them to carry me into another apartment. I slowly recovered my consciousness of existence ; but, for some minutes, I could not believe that all that had occurred was not a dream. Alas ! the truth flashed too quickly upon my mind ; and I shuddered in reflecting upon the effect which the communication of it would produce on my

wretched wife and my daughter. To be so suddenly deprived of a son of whom I was justly proud, on whose virtues and affection I relied for comfort in my advancing years—whose ripening talents were calculated to shed lustre upon his family, and who was, not forty hours before, in the full enjoyment of health and the vigour of youth, was more than my fortitude and even my resignation to the will of Providence could sustain. I groaned deeply within me, and secretly wished for death to terminate my agony. But we know not what we can support until we are tried. I threw myself in despair upon a bed, and remained for an hour in a kind of stupor, with my face hid in the pillow, until roused by the Curate of Lauterbrunen, who had been sent for, and who, taking me kindly by the hand, succeeded, by pouring the balm of religion upon my wounded spirit, in gradually restoring my composure of mind. This worthy man persuaded me to accompany him to his house, and to remain there during the night. He undertook to get the body of my poor boy conveyed to Thun, where, he convinced me, it would be more desirable to inter it than at Berne. I complied with his hospitable invitation; and, next morning, feeling that I was sufficiently

composed to listen to the recital of the event which had heaped upon me so much wretchedness, I sent for the guides who accompanied Charles, for he had hired two at Lauterbrunen, and received from them some details which you, Doctor, may find tedious."

I hastily assured him of the contrary. The old man wiped a tear from his eyes, and thus resumed his tale :—

"The foreign gentlemen, with whom Charles left the Bellevue, remained at Interlaken. After traversing, said the guides, the Wingern Alp, we ascended the great glacier between the Schrekhorn and Wetterhorn. We arrived at a chalet, where it was determined we should pass the night, which was fast approaching. The party found there two chamois hunters, who had kindled a fire, and were enjoying a supper of broiled meat and milk. They joined the hunters, and had finished their repast, when my boy went out. Although he did not return for half an hour, yet the guides thought it improbable that he would wander far from the chalet ; but, as nearly an hour had elapsed, and he did not appear, they agreed to go out and look after him. He was not within call. They hallooed in every direction in vain ; when, in traversing the glacier, they heard groans ; and, in listening,

ascertained that they issued from one of the fissures of the ice. It was evident that the groans proceeded from some person who had fallen into the fissure, and the natural inference was, that it could be no other than my unfortunate son. One of the guides remained on the spot, whilst the other returned to the chalet for assistance ; and, by the aid of ropes, and with the help of the chamois hunters, they succeeded in raising the body, for—" here my poor friend could scarcely proceed—" life was already extinct. The fissure into which he had fallen was upwards of eighty feet in depth—.

" On the following morning, my excellent host accompanied me to Thun, where the body of my poor child was laid in the grave ; and I prepared to proceed homewards with a heavy heart. I took my passage in the boat which proceeds down the Aar to Berne, in order that I might arrive there before my presence should be suspected, and be enabled to take measures for breaking the soul-rending intelligence of Charles's fate to my wife, by the aid of a friend, before I should see her. Doctor ! I have felt, as you also must have done, the awful sensations which press upon the mind during the stillness of expectation before a battle ; feel-

ings from which the boldest are not exempt. I have laid nights upon the wet ground, with my thoughts turned upon home and all its comforts, in the instant dread of being attacked and butchered by a savage enemy ; but I never experienced any agitation of spirits or of nerves to equal that with which I now approached my home, my wife, and family. The friend, whose assistance I sought, was not in Berne, and was not expected to return for some days."

" I was forced to bear the disappointment, for I knew no other person to whom I could apply. I was on the threshold of my dwelling—my hand was even upon the latch ; which, however, I dared not lift ; and I stood for some time wavering whether I should enter or retreat, when the sound of a step within determined my purpose—I entered—it was my daughter, who was crossing the hall : she flew towards me ; but, seeing me alone, stopped short, and gazed intently upon my face, as if to read what was passing in my soul. Although I had resolved to summon all the stoicism I could command to my aid, in this interview, yet it all vanished in an instant.

" ' He is then dead ! ' she exclaimed, and fell prostrate on the floor. The sound of her

fall brought my niece and a servant to the spot; and, with their assistance, I had just raised the apparently lifeless girl, when I thought that I heard my wife shriek; and, therefore, leaving Letitia in their hands, I proceeded to enter the parlour, the door of which was sufficiently open to command a view of what was passing in the hall. Conceive, if you can, my dear friend, the horror which I experienced on seeing my poor wife also in a swoon, as if in the act of advancing from the chair on which she had been sitting, perfectly insensible, and utterly unconscious of everything around her. My God! I exclaimed, in the agony of despair, as I raised her in my arms, when will the cup of my suffering be full? but, recollecting myself, I called aloud to the servant to run to the nearest physician. Dr. Tribullet arrived in a few minutes. On examining the condition both of my poor wife and my daughter, he ordered them to be conveyed to bed; and, as nothing could be done during the continuance of the paroxysm, he requested that they should be closely watched, and that he should be apprised of the first appearance of returning sensibility. I sat for many hours by the bedside, holding the hand of my wife in mine; and only convinced by a feeble flutter, which could be per-

ceived at the region of the heart, and a thin vapour which spread upon a clear mirror when it was held near her mouth and nostrils, that she was not dead. At length she roused, as if from a deep sleep, and looked at me for an instant ; then turned in bed and complained of nausea and dizziness. I sank down upon my knees and thanked the Almighty for her life : and, as Dr. Tribullet was in the house with Letitia, who had recovered her sensibility an hour before, he instantly administered what was requisite, and desired that both patients might be left to repose.

“ It would be tedious, my dear friend, to enter into the details of Mrs. Standard’s restoration to health. Many months elapsed before she was able to leave her apartment ; and it was only three months ago that we arrived in England. You must have remarked, Doctor, the change in my wife’s temper and spirits : you are now in possession of the cause of the irritability of the one, and the shade of melancholy which has overspread the other. Since the loss of her son, she has not been the same woman ; and I fear that the sight of this mountainous country has awakened impressions which, I fondly hoped, were nearly obliterated. You must bear, my good friend,

with her little caprices, and think of her rather as she was, than as she is:—yet, how can I hope for that from you, when I cannot stand her humours myself.”

I assured the worthy veteran that I sympathized sincerely in his sorrow, and was not at all surprized that such afflictions should have affected the temper of Mrs. Standard.

I was ruminating on the story which I had heard, and comparing the distresses of my friend with my own, when the party, that had been enjoying the sweetness of the evening, entered. Tea being finished, it became a question, in what manner the evening should be spent? The Advocate, full of spirit and boyish vivacity, proposed the game of hunt the slipper: the Cantab thought the proposal *infra dignitatem*, and appealed to me on the subject. The communication of my old friend had given a seriousness to my train of thought, which ill-accorded with the proposition of the Advocate; and, although I did not agree with the Cantab, yet I decided against the game; and hinted that we might pass the time very agreeably in telling stories. The suggestion was universally relished: the bell was rung, and Dugald ordered to replenish the grate with fresh peats. A circle was formed round the blazing fire;

and the Colonel, having lighted his cigar, decreed that the Clergyman should tell the first story. Mr. Mordaunt willingly accorded with the decision; and commenced the following recital. But, before inscribing it upon these pages, it is necessary to draw the portrait, and give some account of the narrator.

Mr. Mordaunt, for whom I feel an uncommon interest, on so short an acquaintance, is a clergyman of the established church of England: he is, as my friend Standard has informed me, the younger son of an old family of considerable consequence in the county of Buckingham. He has a good living in his native county, and has been induced to visit Scotland by the perusal of the works of Sir Walter Scott. He is about thirty-five years of age, tall and handsome, although rather spare in his person. His face is pale, but its features are well-proportioned and elegant; his eyes dark, penetrating, deeply set in their sockets, and shaded by regular, arching, full eye-brows, harmonizing in colour with a profusion of jetty locks, which, naturally curling, set off to great advantage a nobly elevated and expanded forehead. When Mr. Mordaunt's features are at rest, they are expressive of deep thoughtfulness, tinged with melancholy: when he

speaks, they become lighted up with a sparkling vivacity, and a smile truly fascinating. His voice is soft and harmonious ; and his language both correct and appropriate ; and, although devoid of impetuosity, yet his opinions are delivered with an earnestness which demonstrates that they have been seriously considered and frequently reviewed before being hazarded in conversation. Such is Mr. Mordaunt : and such was the extent of his history in this portion of the diary ; but as the cause of the melancholy here noticed by the Doctor is brought forward in another part of the journal, and gives an interest to this gentleman's character which it would not otherwise possess, the editor ventures to transfer the details as the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

“——— vows, the hours that we have spent
 When we have chid the hasty footed time
 For parting us—oh! and is all forgot?”

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE remark of the Colonel, that circumstances chiefly develop character, and fashion the man, was strikingly illustrated in the early career of the Reverend Frederick Mordaunt. At Cambridge, where he was entered as a Commoner in St. John's, he was designated “handsome Mordaunt;” and, although his talents were generally admitted to be above mediocrity, and he was a good classic, yet he never could advance in mathematics, and was regarded one of those men who are ready for anything but the College exercises, and who, with the powers of doing much, produce nothing. His rooms were situated at the foot of the staircase, round the angle of the tower that forms

the entrance into the first quadrangle ; and, from their facility of access, were admirably adapted for the resort of idlers, and those who preferred gossip to lectures or reading. The manners of Mr. Mordaunt were as elegant as his appearance was prepossessing, frank, manly, graceful, and easy ; strictly gentlemanlike, and perfectly devoid of anything like obtrusiveness or selfishness ; his acquaintance was, therefore, courted by men of very superior rank to himself ; and, with a very slender income, he received invitations to the select wine parties of the fellow Commoners, sufficient to excite much envy among those of his own class ; yet none ever breathed a suspicion that young Mordaunt was a tuft hunter. Every one indeed liked him ; from the Proctor to the bed-maker he had secured unalienable affection ; even the heads of the University, whilst they affirmed that he had numerous faults, admitted that they were those of exuberant animal spirits, such as few would hesitate to palliate and none to forgive.

“ Mordaunt,” said the Reverend Johnathan Aimwell, the Proctor, “ is the veriest scape-grace we’ve ever had at John’s ; nevertheless I cannot help liking the youth.”

“ Ah, Mr. Mordaunt !” would the Janiter often exclaim, rubbing his eyes, as he opened

the wicket at dawn, to Frederick's—'It is I, Tim,'—you'll cost me my place some day."

"Heaven forbid, Tim!—there is half a sovereign for you to buy snuff."

"Lord mend you, you're a generous soul!" was the usual reply of Tim, as he shut the gate after the irregular Commoner.

As Mr. Mordaunt was intended for the army, the profession of his father before he succeeded to the baronetcy and the estate which he then enjoyed, he was not expected to take high honours; but securing friends was regarded as essential: consequently his future prospects were in some respects wholly dependent on himself. The society into which he was thrown, however, was ill calculated to foster the prudence and discretion that his limited college income demanded: debts were incurred, and the letters of Sir Charles contained strictures upon the habits and expenditure of dependent young men, that were any thing but palatable to his son. Yet Frederick Mordaunt acknowledged, secretly, the propriety of these paternal remonstrances; and, although, whilst, with his companions, he openly talked of the stinginess of the old buck, yet his conscience smote him when he calmly reflected on the career of extravagance and folly which he

had entered upon : his mind, indeed, was of that elastic description, that although it could be bent at the will of others, yet it generally righted itself again when retrospection turned his thoughts inwards. He resolved to amend : but two horses and a servant, frequent wine parties, with their attendant desserts, and many etceteras, could not be sustained upon two hundred a year. The butler's and confectioner's bills, therefore, remained unsettled term after term, until their amount was startling ; and he dreaded the moment when his residence at St. John's must expire, and they would necessarily meet the eye of his father. The time at length arrived ; and the result was a coolness between the parent and child. How often might this be avoided, were there a little less neglect on the one side, and a little less thoughtlessness on the other ! In the present instance, as much blame was due to the offended parent as to the censurable son. The extravagant youth was punished by receiving a commission in the Guards, with an allowance scarcely sufficient, in addition to his pay, to support his rank as an officer ; and he found himself placed in a situation which, to any young man of limited income, however considerate, is fraught with difficulty and danger.

But the buoyant spirits of Frederick never allowed him to lift the dark veil that hangs over the future.

The only real friendship that Frederick Mordaunt had formed at St. John's, was with the Honorable Dudley Manvers, the third son of the Earl of Rochdale, who was intended for the church. He was lively, animated, and amiable; calculated to shine in society, and susceptible of enjoying all the amusements peculiar to his period of life; yet possessing such a well-regulated mind, that he had entered upon the study of his future profession with a determination to make his life an illustration of his preaching, and to gain, even during his probation, that character for steadiness of conduct which would be essential after he should receive orders and really become a pastor. He loved Mordaunt for the genuine goodness and worth that, although buried beneath a thousand faults, he had descried, and had set down as the natural inmates of his heart. A few years the senior of Frederick, he occasionally ventured to become his mentor; and had, on several occasions, prevented him from embarking in adventures which would have led to irretrievable ruin.

If he could not induce him to read mathe-

matics, he succeeded in urging him to cultivate his natural taste for polite literature and natural history ; for Frederick Mordaunt possessed a fine poetic vein ; knew well the use of his pencil ; was an enthusiast in his admiration of the picturesque ; and had acquired some reputation as a botanist and ornithologist. In every gentlemanly accomplishment, indeed, he took delight, and even had acquired an accurate knowledge of history ; but the more severe sciences held out no allurements to his romantic, uncurbed, imaginative mind ; and consequently they were neglected, if not despised.

The friendship between these two young men procured for Mordaunt invitations to Rochdale Park, which were so frequently accepted, that he at length felt more at home at the Earl's, and was more frequently there, than at Avenford, the seat of his father, Sir Charles. It was not, however, the society of Dudley Manvers, twin brother in his affection as he truly was, that drew Mordaunt so frequently to Rochdale Park ; a more attractive object had produced a new feeling in his susceptible bosom ; and a change was effected in the thoughtless and dissipated Collegian, that no admonitions, from any quarter, could have produced.

Lady Rochdale had died soon after the birth of Dudley, leaving three children, all of whom were boys; but, on the death of a favorite brother, who had been left a widower with an only child, the Earl had adopted Louisa Manvers, and educated her as a daughter. She had completed her education, and had arrived at the most interesting of all periods in female life, namely, girlhood ripening into womanhood; and she possessed personal attractions of the highest order, with a quick, animated, open disposition: it was therefore not wonderful that she made a deep impression on the heart of Frederick Mordaunt.

Louisa Manvers was rather below the middle stature of her sex, of light and elegant form, with a face which, if not cast in the mould of Grecian perfection, was nevertheless exquisitely beautiful; so full of sweetness, and so expressive of every varying impress of the mind, as to possess charms that the most perfect style of beauty, alone, could not have imparted. Her hair, which was of a light auburn, and was still allowed to cluster in natural ringlets upon her shoulders and around her face, set off to advantage the clear ivory of her complexion, heightened by the softened bloom of health and youth that suffused her cheek;

whilst the keen intelligence that beamed in her clear blue eyes, rendered every varying expression of her countenance irresistibly attractive.

Miss Manvers, on leaving school, had been placed under the care of Lady Mary, a maiden sister of the Earl, who, although ill qualified for the task, yet had superintended his domestic affairs since the death of the Countess. She was one of those beings whose mind, like a maggot in a nut, is solely employed in corroding its corporeal tenement. In simple language, she was an hypochondriac; and, like most persons suffering under that malady, was selfish to a degree. In her youth she had been a spoiled child, a beauty, and a reigning belle; and had rejected many eligible offers of marriage, from the hope of receiving still better: for, having no heart that could be warmed into genuine love, marriage was regarded by her as a mere matter of settlement; and, consequently, as she greatly overrated her own value, she was at length left to suffer under the sting of disappointed pride, and to enjoy single blessedness at sixty-five.

"How do I look this morning, dear Louisa?" was Lady Mary's daily salutation, on entering the breakfast parlour, and holding up her sallow, shrivelled countenance to the inspection of her niece.

"Oh, very well, Aunt," was the usual reply.

"I am delighted! I took my rhubarb pill last night, but no anodyne. Dr. P. told me that they act in opposite ways; did he not, my dear?"

"Probably he did."

"Nay, Louisa, you must have heard him. Do you think I may take coffee after the rhubarb?"

"As you please, Aunt."

"It is not a matter of pleasure, my dear! Nobody cares less about these matters than I do, but when health is concerned. Perhaps tea will be better?"

"Shall I make tea?"

"Stay, my dear!—just put your finger on my pulse."

"Indeed, Aunt, I have no knowledge of the pulse," would Miss Manvers reply, as she good-naturedly laid her finger on the skinny wrist of the old lady.

"Does it beat quick, my dear Louisa?—Hah! I feel a little palpitation at this moment. Tea will not do—coffee is antispasmodic—but, I don't know—just ring the bell, my dear! and let Peter step to Dr. P.'s, and ask the question. But, no—take paper, and write to my dictation.

“ My dear Dr. P——,

“ I took my pill last night ; nevertheless I feel a slight palpitation this morning: say whether tea or coffee is preferable for breakfast. What think you of calves'-feet jelly, warmed ? Is fish good ? or, is animal food preferable to all ? Answer by a monosyllable the tea and coffee query: the rest when we meet.

“ Yours truly,

“ MARY MANVERS.”

In this manner the breakfast hour was consumed by Lady Mary, by inquiries into the state of her looks. Before noon she had a visit from Dr. P——, “ poor 'dear,” as she termed him, “ who only understood her constitution ;” and who went through the ceremony of feeling her pulse, examining her tongue, deciding on the clearness of her eyes, and answering queries that had been regularly asked and replied to daily, for the last twenty years. At eleven, she walked for half an hour, on a terrace which commanded an extensive and rich panoramic view of the adjoining country, but which was rarely looked upon by Lady Mary: at twelve, the Doctor came ; and at one, a mutton chop, half a round of brown

bread, and a glass of brandy and water—the Doctor having denounced wine, as apt to turn acid on the stomach—formed the regular lunch of the invalid. Whatever was the nature of the weather, sunshine or rain, storm or calm, Lady Mary stepped into the carriage regularly as the clock struck two, and was driven for three hours; her attention during the drive being solely occupied in determining when it was proper to keep the windows of the carriage up or down, to open one window and to shut another as the turnings of the road exposed or sheltered either side from the wind. She reclined in a corner of the carriage, with an air pillow at her back, and, as she never shared her drive with any one, she indulged her imagination in ascertaining whether her hand was more or less filled up than on the preceding day; whether her heart verged to any thing like palpitation; and whether her lips felt moist or dry. After dinner, Lady Mary slept an hour on the sofa in the drawing room; talked over her complaints with any one who was polite enough to listen; or, if she was not fortunate enough to gain a listener, she proceeded tacitly with some worsted work; took a cup of boiled milk with a bottle of soda water poured

over it, instead of tea ; and retired to bed exactly at ten o'clock.

With such a person to superintend her, it was not likely that Louisa Manvers would be benefited either by instruction or example ; and Lady Mary was too much absorbed in her own feelings and her imaginary ailments, either to know or to care how her ward was occupied. Lord Rochdale was seldom at the Park, consequently he was ignorant of what went on there : the formation of Miss Manvers' conduct, therefore, was the result of her previous education and her own good sense. The former was that which a fashionable boarding-school could give, accomplishments of every kind, but little substantial information ; the latter, fortunately, had been bountifully bestowed by Providence, and tended to rectify many defects of the former. With a quick perception, a correct judgment, and an insatiable curiosity, she was naturally constituted for acquiring knowledge ; and lost no opportunity which either conversation or reading afforded to supply the defects of her school education. It was, indeed, in aiding her studies, and in directing her reading in history and in polite literature, that Frederick Mordaunt had first

gained her esteem, in his frequent visits to the Park, before her heart felt that impression in favour of the young handsome Collegian, which he had sought to cherish from the first moment that he had seen the lovely girl: and as a more tender feeling towards him awoke in her bosom, it soon ripened into the most ardent attachment, from the frequent opportunities which the hypochondriasm of Lady Mary, the assiduous studies of Dudley Manvers, and the absence of Lord Rochdale, afforded to the young couple of being together.

Of all the sympathies that occupy the human mind, assuredly none is so pure, so wholly free from passion, so closely allied to those feelings that may be supposed the attributes of angels, as that love which first awakens in the heart of a young and innocent female. When the heart also has been left untouched by the contagion of example, and virtue, not wholly extinguished, plays like a lambent flame in the bosom of a generous and romantic youth; true love, awakened there, elevates and purifies the heart, and leads to actions and conduct of an exalted and noble character. Such was its influence on the thoughtless, gay, dissipated Johnian. At Cambridge, Frederick Mordaunt became thoughtful and reserved; seldom joined

the wine parties ; kept regular hours ; delighted in solitary evening walks, his only companion a volume of some favourite poet ; and, except Dudley Manvers, was openly accused of having cut all his former associates : yet the college studies were still neglected ; the terms were thought insufferably long, and the vacations were hailed with a delight which was formerly unfelt. When at Rochdale Park, Frederick was also an altered person ; he was no longer anxious to join the hounds ; even the amusement of angling, of which he was passionately fond, was neglected ; when he rode, it was to accompany Louisa Manvers ; when he walked out, it was to sketch with her some picturesque group of trees, to point out some new view, to gather wild flowers, to describe them, and to fix their places in the natural arrangement ; and, when at home, he was generally to be found in the library reading to Louisa, while she embroidered beside him, ever and anon engaging him in conversation upon particular passages in the volume under perusal. Often would she request explanations of passages which she fully understood, merely because she delighted in listening to the comments of Frederick—the sound of his voice was music, and her greatest enjoyment was to

watch the varying expressions of his manly countenance as he became animated with his subject. As she gazed, she longed to give utterance to all her feelings, to lay her heart open to the object of its affection; but that innate modesty which breathes its pure air over the young thought, in the female bosom uncontaminated by the atmosphere of fashion, sealed her lips, and raised a secret blush when reflection arraigned her inclination at the tribunal of propriety. In this manner time passed imperceptibly: the young people felt that their happiness was centered in each other. If Frederick were enticed to take a day's ramble with Dudley, Louisa found the hours pass heavily, and the day totally devoid of interest she would take her walk on the terrace or in the shrubbery; water her pinks and roses with the same care, and train her honeysuckles and sweet-peas with the same taste as usual, or throw her eye over the pages of some favourite author; but the inspiring genius of all her occupations, the voice which cheered and encouraged her in her little pursuits, being absent, the delight they diffused was dissipated, the magic thrown over them was fled—they no longer pleased. "How is it," she would ask herself, "that I am unhappy when Frederick is absent? yet I

fear to display to him what I feel—is it the inconsistency of human nature to desire that which is wrong?—is it wrong?” and the warm blush would overspread her cheek. It was on such occasions that Louisa felt the loss of a mother, and that she became truly awakened to her forlorn condition, and the utter valueless character of Lady Mary as a guardian. Frederick had not declared himself; his great attentions to her might, perhaps, be solely the consequence of his warm friendship for her brother: and, although her heart dissented from this conclusion, yet she was perplexed with doubts, and was only happy in the society of Frederick Mordaunt.

Things could not long continue in this state. Mr. Mordaunt had only one term more to spend at St. John's, when it was expected he would take his degree in Arts; but, the unfavourable accounts that his tutor gave of his progress in the college studies, added to his great dislike for mathematics, rendered it evident to Sir Charles that his grade on examination would be so low, the degree would confer no honour upon him: the Baronet therefore determined that he should at once leave St. John's, and join his regiment. He was, therefore, ordered to hold himself in readiness

to repair to the metropolis, as soon as his father could make the necessary arrangements for that purpose.

The above intelligence conveyed to Frederick Mordaunt a mixed sensation of pleasure and regret: he felt pleased in the prospect of being emancipated from studies that he had always disliked; and which, as he was intended for the army, he considered useless to him: he experienced, on the other hand, the deepest regret that a very unfavourable impression would be made respecting him on the mind of his parent, by the heavy bills which he had incurred in his days of heedless dissipation; and what pressed still more heavily upon his heart, were the obstacles that his military duties would oppose to his desire of repairing, as often as he had been accustomed, to Rochdale Park. The change that his visits there had effected, led him, besides, to reflect more seriously upon his debts, than could have been expected from him: and such always is the influence of a well-directed, virtuous attachment on the mind of youth, when not utterly lost and wrecked in the vortex of irretrievable degradation. The rubicon, however, which he so much dreaded, soon lay behind him: Sir Charles had settled all his debts, and removed

every difficulty of a pecuniary nature that could in any degree impede his future advancement in life ; but, in doing this, he condemned his son to a banishment from his presence until he could retrieve the character he had lost. There can be no doubt that, however merited, such a step in a parent, with a view of correcting the extravagance and dissipation of a son, is most injudicious. In a mind, not softened down by the sympathies that had awakened in the bosom of Frederick new and better feelings, the consequence of such harshness would be a renewal of the evils it was intended to correct. Frederick felt very different ; for, although banished from the presence of his father, and degraded in his own opinion, yet he was capable of justly appreciating what appeared to him to be a stretch of the utmost liberality in his parent ; namely, the passing over in silence the failings that deserved so severely his reprobation, and the payments of debts which had been so heedlessly and improperly incurred. He therefore determined to effect a complete reformation in himself, and to demonstrate to the offended Baronet that he was not utterly lost.

In obeying the summons to join his regiment, Mordaunt had reserved a few days to be spent at Rochdale on his way to the metropolis. As

he entered the park gates, his heart beat with its usual ardency: Louisa met him with the same sweet smile; but it seemed as if his reception was not of that warm and encouraging description which he was wont to experience; and this feeling was strengthened by the surprise of Lady Mary, that he should appear at Rochdale at a time when she imagined that he ought to have been reading closely for his degree.

“Are you not astonished, my dear Louisa, to see Mr. Mordaunt here at this time?—Perhaps your health requires attention, Mr. Frederick—will you consult dear Doctor P——?”

“I assure you that my health is excellent, Lady Mary; but it is not my father’s wish that I should take a degree in Arts, nor have I any ambition for such an honour.”

“You surprise me, Mr. Mordaunt!” exclaimed Lady Mary. “How chilly the evening air is, it truly pierces through me;—I must send to Dr. P—— about my anodyne. Mr. Mordaunt, Dudley took a high degree:—did he not, dear Louisa?”

Louisa, who had appreciated too greatly the acquirements of Frederick, was silent, and changed the conversation to the subject of Lady Mary’s complaints; but she felt secretly disappointed in learning from Mordaunt him-

self that he was to take no honours, on account of his neglect of the college studies. Frederick, on the other hand, endeavoured in vain to decry the value of Academical honours.

"Were I a man," said Louisa, "nothing short of the rank of first wrangler would satisfy my ambition."

"What advantage could accrue from it to a soldier?" replied Frederick. "Were my destination the law or the church, then the title of A. M. might prove useful; but to a military man——"

"I will not argue the point with you, my dear friend; but were I a man," would Louisa continue, "I would strain every nerve to rise in public estimation; and not only be the first in my profession, but to ornament it, whatever it might be, by learning and science."

These remarks, from one who held a principal place in his affections, were more cutting to Frederick Mordaunt than any thing that could have been urged against him by another; and he now, for the first time, clearly perceived the truth, that it is the intellectual merits, and not the personal endowments of the man that are valued by a woman of good sense and superior understanding. Still the real esteem of Louisa suffered

no abatement : she thought that she perceived, in the character of Frederick, that which would in time enable him to retrieve all that he had lost at college, and to acquire reputation and respect in the profession to which he had devoted himself.

The time that Mr. Mordaunt had allotted for his visit to Rochdale was necessarily limited ; he was therefore anxious, before his departure, to explain fully to Louisa the sentiments that occupied his heart respecting herself : for, frequent and close as had been the intimacy of these two young people, and numerous as the opportunities had been of laying open their feelings to each other, yet nothing had even been hinted by either that would have authorised any one to regard them as actually engaged. In all their intercourse, nothing ever had been said of love, although both had felt it in its full force : the sentiment in the bosom of both was too pure to find its utterance in language. If Frederick walked or rode with Louisa, his attentions were too pointed and direct to be misconstrued : his frequent and earnest gaze in her face, in conversation, expressed more than a simple enquiry ; and, if he ventured to take her hand, the thrill that vibrated through his frame too clearly pointed

out the state of his feelings to be misunderstood, even by one so little acquainted with the world as Louisa Manvers. Nature, indeed, has bestowed on women a quickness and nicety of discrimination, in matters of the heart, to which the opposite sex are total strangers. Every sentiment of Frederick was tinged with romantic and poetic imaginings; his love was the breathing of the soul, devoid of the grossness of our common nature; the smile, the impress of her feelings that beamed in the look of the lovely girl, was to him an inestimable blessing, which threw a gleam of felicity over his existence that nothing else could impart.

The sun was already on the decline, when the lovers, who had strolled into the park, were returning to a late dinner.

“How soft and delightful,” said Louisa, “is the repose of early evening at this season of the year. The lengthened shadows of the trees on the greensward, the gold and purple tinting of the clouds stretching along the horizon, and the modulated concert of the feathered tribes, all combine to soothe into harmony every passion of the human breast. I am often surprised that the gay and fashionable can leave such scenes for the close and crowded

rooms of London. You will forget the country, Frederick, and all that belongs to it, when you enter that vortex of fashion."

"Never, never!" said Frederick, taking her hand gently in his and earnestly gazing in her countenance; "never, whilst my senses are preserved to me."

Louisa drew a deep sigh, and for a few minutes they walked on without interchanging a word.

"I shall, perhaps, occasionally hear of you from Dudley or the Earl," continued she.

"With your permission, dear Louisa, you shall hear of me from one much more deeply interested in the happiness and welfare of both of us, than either the Earl or my friend Dudley."

Louisa made no reply, and gently withdrew her hand from his. The opportunity which Frederick had long sought for, seemed now arrived; he twice essayed to speak, but a suffocating feeling prevented him: at length, throwing off all restraint, he thus expressed himself:—

"I have often, dear Louisa, longed for the opportunity of laying before you the secret of my heart; and now, that it is afforded to me, I feel that it is almost impossible to give it utterance——" he stopped short.

"I understand you, Frederick," replied Louisa, whilst a deep crimson overspread her countenance; "I am not yet so much a woman of the world as to be able to conceal my own feelings."

"I fear," said Frederick, eagerly pressing the hand, which she had stretched out to him, to his lips, "that the heart which I have to offer to you is scarcely worthy of your acceptance; all that is good in it is yours, and therefore, in proffering it, I am only restoring that which you have so liberally bestowed."

Louisa blushed deeply again.

"Frederick," said she, "every thing depends upon yourself: the affection which you have secured, can never be altered, unless by your own act. I have, perhaps, too rashly exposed to you the state of my feelings; but I am sure that I shall not sink in your esteem for this candid avowal of them."

"How can you, for a moment, suppose that to be possible," replied Frederick, passionately; and he was about to proceed, when his friend Dudley's greyhound bounded before them, and his master immediately came up and interrupted the conversation.

Ample opportunities were afforded for the further exposition of the sentiments of the

young couple in the few days that Frederick passed at Rochdale Park. The period of his departure at length arrived, and he bade adieu, with a promise to write at least once a week.

For some months after his arrival in the metropolis, the young guardsman fulfilled to the letter the duty upon which he had resolved: he resisted every solicitation of his fellow officers to enter into parties of wasteful expense and gaiety: he was resolved to study arms as a profession, and he feared that such indulgences would withdraw his mind from the pursuits necessary to advance him in his military career. Happy would it have been had this condition of mind continued: but the character of Mor-daunt was such, that, sooner or later, it was certain to bend to the inclinations of those with whom he at the time associated.

At first he wrote regularly to Rochdale; then a week or two passed without this promise being fulfilled; at length the intervals extended to months; and, although the letters of Louisa were regularly transmitted every week, yet they lay, if not utterly neglected, yet at least unanswered. Louisa felt keenly the change in the affection of her lover, and as she had fostered her secret solely in her own bosom, the disappointment which now preyed upon her was

the keener, and the wound which it inflicted was more deeply felt; her health gradually began to give way, and a cough, which was the first very obvious indication of this change, soon attracted the attention even of Lady Mary. A physician was consulted; he pronounced her complaint to be consumption, and recommended her removal to a warmer climate: but the disease was too deeply seated: the health, strength, and spirits of the interesting girl sunk rapidly; the bloom of her cheeks was exchanged for the flush of hectic; her eye acquired a pearly lustre; she breathed short; obtained no sleep, owing to the incessant cough; and wasted to a shadow.

Her cousin, Dudley Manvers, who had, a short time before, removed to a living at some distance from Rochdale Park, was sent for, and soon arrived at his father's house. He was shocked at the change which was so evident in his cousin; and he saw that the disease had taken too firm a hold of the constitution to be expelled, even by the most energetic resources of the medical art. Dudley had observed the growing attachment between his friend and Louisa; and suspecting that this had some cause in the altered condition of his cousin's health, he questioned her respecting it, and

soon elicited the truth. He feared it was too late to effect any change, under the circumstances ; still he resolved to make the attempt, and, with the consent and advice of the Earl, who had arrived at the Park, after Parliament rose, he immediately set off for London.

He found Mordaunt at his lodgings, the gay and volatile man of fashion. He was dressing for dinner. At the sight of his friend, he sprang forward to meet him. The enquiry, "how are they all at Rochdale?" was upon his lips, when the grave look of his friend checked his impetuosity ; and, shaking him warmly by the hand, he simply welcomed him to London.

After the usual salutations were passed, Mr. Manvers opened the particular occasion of his visit.

"I am come, my dear Mordaunt," said he, "upon a most distressing embassy :—poor Louisa is dying!"

"Impossible !—you do not mean to say so ? I left her—"

"Yes, Frederick, in perfect health, eighteen months ago : and had you fulfilled those resolutions that you then formed, perhaps the dear girl might now have been in the same condition as at that time."

“ Stop, for Heaven’s sake, Manvers !—do not accuse me as the murderer of one the dearest to my heart ! Tell me what I can do ? —how I can avert—” and, without concluding the sentence, he seized the hands of his friend, and looked in his face with an intensity as if he would have read his very soul.

“ I fear, my dear Mordaunt,” said Mr. Manvers, “ it is too late to alter the fate of poor Louisa.”

“ Gracious powers !” exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt—“ that I should live to hear such a sentence pronounced upon me !”

“ My dear Mordaunt,” said Mr. Manvers, touched by the poignant distress of his friend, “ you greatly mistake me. If I have blamed you, I know too well the unhappy flexibility of your disposition, to condemn you, or to set down as a crime that which has been wholly the result of circumstances, operating upon a mind that is too susceptible of present impressions, and is readily moulded into any shape by passing events. But I am not come to read a lecture to you ; it is to urge your immediate presence at Rochdale Park, to gratify Louisa, by enabling her to take a last farewell of you, before that event occurs which she is fully aware is inevitable.”

Mr. Mordaunt, who had sunk upon a chair, and covered his face with his hands, remained silent ; but sighed deeply with excess of agony.

“ Nay, Frederick,” said Mr. Mauvers ; “ no regrets can undo what has been done. We have a duty to perform, which will require all the Christian philosophy we can summon to the task. Rouse yourself ; solicit immediate leave of absence ; and prepare to be off for Rochdale early to-morrow morning.”

Mr. Mordaunt raised his head. There was a calm, settled look of benignity, devoid of any trace of severity or reproach, on the countenance of his friend ; a faint smile even beamed through the moisture that filled his eyes ; and his hand was extended.

“ Come, Frederick,” said he, “ let us forget the past, and think of what we have now to do.”

The breath of Mr. Mordaunt was held, whilst, with one hand on the arm of the chair and the other on his knee, as if arrested in the act of rising, he gazed on the countenance of his friend. The kindness which beamed in his looks, and the equanimity of his manner, completely subdued the young officer : he rushed into his arms, and, bending his forehead upon his shoulder, gave vent to his grief in a silent flood of tears.

CHAPTER IV.

i.

" Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
 In living brests, ykindled first above
 Emong th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence poured into men, which men call love !
 Not that same which doth base affections move
 In brutish minds, —————
 But that sweet fit that doth true beauty love,
 And chooseth virtue for his dearest dame,
 Whence spring all noble deeds and never-dying fame.

ii.

Well did antiquity a god thee deeme."

Fairy Queen.

ON the following morning, the two friends were on the road to Rochdale Park. It was a beautiful autumnal day, fresh, clear, and invigorating: the reapers were busy in the fields, and the shocks of corn, standing in close array, displayed the abundance of the harvest; whilst the warm, mellow tints of the changing groves gave an interest to each turn of the road, which would at any other time have awakened the poetic feelings of Frederick: but all passed unnoticed. Little, indeed, was observed, and less was said, on the journey: there was a marked reserve between the friends, who oc-

cupied each corner of the carriage; and it was only after entering the park, when they were traversing the noble avenue of elms that formed the approach to the mansion, that Mr. Manvers, pressing the hand of Frederick, endeavoured to raise his spirits, and urged him to maintain, in the meeting with his cousin, all the fortitude that he could summon to his aid.

"Every dispensation of Providence," continued he, "has in it some prospective beneficence. To Louisa the change can only be productive of happiness: to you, Frederick, it may prove a blessing—a salutary corrective of that career into which I fear your residence in the metropolis has plunged you. Pardon, my dear friend, the seeming austerity of this remark:—if I did not——"

But, before he could finish the sentence the carriage stopped, and a servant, issuing from the hall, opened the door. Mr. Manvers alighted from the carriage, and was followed by his friend; but he observed that a tremor had spread over his frame, and that his colour came and went: Frederick, however, immediately summoned up his presence of mind, and walked firmly onward.

"I expected to have met the Earl or my Aunt here," said Mr. Manvers, as they entered

the drawing-room ; “ but I have no doubt, my dear Mordaunt ! that you are better pleased to be spared an interview with either, until you can recover the shock which your entrance again under this roof has, evidently, produced on your nerves. I will go and announce our arrival, and order a servant to conduct you to your apartment. It is not the old room, Frederick ! poor Louisa has occupied that ever since she was unable to come down stairs — she liked the view which it commands : ” — and, in saying this, he hurried out of the room.

Mordaunt was no sooner left alone, than his eye fell upon every well-known object in the apartment, which seemed so exactly in the condition in which he had left it as almost to light up, in his mind, the idea that all which had occurred in the interval was a delusion — a dream : — and he could scarcely persuade himself that he should not see the door open and Louisa enter, as formerly, to welcome his arrival. Lady Mary’s worsted-work, a glass, her medicine, a minim measure, and Buchan, lay on the little table, close to the sofa, exactly in the same order : the worsted-work apparently not farther advanced than when he last saw it : each chair occupied its wonted place ; and the same books covered the table. A small portfolio of draw-

ings, however, which he had given to Miss Manvers, was not there. On walking to the window, the village spire, elevated above the trees of the park, and the blue smoke of the cottages rising almost amongst them, brought, forcibly, to his memory many an evening ramble that he had taken with Louisa in that direction ; and he sickened at the thought that any thing could, for an instant, have obliterated the memory of these tranquil and truly felicitous moments. How often, at the close of day, had he directed her attention to the congregated movements of his garrulous friends, the rooks, who were now making their last gyrations over the great clump of firs before settling down for the night. What a contrast between the calm that pervaded this scene, and the noise, the bustle, the whirl of ideas that ever keep the mind in an almost half-intoxicated condition in the metropolis ! Mr. Mordaunt felt its force, and inwardly cursed the instability and pliancy of his character, that permitted him to be drawn into the vortex of dissipation, which had made him lose sight of such a source of rational enjoyment. His meditations were disturbed by the opening of the drawing-room door, and he quickly turned round ; but, instead of Louisa, whom he still, strangely enough, expected to

enter, it was an attendant, who informed him that she was ready to shew him to his apartment.

Frederick had scarcely completed his toilette before his friend Manvers entered to announce to him that, the second dinner-bell having rung, he thought it right, before he went down, to request that he would conceal as much as possible his feelings before Lady Mary; and to assure him that the Earl would not touch at all upon the object of his visit until he should have the pleasure of seeing him alone in the library. Mordaunt squeezed the hand of his friend, as an assent in the propriety of his request; and, without saying a word, followed him to the dining-room.

Lord Rochdale, although a whig in politics, yet was a man of high aristocratic feelings. He was tall, with a plain but expressive countenance, and wore his hair combed straight upon his forehead, which, and the plainness of his dress, gave him much of the appearance of a respectable yeoman: but his erect carriage, and his cold, distant manner, added to a slow, and rather affected correctness, in delivering himself in speaking, denoted at least his own opinion of his self-importance. He received Mr. Mordaunt more formally than usual. Lady

Mary, on the contrary, gave him her hand, and, holding up her withered cheek, asked his opinion of her looks.

“ Doctor P——, poor dear ! thinks me greatly improved ; he knows my constitution :—you must agree with me, Mr. Mordaunt, that is of the first importance.”

Frederick bowed his assent.

“ Had he known as much of poor Louisa—but how could he, she never was ill in her life before ; and when she began to droop, if she had consulted Doctor P——”

There is nothing in the world so annoying as a misplaced remark, especially when it refers to retrospective matters and reflects blame upon one who is suffering from the consequences : it is like an awkward man making way for you in a crowd, and stepping out of his own path, because he sees that you are in haste to get on ; but, in his eagerness not to jostle you, he places himself so directly in your way, that he is brought fairly into collision with you when he least intends it. Mr. Manvers saw the danger of allowing Lady Mary to proceed : his keen eye perceived the cloud that her remark had brought over the countenance of his friend : he therefore instantly changed the subject, and the dinner passed off without any occurrence worthy of notice.

The Earl,—who, although he had joined, as far as politeness demanded, in the conversation, yet, had preserved a marked distance of manner towards Frederick Mordaunt,—soon after Lady Mary withdrew, rose from table; and, as he left the room, bowing again formally to his young guest, said that he expected to have the pleasure of seeing him in the library in the course of the evening.

There was something in the manner of the Earl that led Mr. Mordaunt into a train of reflection not of the most agreeable kind. The tablet which memory held up to his mental eye, presented many a stain which he would have wished effaced; and not the least of his heart-corrodings, in the examination, was the apparent indifference which, in the thoughtless flexibility of his disposition, he had displayed towards Louisa Manvers. He felt, however, that his heart remained unchanged; and that whatever was the mutual understanding of each other's sentiments, nothing had been said or done that could authorize the Earl to talk to him, seriously, upon the subject: nevertheless, although he could not tell wherefore, yet, he dreaded the meeting that was about to take place. He was leaning, whilst these cogitations were passing through his mind, with his arm upon the chimney-piece, seem-

ingly gazing upon a crackling billet of wood which his friend Dudley had placed upon the fire ; for the autumnal evenings were already beginning to feel chilly ; when, without raising his eye—

“ Manvers,” said he, “ I don’t know why I should dread this interview with your father ?”

Mr. Manvers made no immediate reply, but seemed lost in thought.

“ You know,” continued Frederick, “ that, notwithstanding my frequent visits to the Park, I have seen the Earl but once before this evening ; and, whatever may have passed between Louisa and myself, I did not consider any communication to him necessary.”

Mr. Manvers raised his head. “ Frederick,” replied he, “ you have seen enough of my father to judge of his reserved manner ; it is not to you only that it is displayed ; be assured that I know as little of his sentiments on this subject as yourself ; but, believe me, that his apparent frigidity covers a warm heart.”

Mordaunt saw, in the look of his friend, enough to satisfy him of the sincerity of his remark : he merely rejoined, “ What can he have to communicate to me, that might not be said before you or even Lady Mary ?”

Mr. Manvers paused for a few moments, and then, taking his friend's hand, said, "I shall instantly resolve you upon that point; although, my dear Frederick, I fear the avowal of my interference in your affairs may draw down your censure upon me. You know that I have never been blind to the growing attachment between Louisa and yourself; on the contrary, my knowledge of it was the source of the highest gratification to me. About three or four months after you left us, however, I perceived a marked change in the dear girl's spirits: her vivacity vanished; she became pensive, absent, and silent; the bloom of health gradually left her cheek; her frame wasted; and, as a short cough succeeded, I saw too plainly that some anxiety, that was preying upon her mind, had roused into action the latent seeds of an hereditary disease, which, unfortunately for humanity, sweeps away the best part of our species. To be brief, Frederick, I gained her confidence, became the depository of her feelings, and soon acquired the knowledge of the cause of her malady. I endeavoured to sooth her suspicions of your indifference by assuring her of your constancy, and offering to write to you, and even to bring you down to

explain your conduct ; I also urged her strongly to consult, not Doctor P——, but a more able physician, who has lately settled in the neighbourhood. My object in both these points was defeated ; her self-respect,—for I shall not call it pride,—rejected the one, and a feeling that it was mental consolation, not medicine, that she required, made her firm in opposing the other. In the mean time, month passed on after month, until Parliament rose, and my father arrived at the Park, when he was so struck with the alteration in her appearance, that he immediately enquired what Doctor P—— thought of her case ; and having been informed that she had not seen him, and once only had consulted another physician, he immediately ascribed that unpardonable neglect, as he termed it, to the selfishness of Lady Mary. I saw that an immediate rupture would be the consequence ; and, indeed, so offended was my Aunt with the bare suspicion, that she was determined to leave the Park : there was only one mode of appeasing both parties left, namely, to state what I knew of the matter : and it was by the command of my father that I brought you here. He has expressed no displeasure at what you must allow might have justly roused the indignation of a less irritable

person : his sole object in wishing for the conference you dread, is to ascertain the real state of your feelings respecting poor Louisa ; for he cannot admit the idea, that her case is a hopeless one, to cross his mind."

"Nor can I"—said Frederick, grasping the hand of his friend, whilst his bosom was stung with the agony which the details that he had just heard were calculated to produce ;—"I cannot believe that it is utterly hopeless!"

How often do we find this to be the case! When anxiety and apprehension direct the eyes of every one around the patient upon the countenance of the physician ; when hope has fled, and the fatal prognostic has been pronounced ; how often do we find Incredulity still retaining her sway over those most interested in the result ! They will not believe it possible, because their wishes, their imaginings, their anticipations, have all taken the opposite course ; they go on deceiving themselves even to the last moment ; and when the event actually takes place, they seem still to doubt whether it be not a dream. I have known an honest physician dismissed because the opinion he delivered was not a consolatory one.

"We are all," answered Mr. Manvers, "in the hands of Providence ; but my professional

duties, my dear friend, have brought too frequently the features of the closing stage of this intractable malady before me, to allow me to be mistaken: be assured that no secondary means—no human aid—can be of the smallest avail to poor Louisa.”

Mr. Mordaunt dropped his head upon the chimney-piece where he stood, and groaned deeply; and both remained for some minutes without speaking. At length, a gentle tap was heard at the door, which was immediately afterwards opened, and the lady's maid, entering, spoke low to Mr. Manvers, and retired.

“Wait at the door, Phœbe,” said Mr. Manvers; and, turning to Mr. Mordaunt, he informed him, that although he had persuaded Louisa to defer seeing him until to-morrow, yet she had sent to say that she found herself able for the interview, and she would pass a more tranquil night after it was over, than would be the case were it deferred until the morning. “Phœbe,—my dear fellow!—will convey you to the little parlour at the end of the picture-gallery, which is now Louisa's sitting-room.”

Mr. Mordaunt advanced to the door, then turned round for a moment, as if he wished to say something:—but, again, as if recollecting

himself, he opened the door and followed the servant, who stood ready, with a candle, to conduct him. Many were the reflections that rushed upon his mind as he traversed the passages and rooms that led to Miss Manvers' apartments. As the servant opened the door of the gallery, he was surprised to perceive that a curtain had been hung across it, and that a strip of carpeting stretched the whole length of the panelled oak floor that the Earl would never permit to be covered. He gazed carelessly, as he passed along, on the effigy of many a steel-clad chief and baron, and many a winning face and graceful form, disfigured by the dress of the periods in which the originals had flourished : among the modern portraits, his eye fell upon one which arrested his steps.

"Yes," said the servant, raising the light towards the picture, "that is the likeness of my dear, young, suffering mistress ; but——"

Mordaunt felt what was likely to follow, and therefore waved her forward with his hand :—he entered the sick room before he was aware of it. A large screen, however, which he had missed from the dining-room, was placed within the door, and afforded him an opportunity of collecting himself. As he advanced from behind it, what met his eye ?—Louisa !—but not

as he had left her,—seated on a sofa, propped up with pillows, emaciated, pale, and dying—yet, around her pallid lips, the same sweet smile, that ever welcomed those she loved, still played.

“Phœbe, my dear,” said she, to the maid, as she extended her hand to Frederick, “wait in the other room until I call you.”

Mr. Mordaunt, who had by this time advanced, took the proffered hand between his, and pressed it to his lips.

The thoughtlessness of Mordaunt’s general conduct, the flexibility of his disposition, the playfulness of his manner, might have led an ordinary observer to judge him severely, and to believe that, however acutely he might feel at the moment, any serious impression made upon him would be evanescent: but this was not the fact—the current of his real character ran deep and silent, the ripple that played upon its surface, and was varied by every breeze of pleasure, afforded no indication of the profundity of his genuine feelings: these were known only to the unfortunate who were able to appreciate their value from having experienced practically their influence upon his heart: he was even ashamed to acknowledge them to himself. If any heart could feel acutely and permanently on such an occa-

sion, it was that of Frederick Mordaunt: but, with all this, it cannot be denied that there is perhaps nothing in nature more opposite than the effects which disappointment in the tenderest of our attachments, in those anticipations connected with the sentiments of the heart, produces in the opposite sexes. On man the blow is felt like that of the fire of heaven, which scatters the monarch of the forest, overwhelming; and, were we to judge from its immediate effects, irretrievable: but the soul of man is selfish; it is open to the solace which the balm of consolation, like refreshing dew, pours upon the heart; his grief, however poignant, is transitory; he is ever directed by Hope to seek refuge in the future; he finds that the impressions, like most causes of mental pain, gradually lose their force; and as he again mingles with the world, that, however slowly, they may be at length wholly obliterated. Supported by these impressions, his animal spirits regain their spring and buoyancy; and the wretchedness which threatened his annihilation passes off like a summer's cloud, and is as utterly effaced from his memory as if it had never been. Not so woman. The nature of woman and her education modify greatly the effects of love, both upon her mind and

her corporeal frame : more dependent than man, and more influenced by kindness, sympathy, and generosity, her happiness is more mingled up also with her affections ; thence she makes greater and more generous sacrifices in love than are ever displayed by man ; and thence, also, when disappointment overthrows her cherished hope, and scatters her dearest anticipations, deep-rooted melancholy takes possession of her mind, and gradually acquires such force as to exclude all thoughts except those which are connected with it. Instead of friends or society affording any solace to her affliction, she shuns both, and seeks for solitude to brood over the causes that have wrecked her happiness : her health at length gives way, and she falls, like a tender and gentle flower before the nipping blast, never to rise again. She feels that the bosom into which her love was poured, has received all that she has to bestow : like the breath of the rose on the summer breeze, when gone, nothing can supply its place ; it is gone for ever. As her heart-corrodings, however, are studiously hidden from the eye of the world, she suffers in silence ; memory, constantly referring to the past, awakens the most painful reflections — the fond anticipations on which she reposed as a return of her tender, full,

and devoted love—her never-doubting confidence—have fled like the pictures of a dream ; she is suddenly awakened to the delusion—to the long lingering, undying pang of disappointment—the iron enters her soul ; she rejects all the comforts of Hope, and the future is to her as a blank. Too soon the tender tissue of her corporeal frame feels the shock which nothing can medicinal ; and as the nervous system loses its tone, if the powerful shield of Religion be not the support upon which the sufferer leans, Despondency may supervene, and lead to the most melancholy results. Such, happily, was not the state of Miss Manvers' mind ; her hope rested in heaven, and she looked forward for that repose there, which she well knew was not destined for her in this world.

The change in Louisa's appearance shocked Frederick beyond description, and immediately turned his thoughts inwards. Like the talisman of a dream, which brings the events of years into the space of a minute, every transaction that had occurred from the moment that he parted from her to the present, crowded upon his imagination : the gay and thoughtless society in which he had forgotten both himself and her,—the non-fulfilment of his solemn promises,—the resolutions of amendment that

were made only to be broken,—and the awful consequences of these, displayed in the person of one whom he most truly and affectionately loved,—brought upon him that sickness of heart which those only who have felt it can understand. He sat down on the sofa beside the poor invalid.

“Frederick!” said she, “I have long wished for this interview; and feared, greatly feared, as I could not seek it on my part, that it might be too long deferred. I feel truly grateful to the Earl, who has brought it about, unknown to me.”

Mr. Mordaunt remained for some moments silent; the hand which he had received was still locked in his, and his eyes riveted upon the ground: at length, recovering his self-possession—“Louisa, dearest Louisa!”—said he, “how can you ever forgive me?”

“Frederick!” replied she, as she gently placed her other hand upon his, “I have nothing to forgive: if my retired life has led me to form romantic notions of attachment, it would be unjust in me to imagine that you, moving in the vortex of the world, could be actuated by the same; and that the gaiety of the metropolis would not withdraw your mind, sometimes, from——” Here the effort to pro-

ceed, seemed too much for her exhausted frame, and she sunk back on the pillows, and breathed short. Mr. Mordaunt started from his reverie, and gazed upon her with the most intense anxiety.

"My beloved Louisa," said he, "what can I do?—what can I get for you?" A deeper hectic had overspread her cheek; an obvious perspiration bedewed her forehead; and a tear started in the corner of her eye; yet the same sweet smile played around her mouth.

"Do not be alarmed; Frederick," she replied, softly; "this exhaustion has often occurred of late; it will pass off again: I feel stronger and better since I have seen you. Oh! you can form no idea how I have longed for this meeting." The faintness again returned, and again passed away.

Mr. Mordaunt saw that she could not sustain the interview, and he eagerly pressed her to permit him to withdraw, and to defer what she had to say until she was refreshed by a night's repose.

"No, dearest Frederick!" said she, "do not leave me—I feel better—it has passed off: sit down." Mr. Mordaunt took his seat on the sofa, close to her. "You may recollect, Frederick," continued she, "on the evening before

we parted, during our walk among the rocks, at the bottom of the park—I think the moment is present now—” her eye which, as she was speaking, had been fixed upon the countenance of Mr. Mordaunt, with a benignity of expression that went to his soul, fell suddenly upon the ground as she proceeded—“ I then feared that the gaieties of the metropolis would make you forget the country.” Mr. Mordaunt sighed deeply. “ I do not blame you—with such a disposition as yours, dearest Frederick, it was natural ; and—” here she paused, and drew breath for a minute : she seemed to struggle with her feelings ; and, having mustered them, she then continued—“ I know your heart is unaffected—is the same—”

“ And ever will be, dearest Louisa !” exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, passing his arm gently round the waist of the poor invalid, who again seemed so exhausted with the exertion that she had undergone, that her head sunk on his shoulder. He applied his lips to her forehead. She raised her head, turned her eyes fondly upon him—smiled : at this instant a slight tremor shook her frame—a momentary convulsion affected her features—an expiratory sob followed, and she sank into his arms, apparently in another fainting fit. The manner

in which this occurred startled Mr. Mordaunt, and the more so, as he felt a cold clammy perspiration bedewing the hand which he held in his.

“Gracious Powers!” he exclaimed, as the truth broke upon him, and he gazed for an instant on the lifeless body in his arms :—a dizziness seized him ; he became perfectly unconscious of every thing around him ; and was only again awakened to sensibility by the piercing shriek of the servant, who, hearing what resembled a groan, became alarmed, and had ventured to enter the room. The first object which arrested the attention of Mr. Mordaunt, on recovering his consciousness, was the prostrate body of the servant, who had fallen down in a fit, overpowered by the horror of the scene. On raising his head from the footstool of Louisa, on which it had rested as he sunk down on fainting, his bewildered gazes next fell upon the body of the beloved being whose pure spirit had just departed. There was no distortion of body or features : the shoulders had fallen back on the pillows, one arm was stretched down by the side, the other slightly thrown across the chest ; whilst a sweet and placid expression overspread the face, as if the poor sufferer had met the summons with a

grateful acquiescence, and had passed away on the bosom of gentle Sleep, rather than in the fatal grasp of the stern destroyer.

For a moment, the awful catastrophe to Mr. Mordaunt seemed like a dream recurring to his memory ; but the objects were before him—he was awake ; and the reality was too obvious to be doubted. As he regained his self-possession, a thousand corroding ideas pressed upon his mind : he stood there the self-condemned cause of the event that he had just witnessed—the murderer almost of one in whom all his genuine affections centered.

“ Merciful, but just God ! ” he exclaimed in his heart, as he knelt down by the side of the sofa, pressing the senseless hand of the departed saint to his lips, and bathing it with tears—
“ Merciful, but just God ! I submit myself to thy justice—strike—for the blow is merited.”

He paused—for his soul was overpowered ; and he merely evinced his resignation further by the fervour with which he added, “ thy will, not mine, be done ! ”

It is in such moments, when the mandate has gone forth, and the blow has been struck which severs the mortal from the immortal,—when the eye that beamed sympathy, and kindness, and love, is obscured for ever,—when the face,

whose features played with ever-varying expression, is fixed as that of a statue,—and the heart that beat with the warmest and best affections has ceased to pulsate,—that the mind acknowledges the frivolity of the world, and with an excursive range rests all its hopes upon futurity. Mr. Mordaunt gazed only for a few moments upon the still beautiful, although inanimate, form that lay before him, ere he summoned the family; but these few moments reflected the picture of many a past year, with all the weaknesses, the negligences, the errors, that too strongly marked the retrospect; and, in raising the curtain that veiled the future, they spoke so forcibly of what only could blot out the stain that sullied the record of his past career, that his resolution was already taken. He saw, on the tablet of the by-gone and the coming, that his destiny was changed; the future seemed to press upon the present, like the lightning flash that illuminates the darkness of midnight: he felt that the sword, which was then sheathed, was never again to be drawn by him; and that his future life must be dedicated to aid the salvation, not forward the destruction, of mortals.

It may seem unnatural that such thoughts should crowd upon the mind of Mr. Mordaunt

at such a moment ; but when a bereavement, such as he had sustained, occurs to one whose love is pure affection, unalloyed by any worldly or any other consideration,—to one whose imagination holds the reigns both of his thoughts and actions, the mind follows the beloved object in its spiritual flight ; and if the heart has early felt a deep sense of religion, as was the case with Frederick Mordaunt, the soul becomes instantly intent on the reflection of what may forward a reunion with the pure spirit that has winged its flight to heaven ; and, whilst it feels chastened, and resigned to the will of its Maker, it commences unconsciously to consider the means of working that reformation which shall secure the end which it ardently desires. Frederick Mordaunt had felt no other attachment than that which was now broken ; its purity was such as is only known in earliest youth : his heart dreamt of no other. The affection of the beloved object of its devotion was equal to his own : neither ever admitted of any idea of change, either from time or circumstances ; and although Louisa's malady had been roused into fatal activity by the apparent neglect of Frederick, yet her bosom had never harboured a doubt of the strength and fidelity of his attachment. Frederick, on the other hand, al-

though he felt as if the "life's life" of his being had passed away,—that all which he had hoped, and desired, and idolized, on earth, had been torn from him,—and that partly by his own unaccountable folly,—yet he felt, also, that he could not accuse himself of any diminution of affection; his heart was hallowed in its fidelity: and, when memory awakened him, and led him back to his moments of repose, from the whirl of thoughtless gaiety into which he had plunged, it displayed Louisa as the saint at whose shrine his heart had confessed its follies; and in the confession he was consoled with the reflection, that, however he had permitted himself to be moulded to the habits of his associates, he had never sunk into the grossness of their vices. Still his follies were numerous; and as there is always a voice ready to proclaim our failings, the tidings of the dissipated life of Frederick Mordaunt had too frequently reached the ears of Louisa. She heard them in silence; but as she felt conscious that her dissolution was rapidly approaching, she was anxious, if possible, to make some impression upon his character by an appeal to his heart, which she knew was right; and she conceived that the effort, however much it might cost her, would be successful proportionably to the depth of his

attachment. Disease often strengthens the moral sympathies ; and, when the patient knows that the fatal issue is inevitable, there is a decision in acting which is seldom witnessed under other circumstances. But, whilst this conviction adds vigour to the mind, the body suffers ; the excitement it produces is succeeded by a state of corresponding collapse, and the most injurious, even fatal, consequences, as in the present instance, follow.

It is unnecessary to describe the scene which the assembling of the family produced. The Earl, although he had seen the danger that hung over his favorite niece, had no conception that it was so close at hand. The expression of his grief was deep and sincere. He was a proud man, and reserved to strangers ; but his heart was susceptible of the best and the tenderest impressions. The distress which he experienced was augmented by the reminiscence which the event produced : he beheld renewed the catastrophe that had obscured all the anticipated brightness of his existence, when the beloved partner of his bosom lay before him as his niece now did, the victim of the same irremediable disease, which, alas ! carries off the best and the most amiable portion of our race. The Earl had felt his bereavement with that

resignation which becomes a Christian,—a silent acquiescence in the dispensation of divine wisdom. His grief had not been of that immoderate kind which exhausts itself in the indulgence of it; but it had stamped upon him a settled melancholy, and although he knew that repining would not restore what he had lost, yet, his nature was not adapted for stoicism; and, therefore, it was long before he could give his attention even to the ordinary duties of life. As all things, however, are mutable, time, which cures many evils, was beginning to lighten the spirits of the afflicted nobleman, when this blow re-opened his wound; and he felt again the iron hand of Grief pressing upon his heart. He hung over the body, and gave vent to a flood of silent tears; but his groans were deep and audible; and he would have sunk under the intensity of his feelings, if his son, whose equanimity of mind and Christian fortitude upheld him amidst this afflicting scene, had not supported and led him from the room.

It is unnecessary to say that, although the grief of Lady Mary was sincere,—for she really loved her niece, as much as she could any human being, except herself,—yet, it displayed itself in that turbulence which seldom exhibits

itself when the heart is really deeply wounded, —when the sacrifice is submitted to because it is required by Him who has a right to demand it, and which calls forth from the wounded spirit the confirming aspiration, “thy will be done.” Lady Mary’s burst of grief was at first reasonable, because its cause was really felt; but she was too much the creature of habit to allow natural feeling to predominate; she therefore soon recollected that the degree of sorrow should always be proportionate to the cause; and, as this fully merited an hysterical, so she fell into one; during which she was carried to bed, and attended by Dr. P——; remained in a pitiable condition for a week; then slowly improved in the course of another; assumed her place at table at the termination of the third; and had the gratification of talking for a month of the misery of too susceptible feelings,—of the shock which her “poor nerves” had sustained,—and the extraordinary skill of dear Doctor P—— in restoring them again to their condition of vibrating repose.

Mr. Mordaunt, who had been persuaded by his friend Manvers to leave the room, on the assembling of the family there, no sooner found himself alone in his apartment, than he became fully sensible of the extent of his bereavement;

and, completely overpowered, he threw himself upon his bed, almost in a state bordering on despair. It was only the kindly pressure of the hand of his friend Manvers upon his, and the sound of his well-known voice, uttering the words " my dear Mordaunt," that again made him conscious of the necessity of subduing feelings that almost threatened to overthrow his reason. Mr. Manvers raised him from the bed, and, having led him to a chair, seated himself beside him, and endeavoured to pour into his wounded bosom that healing balm which religion alone affords:—that blessed resignation which philosophy, much as it professes, labours in vain, by all the weight of its most convincing arguments, to bestow.

" I am fully aware, my dear friend," said Mr. Manvers, " that on none of us has the blow fallen with such overwhelming force as upon you ; but, probably, I may venture to say that none can so completely appreciate its extent as myself. I know the virtues that adorned the character of my cousin ; and I have witnessed their practical application in many an act of genuine sympathy, kindness, and charity to those whom misfortune had overtaken, and left to depend solely on the mercy of Providence, bereaved of their

only earthly protector, and utterly devoid of any means of support. The widow has shared the fulness of her benevolence, and taught her orphan child to couple her name with those blessings that the first lisping accents of the infant implore from the divine Dispenser of all things. She was young, and beautiful, and good, my dear friend ; and she has been summoned in the flower of her years : but we are truly told that there is no certain happiness upon earth. Believe me, Mordaunt, that for "her to die was gain ;" and be assured that, afflictive as the dispensation is, it is not only wisdom in us to acquiesce, but it is selfish, and even sinful, to repine. One consolation should tranquillize your mind :—the assurance that, to such as redemption have awakened to a reliance on the Redeemer, death is merely the transition from this world to that of eternal bliss ; where there is no change, no parting, no sorrow ; but where goodness, and virtue, and truth, are immutable and eternal."

Mr. Mordaunt said nothing, although his heart acquiesced in the sentiments that had been so feelingly uttered : he felt as if a load were removed from his bosom, and, raising his friend's hand, pressed it to his lips, in grateful acknowledgment of the comfort he experienced.

Mr. Manvers had too much discretion to pursue the conversation further at this time ; and, having obtained a promise that Frederick would retire to bed, left him to seek that repose which, fortunately, often terminates a fit of immoderate grief—the sleep of pure exhaustion.

CHAPTER V.

“ Silent is the tongue to whose accents we surrender the soul, and to whose language of friendship and affection we wished to listen for ever. Beamless is the eye, and closed in night, which looked serenity, and sweetness, and love. The face that was to us as the face of an Angel, is mangled and deformed ; the heart that glowed with the purest fire, and beat with the best affections, is now become a clod of the valley.”—LOGAN.

“ All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.”

BRAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.

THE village of Rochdale was situated in the park, embosomed in a wood clothing the gentle acclivities of two hills, that formed a narrow valley, through which a small but limpid stream, descending from the neighbouring mountains, brattled over a pebbly channel in many a devious winding, and almost surrounded the cleared spot upon which the village stood. It was not deep enough to drown a child ; but it served for the children to paddle in, under the eyes of their grandams, as they sat at their cottage doors, enjoying the warmth

of the summer's afternoon sun, listening to the music of its gurgling water, and the merry peals of the infant bands,—pleasing sounds! that restore the picture of by-gone days, and shed gleams of pleasure on the evening hour of a life of labour, not wholly unalloyed with anxiety and care: for “the world,” as Cowper has beautifully remarked, “upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.”

The village consisted of about twenty cottages, each apart amidst its little garden, without the arrangement that constitutes a street, but surrounding an open space that served for one. On one side, almost close to the streamlet, rose the church, if it might be called such; which consisted chiefly of the cemetery of the Manvers, of the Earl's family pew, about a dozen pews for the tenants of the Rochdale estate, and some thirty benches in the aisle for the villagers. I recollect visiting the little fane some years since, when no dream of ever feeling interested in its history had crossed my imagination. It was to examine a beautifully sculptured monument, that had been executed in Italy, to the memory of one of the Lady Rochdales, of whom it was a correct likeness; a gem of art, not erected to gratify the vanity of the survivor,

or to excite the gaze of the stranger, but the sincere tribute of one who visited it frequently, to renew the felicity that had been snatched from him, by the contemplation of this memorial of her who had conferred it when alive. Small as it was, Rochdale church had a spire, which overtopped the trees, and pointed out the existence of the village, which was otherwise hidden as a nest in the forest ; and which, indeed, of all villages that I have ever seen, might have been designated " the nest of peace, the harbour of repose." Alas ! I say might have been ; for, the last time I visited it, a rail-road was in progress along the valley, the streamlet was nearly choked up, the village laid open by the felling of the trees that were its former screen, and a large brick house, with the sign of the Red Cow, reared close to the church.

The villagers of Rochdale were as simple as their hamlet ; and, except in a few improvements in the education of their children, which Mr. Manvers had introduced, and which did not supplant the village school-mistress, they had undergone little change for half a century. Although not ten miles from a large manufacturing town, yet the music of the spinning-wheel was still heard in its cottages ; the young men still met to enjoy an evening game at

cricket on the village green, which had not been sacrificed to the heartless enactments of an enclosure bill: there was as yet no alehouse to muddle their heads and to brutalize their manners; and the corruptions of the Cotton mill—that sink of vice, and destroyer of social felicity—had not defiled its humble roofs. The only change of consequence was a little parochial library; and a music society, which met once a week, superintended by Mr. Manvers himself. The wants of the villagers were few; and what their labour was unequal to procure, was supplied by the Earl, and the flourishing tenantry of his domain.

It was in this little, secluded spot, that the benevolence of Louisa's affectionate nature expended its sympathies. She regulated their inclinations, and trained to their domestic duties the mothers, without interfering in their private concerns: she was the chief monitor of the intellectual culture of their children; the doctress of the sick; the comforting angel of the afflicted; and, whilst she left their religious instruction to her cousin, she was careful in enforcing that the little ones should learn its first rudiments at the mother's knee; and there receive impressions which, as they are never forgotten, might produce at least

wholesome habits in after life, if not a richer harvest of good works. When reproof was required by either parent or child, it was given with a gentleness that went home to the heart, never offended the obdurate, nor wounded the most sensitive. It was delightful to observe, as she lifted the cottage latch, the pleasure that beamed in every eye; the chair eagerly wiped with the matron's apron; the respectful welcome; the feeble efforts of the superannuated grandsire to catch the sound of her voice; the pressure of the little ones to touch her mantle, or to have their little curling heads patted with her hand; and the pride of their mothers in seeing them thus noticed. Such were the villagers of Rochdale, who had assembled to witness the last duties performed over the remains of one whom they had loved during her life, and whose death they now deeply and sincerely lamented.

The stone that covered the entrance to the family vault, which had not been moved since the interment of Lady Rochdale, was again lifted from its bed, and laid open the humiliating aspect of the gloomy cells where mouldered the ruins of many a noble generation; some whose high faculties filled a page in the history of their country, and who had been crowned with

honors, but now lay companions of the worm ;—as if the breath of life had never animated their frames,—marking the dissolution which awaits mortality. In the morning the younger portion of the villagers had flocked to gaze into the vault, with feelings of silent awe ; whilst the aged labourer was observed leaning upon his staff, meditating on the scene that brought to his eye of sense the final destiny to which he was fast approaching. Now all were congregated, silently awaiting to join in that solemn service which separates the dead from the living world, —to offer to the memory of the departed the last tribute of gratitude they could bestow—a tear and a sigh of unaffected sorrow.

As the funeral procession approached the church, and entered the porch of the sacred edifice, and the Vicar, with a firm and unfaltering voice, began the solemn service—" I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,"—all was silence and reverent attention : but, when he repeated that sentence so aptly selected from the book of Job—" the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,"—a suppressed sigh spontaneously burst from the bosoms of the assembled people. It was one of those instinctive expressions of the feelings with which reasoning has nothing to do,—which

speaks of the depth of our affliction, and indicates that the resignation to the blow is only submitted to because it cannot be resisted : it may be an indication of human weakness ; but I cannot help thinking it honorable to our nature ; for although the Christian believes that “ blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,” yet, the heart, in the depth of its distress, feels that it cannot at once loosen the cords that bound its affections ; it demonstrates that the truth, however undeniable, is forced upon it :—the dispensation is borne, because it must be borne.

The voice of Mr. Manvers was clear and full, admirably suited to render duly impressive the sublime and solemn service in which he was engaged. The rough tenantry, not less than the relations of the family, were melted into tears ; the sobbings of the women were audible and deep ; and the infants in their arms and by their sides gazed up in the faces of their mothers, as if to enquire the reason of a grief which their guileless and vacant bosoms happily could not feel. Besides those of the Vicar, the eyes of two individuals only remained dry. Of these, Mr. Mordaunt was one ; the other was a man of military port, who gazed upon the ceremony with the deepest interest, and whose folded arms and

stern look seemed as if intended to cover feelings which he considered derogatory to his calling. The bearing of Mr. Mordaunt was equally severe: he stood a little apart from the mourners, his cheek rested on his hand, his expanded brow full of thought, his eye bent forward, and his lips firmly compressed,—a noble and dignified picture of rigid, yet constrained abstraction:—and it was only when the withered hand of the old sexton threw the dust upon the coffin, as it was lowered into the vault, and his friend pronounced the awful words—“earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ,”—that a quiver of his lip and a suppressed sigh demonstrated that his heart responded with the feelings of those around him.

The service was ended; every one pressed forward to bestow, as it were, a last look on the remains of the beloved object, now consigned to the dust: children, some bright with the flush of health,—some the destined prey of the destroyer, and borne to the spot on the bosoms of doating mothers;—vigorous youths, who had put the evil day far from them, careless of the arrow which might level them also with the worm;—blooming maidens, and a few who,

like her whom they mourned, were the victims of disease, and were only lingering for a little in a mere prolongation of the line of their sufferings;—the sturdy rustic, full of health;—the aged and the feeble, who had lived to carry the young and the vigorous to the grave, and who calmly waited the summons which was to call them to a long repose:—all looked for a moment into the tomb, and then slowly departed, some to forget, others to profit by the lesson; but the greater number, at least of the villagers, to brood over the irreparable loss that they had sustained in the gentlest, the kindest, the best of benefactors.

Mr. Mordaunt, like a statue of concentrated, yet tranquil grief, moved not from the spot, till his friend, placing his arm within his, conducted him into the vestry room. It was then that the restraint he imposed upon himself gave way; there were no strangers there to witness the depth of his feelings,—no eyes to criticize, but those who could justly appreciate them: he therefore fell upon the bosom of his friend, and allowed Nature to take her course. Mr. Manvers poured into his afflicted heart every consolation which friendship and religion could suggest. Mordaunt felt their force, and re-

turned to Rochdale House more tranquillized than he expected ever to have felt.

Before leaving the church, supposing that every one had departed, Frederick was anxious to descend, for a few minutes, into the cemetery. The disposition of Mr. Mordaunt was of that singular texture, that although he was aware that he could not withstand the impulse of feeling, whatever feature it might assume, yet, he had not resolution adequate to withdraw from its influence. It was this failing which had hurried him into many of the follies he had committed ; and had his heart not been untainted, and the early principles implanted by his mother not been deeply rooted in it, he would have been precipitated from those precipices on the brinks of which he had too often stood.

On entering the church, the two friends were astonished to observe the military person, already alluded to, standing, with his arms crossed upon his breast, at the opening of the vault, in an attitude of the most abstracted meditation. He was a tall, powerful man, with a sternness of expression, heightened by a moustache on his upper lip ; and although there was nothing that bespoke an aristocratic origin, yet, his expression was intellectual,

and there was an air of command in his eye that seemed prophetic of a higher station than he evidently at present filled. He looked up as the two friends advanced, then, turning shortly on his heel, walked slowly out of the church.

“What a strange circumstance!” said Mr. Manvers. “What can that reprobate Richard Atkinson be doing here?”

“Who is that person?” enquired Mordaunt; the name and his friend’s remark having escaped his attention.

“He is a man of some talent, and of considerable acquirements for the station from which he sprung,” replied Mr. Manvers. “He is the son of one of my father’s tenants:—his poor mother was a clever, well-educated woman, who made a low marriage, but to whose maternal care he is deeply indebted. He turned out, however, a sad reprobate; would do nothing; thought himself very superior to his rank in life; and would have been infallibly ruined, if the Earl had not procured for him a cornetcy in a dragoon regiment. What can have brought him here at this time?”

As they left the church, Mr. Manvers asked the Beadle, who was waiting to lock the door,

whether it was not Cornet Atkinson who just passed out?

"Yea," replied the Beadle, "it was he, sir. I asks him what he were doing here? 'Nothing you can understand,' said he, giving me one of his contentious looks. 'Have you seen the Vicar?' said I. 'Yea,' says he: 'what then?' 'Did he give you a rating?' saving your honor's presence, says I. 'Old man,' says he, 'you know me not. The Vicar and the Earl too will find me as proud as those who live in palaces.' And with that he sulked off."

"It is true," said Mr. Manvers, as the friends walked on, "this singular man has some of our blood in his veins: his mother was very distantly related to my poor mother. The Earl would have assisted in forwarding him in life; but his indiscreet conduct, his conceit, and pride, have stood in the way of his advancement. His talents, however, are considerable, and will either raise him in the world, or drive him to some bold act of irretrievable ruin."

Frederick made no reply; circumstances, which I may mention on another occasion, had enabled him to form an estimate of Atkinson's character: he knew more of him than his friend; but he said nothing.

Mr. Mordaunt remained a fortnight at Rochdale House, and received every kindness and attention, which hospitality and sympathy could suggest, from every member of the family. Even Lady Mary forgot her own ailments in her anxiety "to cheer his spirits and promote his comfort."

But the corroding agony of Mr. Mordaunt's bereavement was yet to come. Whilst his mind was occupied with summoning up the fortitude which his presence at the funeral demanded, little space was left for other reflections; and, as he had elevated his courage to the performance of that last duty, he felt comparatively calm. The tomb was, however, scarcely closed, ere the image of the beloved object which it had just received filled "the eye and prospect of his soul," riveted his every thought, crept "into his study of imagination," and shed a pensive melancholy over the mourner, that he would not have resigned for all that the world could confer.

A short distance above the village, was a little secluded den, formed by a turn in the river, which there laved an abrupt rock on one side, whilst, on the other, spread a small flat of verdant moss, overshadowed by a broad projecting oak, which sprung from the crevices of a crag

that rose behind it, parting the leafy screen which covered the base of the hills, and fairly shut in the spot from all observation. There, daily, Frederick instinctively directed his steps; and, stretched upon the sward, gave the reins to his fancy, and reviewed the picture of that life, which, although it seemed as a dream, yet, he could not banish the idea, had been shortened, and, with its close, his own future enjoyment of life extinguished, by folly on his part, which now appeared most unaccountable. In these moments, Louisa seemed to stand before him "more moving delicate," more lovely, more intellectual; her eyes beaming more tender sympathies; and her voice attuned to sweeter music than even when she lived. It was neither weakness nor the spell of superstition that bound Frederick Mordaunt in these reveries; it was the conviction of the happiness which he had thrown from him; and, in pondering over the retrospect, he fortunately received a lesson of practical value, from which his after life derived all its virtue, its equanimity, its consistency, and the wholesome spirit of genuine religion that gave the impulse to its actions.

Under the influence of these sentiments, Mr. Mordaunt determined to quit the army. He

wrote to his father for leave to sell his commission, and he suggested that, with its proceeds, he should finish his terms at Cambridge, previous to taking his Master's degree, and then enter the Church. The Earl had kindly promised him a living; and this being the case, the Baronet had no hesitation in acceding to his son's proposals.

But there was another individual who felt as acutely as Mr. Mordaunt the death of Louisa Manvers; namely, the identical rude soldier who had been stigmatized by the term *reprobate* by the Vicar. In a visit to his father, Cornet Atkinson had several times encountered Miss Manvers in her visits of benevolence to the village, and had conceived, and cherished in silence, a hopeless passion for her, which he was sanguine enough to dream might some time or other be realized. This had wrought a wonderful change on the habits of the young man; he had become steady, and was every day gaining friends: indeed, it was already in contemplation to appoint him to the adjutancy of his regiment. The blow, however, which he had just received in the late event, had awakened again many of the strong but evil passions in his bosom, and contributed to tincture his future life in a manner directly the opposite of its influence on that of Mr. Mordaunt.

The new character which Frederick displayed on his return to Saint John's excited much speculation amongst his former associates who still remained there, and attracted the attention of the heads of the University in a manner greatly to his credit. His name was the first upon the tripos of the ear; and Mr. Mordaunt was now as highly distinguished a scholar, as he had been formerly noted as one of the gay and most frivolous idlers amongst the gowmsmen. His society was coveted and sought after; but the trace of melancholy, which his mind had not been able to shake off, led him to seek retirement, and devote himself to study to an extent which was evidently affecting his health. He took his degree with that distinction which his friends had anticipated from his exertions; and immediately set about preparing himself for the sacred office which he was ambitious to fill. Every previous step having been taken, Mr. Mordaunt had no difficulty in obtaining a title for holy orders, and he soon afterwards had an interview with the Bishop of the Diocese respecting his ordination. On being ushered into the library of the reverend Prelate, what was his astonishment to recognize in him an old tutor of Saint John's; and, as Frederick was sensible that he was fully acquainted with the dissipated life that he had formerly led at Cambridge, the

recognition was an event certainly calculated to awaken some apprehensions of disappointment to his anticipations on the present occasion. The look of the Bishop was grave, but not austere.

"Mr. Mordaunt," said he, as he requested him to be seated, "I trust that you have seriously considered the nature of the holy functions which you are desirous of assuming; that you are not entering into the Church merely with the view of your advancement in the world; as a profession, chosen without a due consideration of the awful responsibility which every one incurs who becomes a Christian pastor?"

Frederick had no hesitation in assuring the reverend Prelate of the sincerity of his intentions; and in a month afterwards he was inducted to one of the best livings in Westmoreland, on the banks of one of the most romantic of its lakes, and a spot admirably suited to the tone of his mind and feelings.

The accident which, ten years afterwards, introduced Mr. Mordaunt to the family of Colonel Standard, effected a change in his mind that could not have been anticipated. He saw, or fancied that he saw, a striking resemblance between Caroline Ashton and the beloved being who had been so long the object upon

which all his thoughts and reminiscences had centred. In person and appearance there was certainly some resemblance: the beauty of both was of that ethereal kind which we admire in the angels on the canvass of the immortal Guido; light, aerial, and brilliant, with eyes beaming intelligence. The features of Caroline Ashton however, were more flexible than those of Louisa Manvers, more animated, varying with each turn of thought—the visible impress of her soul. Her character was as truly feminine, tender, and sympathetic; yet it was not wholly devoid of ambition,—a quality which did not belong to that of Miss Manvers. The mind of the latter, also, although it was susceptible of the utmost cultivation, and had been improved by every suggestion of her cousin and Mr. Mordaunt, yet still displayed the defect of early education: that of Caroline Ashton, on the contrary, had received the highest tuition; and she aspired to elevate it by exercise to an ideal height of intellectual superiority which she imagined to belong to her sex. Louisa Manvers, with all the endearing qualities of her nature, was truly, in every respect, a mere woman; Caroline Ashton, had she been born in the sphere of nobility, would have conferred brilliancy on rank: as she was, she won

the hearts and swayed the minds and opinions of all around her: and, as her bosom was fitted only to expend its love upon one to whom she could look up and venerate, so she had rejected alliances that her relations had regarded desirable and advantageous for a young lady, whose sole fortune was her beauty, the sweetness of her disposition, and a highly tutored intellect. These were qualities sufficient to rouse again the dormant affections of Frederick Mordaunt, and his heart once more opened itself to that passion against which he had supposed it closed for ever.

Such, gentle reader, is the history of the Reverend Frederick Mordaunt, which the Editor has thought it right to transfer to this part of the Journal. He regards this chronicle, as far as respects the arrangement of its materials, as much under his control as if it were his garden in which he might plant an apple tree here, a gooseberry bush there, and a cabbage in another place, merely because it pleases his fancy:—and, having said this much for the benefit of posterity, he intreats thee, gentle reader, to return to the close of Chapter third, and listen to the clergyman's tale.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLERGYMAN'S TALE.

“ The Minstrel's table was with viands spread,
His cup was fill'd, though all the rest were dry ;
Not on the floor was made the Minstrel's bed,
He got the best Kincairny could supply.”

MADOR OF THE MOOR.

THE village of Killin is one of the most romantic in the Highlands of Scotland. It is situated in the centre of a small amphitheatre of hills clothed with hanging woods, among which the rugged front of a grey rock, tinted with lichens, is seen occasionally projecting, and backed with stupendous mountains. The river Acharn, a branch of the boisterous Dochart, flows with a placid current close to the village, and around the base of a green mount, crowned

with noble oaks, which shade the places of sepulture of the family of Mac Nab of Mac Nab, once possessed of extensive domains in that neighbourhood. The village itself is clean and neat ; partly embosomed among trees, and surrounded with meadows of the most refreshing green, rising high upon the declivities of the tufted hills. The vale, which opens towards Loch Tay, rich in pasturage and wood, descends with a gentle inclination to the margin of the lake. There is a delightful repose, a sabbath-day stillness in the scene, which harmonizes with the mind in certain conditions of the feelings, and peculiarly accorded with my sentiments when I last visited it.

My friend Campbell, with whom I was residing, and whose hospitable mansion is situated in a beautiful ravine, near the entrance into Glen Dochart, is one of those rare characters, who, profiting by a liberal education, and a knowledge of the world, derived from visiting most of the courts of Europe, carry into retirement all those intellectual resources which enable us to repel ennui and become independent of society ; and who, at the same time, retain the natural simplicity and generous feelings of early years. His wife is not less ac-

complished and amiable; and, as they have one child only, remaining of a large family, to whose education much of their time is devoted, the years of this happy couple roll on in that peaceful bliss which appears to me a foretaste of a future and a better state of existence.

Among other excursions, we frequently ascended Ben Lawers, in search of the rare cryptogamic treasures of that elevated region. On one of these occasions we had just returned, exhausted and fatigued; for although Campbell is not a botanist, yet he had entered enthusiastically into my pursuits; and, equally with myself, had forgotten the hour of dinner, and was warned of the necessity of returning home only by the lengthened shadows of the rocks and the approach of twilight. It was almost dark when we entered the house; and, whilst my friend was engaged in settling some transactions with one of his tenants, I had thrown myself across two of the chairs in the parlour, close to a cheerful peat fire, which his excellent wife had ordered to be lighted, justly anticipating that it would prove no unacceptable addition to the mutton-ham, cold venison pasty, and cup of good tea, which she had prepared for our refreshment, when my attention

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was roused by the notes of a violin, touched with more musical skill and delicacy of expression than I expected to have heard in that part of the island. My friend's little girl, an interesting child of eight years of age, to whom I was naming the wild flowers of a bouquet which I had gathered for her, observing that my attention was arrested, carelessly exclaimed:—

“ It is only wandering Willy playing a tune to the lasses ; maybe papa will bring him in, for he kens that Willy likes a glass of pure Glen Lievit ; and he says that the auld man plays the ‘ Land o’ the leal ’ better than any other fiddler that he has ever heard, except Niel Gow, who was dead long before I was born.”

“ And who is wandering Willy ? ” said I, holding a flower of the Parnassia, which I was about to name, between my fingers.

“ Oh ! he is a hump-backed body, who comes now and then to get a shilling and a glass of whiskey ;—but what is the name of that beautiful flower, Mr. Mordaunt ? ”

“ It is called the flower of Parnassus, Maria,” said I : and I was proceeding to explain the peculiarity of the plant, when Campbell, who had entered the room as his

little girl was describing the musician, took up the discourse, and said—

“That flower, Maria, is like your friend Willy, more valued by those qualified to judge of its merits, than many of the more flaunting flowers of the garden, but unnoticed by ordinary observers, from being the production of the wildest and most sequestered glens.”

The child gazed on the face of her father, and then replied,—“Like Willy, papa!—he is an ugly, deformed body, unlike any thing that I have ever seen: his chin almost touches his knees; his legs are as crooked as cousin Robert’s shinty; and his arms are so long that he can almost touch his heels with his hand, when he stands upright.”

Her father could not suppress a smile at the vividness of the child’s description; which, however, was checked by her mother remarking,—“that young people should not give such licence to their tongues, and that Willy, poor and deformed as he was, possessed some qualities which richly compensated for the disgusting deformity of his person.”

The interest which my worthy host and his amiable wife seemed to take in this itinerant minstrel, greatly excited my curiosity, not only

to see him, but to enquire into his history; and I readily obtained my friend's permission to invite Willy into the parlour, as soon as the tea equipage should be removed.

The evening was one of those, which are not unfrequent in the Highlands, after the calmest days,—rainy and boisterous. The weather was delightful, clear and sunny, in the forenoon and afternoon; but it began to break before we left Ben Lawers; round the summit of which, a few cloudy wreaths were curling as we descended from its heights; and we were overtaken by two or three scuds of rain before we reached my friend's hospitable mansion. It was the anticipation of the storm, which now raged, that had secured to us the honour of a visit from Willy; for, as we afterwards learned, the old man was proceeding to Killin, where he understood a number of English gentlemen had taken quarters, for the advantage of grouse-shooting; and Willy declared, that he had had ample proof of the “superior taste o’ thae Englishers in music;” and he might have added, of the greater weight of their purses. The rain, which was now driven against the house by violent gusts of wind, battered loudly on the casements, inspiring a higher feeling of the comfort derived from our blazing peat fire,

and the hissing urn on the tea table ; while, in each short interval of calm, the jingle of Willy's fiddle, and the noisy mirth of the servants reaching our ears, convinced us that the comforts of the parlour were more than reciprocally felt in the kitchen.

"Do you hear them, Mr. Mordaunt," said Maria. "The mad queans ! they are dancing the fling to one of Willy's best strarthspeys : and I should not be surprised if Tam Macalister be among them :—puir daft creature ! he always comes with the flower of Parnassus ;" continued she, glancing archly at her father.

"And who is Tam Macalister, Maria," said I ; for my residence in the Highlands had not been sufficiently long to make me acquainted with its public characters.

"He is another of Papa's flowers of Parnassus," replied the child, pleased with the opportunity of playing upon, what she considered, a most incongruous comparison.

"There you are mistaken, Maria," said her father. "Poor Tam is only a follower of Willy, who, like other great men of the mountains, cannot travel without his tail."

Mrs. Campbell, who was less disposed to jest than either her husband or my friend Maria, mildly interposed, and informed me, that Tam

was one of those harmless idiots, of which one or two are generally found at large in many of the towns in the north; and who, having no fixed abode, range about, supported by the lairds, farmers, and cottagers; and find a temporary home, if not a welcome, wherever they happen to be at the close of the day.

"Poor Tam," continued the amiable narrator, "is as idiotic as he can well be, but less mischievous than the majority of his species: and although his parents, who died when he was a lad, were never able to settle him to any fixed employment, yet, for many years of his life, he made himself useful in some manner to those who were kind to him; and has always enjoyed the reputation of good-heartedness and honesty. A few years ago, he fell from a considerable height, and since that time has certainly become more idiotic. He was always passionately fond of music, has a melodious voice, and has lately attached himself so closely to Willy, that where the one is, you are certain of finding the other."

"Yes," said Maria, "they are called the Gowk and the Titlin. Tam carries the fiddle and rosin-bag for Willy, and takes care of him when he gets fou; for you see Tam never

drinks anything stronger than milk, and calls glen-lievit the Diel's brue."

"Tam has always been a privileged person in speech," said Mrs. Campbell, "and many of his remarks have much point. Indeed, he appears to be a natural production of one of those beings who were formerly found in Courts, but of whom many, in my humble opinion, were more knaves than fools, artificial compounds of idleness and roguery."

"Nay, my dear Elizabeth!" remarked Campbell, interrupting her, "they were the only honest retainers of the Court, the only persons who could speak truth without giving offence; and who, like mirrors, exposed obsequiousness and flattery in their true colours, whilst, not unfrequently, they were the means of advancing modesty and merit, which might have been left to pine in the shade, unnoticed and unknown. But 'Tam, as you have remarked, is a natural production; and to convince my friend Mordaunt that he can say a good thing, I may only notice his reply to the schoolmaster, who foolishly enough asked him, one day, how long a man could live without brains. Tam, laying hold of the Dominie's button, and gazing for a few moments in his face, replied, 'how long

hae ye lived, Dominie?" But perhaps, my dear Mordaunt, you would wish to see both of our eccentrics? Come, Maria, bring out the glen-lievit; send away the tea equipage, and introduce your friends Willy and Tam."

"Now, Mr. Mordaunt, you shall see Papa's flower of Parnassus," said the child, who sprang forward to obey the request of her father; and, having placed the liquor-stand, containing Willy's favorite beverage, on the table, and rung the bell for the servant to remove the tea things, she darted out of the room. In the interval of her absence, my friend replenished the grate with some fresh peats, Mrs. Campbell placed her work-box on the table, and I rose from my lounging position to receive the two singular beings who were about to be presented to me, and whom I anticipated as additions to the other local wonders of this interesting district.

In a few minutes the door opened, and Maria entered, leading Willy by the hand, while she averted her head to conceal a titter which she could not restrain; and although I had pictured in my imagination an excess of deformity from Maria's description, yet I had formed no idea like the extraordinary caricature of humanity who now walked into the parlour. He was a

dwarf, being scarcely four feet in height; and, as he seemed all head and legs, his appearance was inconceivably grotesque. His head, which, if magnitude were to direct our judgment, was certainly intended for a man of more than ordinary stature, had settled down between his shoulders, but, nevertheless, was well formed. The forehead was broad and elevated, furnished with large, shaggy, grey eyebrows, which shaded a pair of keen, penetrating eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets; the nose was rather long, moderately aquiline, with full, dilated nostrils; the mouth wide, but expressive; displaying, when opened, a set of frightful, decayed teeth; and the chin pointed, curved upwards, and a little awry, probably from its long habit of resting upon the base of the fiddle. His face exhibited the wrinkles of advanced age, but it was ruddy and healthful; and as, owing to the great breadth of the forehead and the capacity of the cranium, it was almost triangular, its expression, even when the features were at rest, was that of great comicality. The entire head, as I have already stated, was depressed between the shoulders, resting partly on the hump of his back, and partly on his left shoulder. His body, if the shapeless mass which supported his head could be called body, was so much sunk in at the

chest that his chin appeared to rest upon the lower part of his stomach, and his legs, which were inordinately long for his stature, although they were partly covered with his kilt, yet, were curved, as Maria had stated, in two opposite directions. The dress of the minstrel, even to his stockings, was of tartan. His plaid was thrown across his breast, or rather stomach, and over his left shoulder as if to add to its already disproportionate elevation ; and, on the right side of his head, with a few grey locks issuing beneath it, was stuck his bonnet, decked with a heron's feather, the appropriate symbol of his clan. He carried his cremona under his left arm ; and, as he entered the room, he touched his bonnet in a military fashion, and walked to a low stool which had been placed for him near the fire, and which he seemed to recognize as an old acquaintance.

Tam Macalister, or Daft Tam, as he was usually called, followed at the heels of Willy. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, rather below the middle stature, and of a slender form of body, but well proportioned. His head, however, was rather small, and the forehead depressed ; the face was thin, although not emaciated ; the nose and the chin were both sharp ; and the eyes, which were hazel, were

shaded by bushy, sand-coloured eyebrows. His hair, for his head was uncovered, was red, curled and matted, as if it had never felt the influence of a comb. A thin tuft of beard, of the same colour as his hair, stood out in crisped curls from each cheek bone, and a similar tuft from the point of his chin. His complexion was sanguine; and his grin displayed a set of regular white teeth. He was barefooted; and, indeed, in all respects but scantily clothed, for the skirts of his kilt were of various lengths, his elbows appeared through the sleeves of his jacket, and, instead of a plaid, the fiddle bag was slung across his shoulders: all which, added to the wild, savage expression of the idiotic smile, with which he saluted us as he entered the parlour, rendered his appearance, if less hideous, even more repulsive than that of the minstrel. He advanced closely behind Willy until that personage was seated, and then suddenly darted to a corner of the room, where he remained bolt upright, with his hands placed upon his breast, his mouth open, and his eyes fixed upon the child; who, although she did not seem to be in any degree alarmed, yet had taken her station between the knees of her father, with one arm thrown around his neck, and her head resting upon his shoulder.

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"You are welcome, Willy!" said my friend. "We are much indebted to the storm for driving you in for shelter, after so long an absence; and a sight of you, Tam, as the proverb runs, is guid for sair een."

"That bonnie birdie's een need nae sich salve," replied the idiot.

"Haud ye're tongue, ye haverell! exclaimed the minstrel, interrupting the progress of Tam's reply. "Wha made ye a judge o' leddies' een? Thank ye, laird, for your welcome. She'll do her best to shew you that she kens she is no amang frem folk; but she's getting auld, and hae lost mickle o' the spunk for dirling up a strarthspey that she had forty years sin. Aweel! —she'll do her best, laird; and what mair can be expected o' mortal?"

"Nothing more, indeed, Willy!" said Mrs. Campbell. "But where have you been wandering these four months? I think we have not seen you since June."

"That's mair easily speered than answered," replied the minstrel; "although, were she no afear'd to open that haverell's mouth, Tam could tell you ilka fit o' our gait. And how have you been, my leddie? and how is the bonnie wee blossom that had just blinked on

the light o' this wearie warld, the last time we foregathered?"

That question touched a vibrating chord in the affections of my kind hostess; for the infant who was hanging on her breast at the time of Willy's last visit to Glen Dochart had soon afterwards died, and the recollections which the questions awakened brought a tear into her eye.

"Weel—weel—my leddie!" said the old man, perceiving her distress; "she sees how it is; puir wee bud! Oh, hone! we are a' wearing awa. It wad be naething for an eild trunk like hersel to fa;—and yet she be here: but, in troth, do we nae see the opening gowans droop i' the freshest dew o' the simmer morning?"

My friend, who dreaded the effect of the minstrel's moralizing on his wife's nerves, here interrupted him by requesting a strarthspey, which he knew was one of Willy's favorites.

"It will nae do," said Tam.

"Whist, ye gowk!" said Willy, tossing off a glass of glen-lieuit, which Mr. Campbell had handed to him. "Whist, ye loon!—and yet," continued he, "the callan is nae sae far wrang. There is nae screwing up the pegs to do her bidden this nicht, laird: but she'll try what she

can do." And he commenced one of his liveliest airs. He had, however, scarcely gone through the bars, when he dropped the fiddle-stick and looked confused. "Tam says true—it winna do. She is nae hersel the nicht, laird!" exclaimed the old man, with a look of deep mortification; "she tried it in the kitchen, but she was nae hersel—she was nae Willy Duncan."

There was, nevertheless, great sweetness, and the most masterly touch in the performance; but my friend whispered to me that it wanted that peculiar expression which he had never heard executed by any musician except Niel Gow and Willy; and he feared that the old man was losing his powers. He filled for him a second glass of his favorite liquor, which the minstrel held in his hand for the space of a minute before he drank it, as if his mind was absent, and then tossed it off as usual, with a smack of his lips and a significant nod of his head. "I was thinking," said the melodist, "o' the taisch, which Angus Campbell, the seer o' Strarthfillan, saw yestreen. — 'I saw your wraith, Willy,' said she, 'in the gloamin.' I fear, laird," continued the old man, "there is a sound of death on the harp." But, as this quotation from Ossian was spoken in Gaelic, I did not understand it at the time, although I could

plainly perceive that some presentiment had given a cast of melancholy to the mind of the minstrel ; and this was confirmed by the condition of the idiot, who, at the remark of Willy, appeared as if struck with the cold fit of an ague, and muttered, loud enough to be heard, "aye—aye—there's a cauld sod on an auld man's breast." The minstrel neither perceived nor heard him ; and, casting a softened glance on my friend, which did not appear to belong to the harsh character of his physiognomy, began to play and sing "the land o' the leal," in a strain of the most affecting pathos. It was irresistible ; and the passage, "our bonnie bairn is there," awakening the ideas of her recent loss in the imagination of Mrs. Campbell, she sobbed aloud : even my worthy friend's fortitude was so shaken, that he interrupted the musician, and dismissed him with a bottle of glen-lieuit, as a *doch-au-dorrach**, to the kitchen, desiring him not to leave the house till the storm should abate.

A pause ensued, and continued for some minutes after the parlour door was closed. Maria had left her father's knees, and clung around her mother's neck, endeavouring to sooth her by her mute caresses. My excellent friend, holding his wife's hand within his, stood

* The farewell cup.

for some moments, with his moistened eyes riveted upon her and his child ; but, at length, recovering possession of himself, he approached the fire, and, drawing his chair close to mine, turned the conversation upon the singular being who had just quitted the room.

“ What an extraordinary anomaly in physiognomy that creature is !” said he. “ Who would suppose, on looking upon the severity of his features and the deformity of his person, that he possesses the sensibility, the tenderness, and pathos which characterize his music ? Nor is it in his art only that these feelings are displayed. He is not merely kind and humane to the poor idiot who accompanies him, but, out of the scanty revenue which his musical skill secures to him, he bestows a portion on Tom’s sister, although she has no other claim upon him than that which his humanity had raised, in beholding her nearly as helpless, from mental imbecility, as her idiotic brother.”

Mrs. Campbell, who had recovered her composure, joined her husband in praise of Willy’s philanthropy, and mentioned several instances of his kind-heartedness. An hour had nearly elapsed, and as the wind was lulled, and the rain abated, and yet no fiddling was heard in the kitchen, we concluded that the minstrel

and his follower were gone : but Maria, who knew well the fascinating power of glen-lievit over Willy, wherever he happened to sojourn, more justly decided that, as the bottle could not be emptied already, he must still be in the kitchen ; and her conclusion was soon verified, by our hearing the notes of his violin, in the rapid movements of a strathspey.

“ I am rejoiced to hear that the mountain dew has produced its usual effects upon the ancient Gael,” said my friend ; and, advancing to the door, opened and left it ajar, that I might be able to judge of the dwarf’s masterly execution in that difficult style of playing. It, indeed, merited the eulogy which my host had bestowed upon it. Whilst we were silently listening, with feelings of exquisite delight, however, it suddenly ceased, and was succeeded by a terrific scream, and a confused noise of tongues, as if some accident had occurred. Campbell rose from his seat, and was proceeding to ascertain the cause, when he was met by one of the female servants, who was entering the room with a look of horror and dismay.

“ What is the matter ?” said her master. The poor girl gazed wildly upon him ; then staggered into the room, unable to utter a word ; and, sinking down upon a chair, with her hands

pressing upon her breast, she gasped for breath, and became violently hysterical.

“For Heaven’s sake! what is the matter, Mary?” demanded Mrs. Campbell, who had hastened to her assistance and prevented her from falling to the ground. “For Heaven’s sake! tell me what is the matter?”

The girl could reply only by a wild stare and convulsive gaspings; until, at length, finding utterance, she exclaimed—“Oh, ma-am! he’s gone!—dead!—aye—quite dead!” and then again fell into hysterics.

Mr. Campbell, who saw that there was some strong reason for Mary’s perturbation, and was aware that his excellent wife was not the proper person to investigate it, beckoned to me to lead her back to her seat; and, after having succeeded in soothing the agitation of the domestic, he gradually drew from her the fact, that the minstrel had fallen down in a fit in the act of playing, whilst she and the other servants were dancing to his music. This relation shocked us greatly; but we hoped that, in Mary’s alarm, she might have imagined the fatal result. Campbell and myself accordingly hastened to the kitchen, to ascertain the truth of her statement. It was too true. The corpse of the poor dwarf was lying upon the floor;

while the footman, standing over it, was chafing his temples, and one of the farm servants, who happened to be in the kitchen and was one of the dancers, was beating the palm of his right hand, for his left still grasped the violin, in the hope of restoring the circulation. It was in vain to attempt any mode of recovery. I opened the old man's jacket, and found that the heart had ceased to beat, and the tide of life ebbed, never to return. I communicated the fact to Campbell, who was feeling the pulse at the wrist, and who, being also convinced that he was really dead, gave orders to convey the body to a bed room, and to do every thing which is usual on such occasions.

As we were turning round to retrace our steps to the parlour, our eyes were arrested by the appearance of poor Tom, who was standing, in the middle of the kitchen, as if paralysed into a statue, expressive of idiotic horror. He stood near the feet of the corpse, with his knees slightly bent, his head inclined forward, his mouth open, and his eyes distended and fixed upon the body. One hand was raised, and grasping his matted locks on the back of his head, and the other closely pressed upon his bosom.

"Poor Tom!" said my friend, regarding

him with a look of sympathy, "you have lost a firm friend: but you shall not feel the loss while I have the power to protect you."

"It winna do," said the idiot, keeping his eyes riveted upon the corpse. "She'll play nae mair the nicht." Then, gazing wildly in my friend's face, he exclaimed, in most piteous accents, "Willy's dead! Willy's dead! clean dead, laird!—she'll play nae mair the nicht.—There's a cauld sod on an auld man's breast—aye! Willy's dead—dead—Willy's dead!"

There was something inexpressibly tender in this apostrophe of the poor fool. It almost overcame my worthy friend, who ordered that every care should be taken of the kind-hearted creature.

This melancholy event threw a gloom over our little circle. Poor Tom, who remained under my friend's roof, moved about the house, perfectly unconscious of the objects around him, ejaculating, in a suppressed tone, "Willy's dead!—There is a cauld sod on an auld man's breast!—Willy's dead!" At length he absented himself for some days, and no intimation could be obtained of his retreat, until accident enabled me to discover it.

There is an inexpressible beauty in the first opening of the day, in this mountainous country; and, as it then was dawn at five

o'clock, I usually rose and walked out to enjoy the freshness of the early morning. It was in one of these rambles that I encountered poor Tom. The morning was lovely, some clouds, which hung upon the eastern horizon, towards which the romantic glen, where my friend's house was situated, opened, assumed a deep purple hue, and were fringed with a golden light; the diffusion of which over the whole of the orient, softened into the blue of the zenith, produced the finest contrast of warm colouring to the cold, leaden aspect of the west. The retiring darkness seemed but the rising of a curtain, shewing the landscape breaking, like a fresh creation, upon the sight, from amidst the mist that floated along the glen. First, the summits of the mountains, on the opposite side of Loch Tay, to the margin of which the vale declined with a gentle descent, were seen rising like islands in the ocean: then, the tops of the nearer hills and rocky eminences, tufted with dark foliage, appearing above the white vapour; and, at length, as the splendid luminary shot up his golden rays, the immediate harbingers of his gorgeous presence, rocks, trees, cottages, meadows, fields, and the glittering expanse of the lake, gradually appeared, and the whole varied landscape spread itself beneath the de-

lighted eye. The state of the weather was peculiarly favorable for observing the glory of the rising sun, which, now ascending from the verge of the horizon, like a globe of molten gold, rose slowly and majestically, kindling in splendour, until the eye was almost blinded by gazing upon its effulgence. All Nature seemed to sympathize in the grateful sensations that the hour was calculated to inspire: the rock linnet and the robin carolled sweetly in the surrounding copses of dwarf birch and juniper; the cottage cock answered the voice of his distant fellow; the lowing of the cattle, scarcely visible among the flowery furze; the bleating of the sheep upon the hills; the soft rushing of the mountain torrents; the gurgling of the little runnels; the tiny horn of the wild bee; and the almost audible springing of the herbage, pendent with dewy pearls;—all proclaimed the blessings of returning day.

Whilst I stood contemplating the scene, and moralizing to myself on the ephemeral life of man, for whose enjoyment chiefly our vanity leads us to believe all nature was created, my attention was attracted by the sound of a human voice at no great distance; and, casting my eyes towards the quarter whence it proceeded, I observed, in the village church-yard,

Poor Tom seated upon the grave which contained the remains of his late patron, chanting a simple melody in a clear and melodious voice. I approached the spot. The poor idiot was habited in the black jacket and tartan kilt that my friend Campbell had bestowed upon him ; but, as usual, he was bare-headed and bare-legged.

He did not raise his head as I advanced ; nor, indeed, seemed he at all conscious of my presence, but continued his song in a slow, plaintive measure, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. He was occasionally silent for a few minutes ; then went on with his crone—" now awa hame—hame—Willy's gane hame—Willy's dead—puir Willy's dead ;" and, after a short pause, again chanted the same words. The pathetic manner in which these expressions of the kind-hearted creature's crazed imagination were uttered, completely overpowered my feelings. I endeavoured, in vain, to abstract the attention of the poor fellow from the subject on which the little mind that he possessed was so deeply riveted. He gazed wistfully in my face, and uttered—" Willy's dead !—puir Willy's dead !" At length he rose from the grave, walked away for a short distance, and returned again ;—looked on the

sod for a minute, and then finally departed. My eye followed the melancholy being as he slowly wound down the beautiful glen, occasionally hid by a craggy mound, tufted with dark fir, intermixed with the silvery birch, and again brought into view upon an acclivity, whence the notes of his requiem, which he continued to chant, were floated to my ear ; until, turning into a defile that led out of the glen, I lost sight of him entirely, and the strain died upon the breeze.

I afterwards learned from my worthy friend that there was much difficulty in tearing the poor idiot from the grave, to which he daily resorted. He was taken to Mr. Campbell's house ; but he did not long survive to require the kindness of his generous and warm-hearted protector.

CHAPTER VII.

“What we shall do is doubtful; but what we have done is certain, and out of the power of fortune.”—SENECA.

THE gratification derived from the recital of any story depends only in part upon the matter of the relation : the best incidents lose much of their effect if narrated in a humdrum manner. Like the touch of the master on the already sculptured statue, the voice, the gesture, the expression of the story-teller, bring forward points into bold relief that would otherwise be lost to observation, and stamp a finish and a value on the whole, which the utmost skill of the workman cannot bestow. Such was the effect of Mr. Mordaunt's narration : he received the compliments, with one exception, of the whole party ; but that one, of all others, was the individual whose approval was most coveted by him, and the dearest to his heart,—namely, Caroline Ashton.

“I had no idea,” said the Painter, “that Mr. Mordaunt had so powerful a feeling of the

picturesque : his description of the glen was so graphic, that I could have made a composition from it. Have you cultivated drawing, Mr. Mordaunt?"

"Never—"

"Except," added the Advocate, taking up the word, "to note down his sentiments of the scene before him, which he does in words, as you do in lines and colours. There is, however, little difference between you: both address the intellect — only Mr. Mordaunt employs words, and you form images. Mr. Mordaunt's is the language of refinement, the production of an advanced stage of civilization; yours, my friend, is the perfection of that hieroglyphical mode of communicating and perpetuating impressions and events which Nature teaches man in the infancy of society."

Miss Standard, who feared that these remarks would lead to a warm argument, anticipated the remark which hung upon the lips of the Artist, by saying that she felt greatly interested in the fate of poor Tom. "But I always understood," she continued, directing her remark to me, "that idiots possess little sensibility."

Those into whose hands this journal may fall, will, I fear, believe that all professional

men are more or less infected with the desire of delivering a lecture, in replying to questions such as those Miss Standard had just put to me. She, good creature, in her eagerness to prevent an argument between the Advocate and the Artist, had, singularly enough, forgotten, in this remark, how fairly she laid me open, in any reply I might hazard, to the fire of the heaviest artillery of the Cantab: but there was no evading the question; therefore I replied that "the idiot, in common with the lower animals, displays, among the other brute passions, attachment to those who are kind to him. Joy, fear, and danger," I also remarked, "are felt by the idiot, in a limited degree: and, in respect to his attachment, that is strengthened by his unfitness for the ordinary avocations of life:—indeed, the whole of the small portion of intellect which he possesses is divided between attachment and anger, the cause of the latter of which in him is bodily pain, or the dread of it." As I had anticipated, the Cantab was determined not to lose the opportunity of advancing his favorite study.

"I am rejoiced, Doctor," said he, "to find that you have admitted that idiots are defective in the ordinary animal passions; for the development of brain in them, even in the

organs of the higher faculties, is less than in the dog : thence, I must conclude, that, whether you believe or denounce phrenology in words, you are at heart a phrenologist."

I felt vexed to be forced to reply ; and, perhaps, be plunged into a long and tedious argument upon a subject that I knew the whole party detested ; but, as I observed that a rejoinder was expected by Miss Standard, who had drawn her chair close to mine, I denied, decidedly, any faith in phrenology. But I contended that many animals, as well as man, are capable of comparing perceptions and thoughts ; as their actions demonstrate. " They exercise this judgment, however," said I, " with regard to external objects : they are incapable of forming any general conclusions, or abstract ideas."

The Cantab was about to answer me, when, his keen eye falling upon the countenance of the veteran, he perceived a storm gathering upon his brows, and therefore wisely remained silent. The Colonel, who was at this moment pacing the room, was constrained therefore to gulp down the volley of imprecations against phrenology that was at his tongue's end. He stopped short, and, turning to Mordaunt, exclaimed—" By Gad ! my dear Sir ! your story is

one of powerful interest, and has amply repaid the deep attention which it obtained. I trust it is only the van-guard of a strong body that is to follow. By Gad! a most delightful mode of passing the evening!—what say you, Carry, my dear?”

Caroline, who had remained musing and silent, concurred briefly in the remark. The romance that Mr. Mordaunt had displayed in his narrative,—the tender gaze which she perceived he fixed upon her, occasionally, as it proceeded, as if to watch the impression which it made upon her feelings,—convinced her of a fact which she had some time suspected—namely, that she was loved by one to whom, in thought, she had already given her affection. Nor, indeed, with the structure of mind that she possessed, was this surprising. It was one that could love only where it acknowledged superiority. She supposed Frederick Mordaunt possessed of the highest powers of intellect; and what woman is not prepared to estimate inordinately the object of her idolatry?

The gracefulness of Mr. Mordaunt's delivery, his enthusiastic love of the beautiful and sublime of Nature, the poetry of his descriptions, his delicate attachment to the social virtues, which she correctly judged of from his painting

of the domestic circle of his friend, and the elevated character of his thoughts in passing from the things of this world to those of the unchanging future, could not be lost upon the discriminating mind of Caroline Ashton. The impression to which she had already opened her heart became therefore from that moment indelible. She said nothing; but, when her eye met that of Mr. Mordaunt, the pleasureable sensations that lighted it up; the moisture that slightly bedewed it; the colour of the cheek, that came and went; would have rendered it vain to cloak her sentiments, had she wished to attempt what was so opposite to her nature. The smile of approbation, therefore, which beamed upon her countenance seemed to assure her admirer of her approval, and that there was nothing in her feelings unfavorable to the hope which he fondly cherished. The smile was accompanied with that inclination of the head and bend of the neck, so inexpressively graceful, which marks the gentlewoman of cultivated manners; and, as she left the room with her aunt and cousin, for the night was advanced, Mr. Mordaunt's eye followed her with an intensity of gaze which did not escape the penetration of the Advocate, who found no difficulty in perusing the mind of his friend.

This impression on Mr. Mordaunt's heart was deep and powerful. The love that had been awakened in it for Louisa Manvers, although it was blighted in the bud, and embalmed in tears, yet had up to this moment cradled her image in his heart, and made it the idol of his idolatry. But the original ductility of Mordaunt's nature had remained unaffected, only because it had met with nothing strong enough to mould it to a new impression. His introduction to the family of Colonel Standard, however, was destined to demonstrate that the original elements of character remain the same, and merely require circumstances sufficient to reanimate them, however long they have been lulled into inactivity. Mr. Mordaunt perceived, in Caroline Ashton, fascinations and charms that even the vivid reminiscence of Louisa Manvers could not throw into the shade: his heart gradually opened to the impression; and, at length, he was himself startled at the flame thus re-kindled in his bosom.

I, as well as the Advocate, perceived the thoughts that were passing in the mind of Mr. Mordaunt. What an odd thing love appears to those who are contemplating its influence over others. It is possible, thought I, as I reached the threshold of my room, where my

excellent servant Dugald had replenished the fire with fresh peats, and placed a pair of candles, my journal, and pen and ink, upon the table,—for he knew my habit of recording the occurrences of the day before I retired to rest,—it is possible that neither of those young people are in love for the first time. What then?—that does not weaken the passion: on the contrary, how frequently is the second impression deeper and more idelible than the first; aye, and even more productive of happiness.

Why is it, thought I, when the heart is young, untainted, unexperienced in the duplicity of the world, and unacquainted with suspicion,—when the clouds of care have not yet flung their shadows across our morning path, and the dew is upon the rose,—when the imagination is attuned to the enjoyment of the present, and paints the future with still more brilliant colours,—why is it that, at this period of life, the first engagement of the affections is frequently more likely to prove less permanent, and to lead to less happier unions, than those occurring at a later period; or those that are the result of new and second impressions? Now, of all mortal men, whose ideas are ever vacillating, by the buffetings of contending feelings in the ordinary intercourse of the world

—aye, and of all immortal men, dreaming of a glorious future, by manuring only one stock of ideas,—none was less likely to answer this question than myself; nevertheless, I set zealously to the task. My position, indeed, was admirably adapted for meditation: my spectacles were across my nose; my back was to the fire, to permit the full enjoyment of the radiated caloric that flowed from the glowing peats; and, in this grateful position, I turned the proposition in every direction in my mind. That the fact was undoubted, could not be denied: that it ran counter to the ordinary working of cause and effect, was as undoubted: yet, experience had proved that it is too generally the case: indeed, there was no denying that first impressions in early life, however vivid, pure, and sincere on both sides, are not always the most indelible.

Whether it was the warmth of the fire, or the intricacy of the subject, or both, I know not; but my mind imperceptibly dropped the train of reasoning which it had commenced, and fell into a condition of quiescent vacancy, a sort of Swiss meditation, from which it was only roused by the clock of the inn striking twelve:—it was the announcement of a new day; and with it all my difficulties vanished.

It is evident, said I to myself,—quite evident, that first love has more to do with the imagination than that second modified attachment which is, in a great degree, the result of judgment, an acquaintance with the character and disposition of the parties, and a conviction that the tempers accord.

In early and first attachments, the beloved object is adorned with all that the creative powers of the imagination can summon to its aid, to elevate the virtues and clothe with grace, loveliness, and beauty, the idol of adoration: all the perfections of both parties are brought forward by each, and viewed in the most dazzling light; all the failings are thrown into the deepest shadow;—each lives only to please,—to gratify the other,—“love answering love:” the path of life lies before them strewn with flowers:—high in hope, they set forward in a world which they have pictured as a paradise; and they anticipate uninterrupted felicity as their destined lot. Happy, indeed, would wedded life be, were their anticipations founded upon an accurate knowledge of each other, obtained before marriage. But, generally, too soon the romantic visions of the lovers are dissipated by the every-day reality of the married pair; and as this awakens them from

their dream, it too often convinces them of the rash and imprudent choice they have made: thence, the depth of their disappointment is equivalent to the height of their anticipated happiness. The husband finds out that the angel of his fancy is selfish, vain, wilful, and desires to manage him in every thought and action; in fact, that he must be her slave, to insure either peace, or a trace of comfort at home. The wife, if her wish to rule be resisted, sees nothing but a tyrant in the husband, whom, in the lover, she had pictured as a god. She disdains, however, to submit; and a futurity of unhappiness to both parties, if their contentions do not terminate in disgust, separation, or irretrievable ruin, is the result.

I turned the picture to examine the reverse position. I found the hearts of both parties equally tender; but their passions less volcanic; there was no idolizing—no false halo dazzling the sight on either side: love had not darted into the bosom like an electrical coruscation, alighting among combustible matter; it had crept in imperceptibly, and nestled itself quietly in the heart, before either party was aware of its presence. Pray do not misunderstand me, gentle reader. It is not my opinion that, in love, a man should be lighted, like a candle, at

the top, and burn slowly downwards :—no ; the heart and the feelings should be first engaged ; but by influencing the judgment also, the passion becomes a serious one ; both parties feel how much depends on their accurate knowledge of the disposition of each other for the maintenance of their attachment ; and, having acquired this, it is secure. It was unnecessary to press the argument further ; my mind was satisfied : besides, my own experience being against the stability of very early attachments—for the settled melancholy that had withered all the budding enjoyments of my life was the consequence of one begun almost in childhood—that settled the question.

The chords of sorrow, when touched ever so lightly, vibrate more powerfully than those of joy ; thence the reminiscences that my reflections had awakened did not contribute to lessen the usual weight upon my spirits ; and I fell into a reverie that was interrupted I know not how : but the stillness of the hour, broken only by the muffled rumbling of the waterfall behind the inn, told me that the night was far advanced. My diary lay untouched ; my candles diffused scarcely a ray of light, for want of snuffing ; and my exhausted fire was dying on the hearth. I had, however, a duty to perform before going

to rest ; and, therefore, raking together the embers, snuffing the candles, and opening my diary, I finished these details of the transactions of the day. What a pity, thought I, as I closed the book, that I cannot add to the record some account of Miss Caroline Ashton. There is something in the appearance of that interesting girl, and especially in her smile, that reminds me of an individual connected with a very interesting event of my life :—I wish I knew something of her history !

Now, gentle reader, thou art already deeply indebted to me, as an Editor, for that judicious alteration of the arrangement of my deceased friend's notes which has made you acquainted with Mr. Mordaunt ; and, as it is my ambition to increase your debt of gratification by a similar transposition of the information which the journal contained respecting Miss Ashton, I must request your attention to the following chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ For some the world must have, on whom to lay
The heavy burden of reproach and blame.”

DANIEL.

“ SIT down, my good friend, and you shall know all,” said the Veteran, as he applied to his nostrils a pinch of macaba that he had held for ten minutes betwixt his thumb and fore finger, whilst he listened to my reasons for wishing to be informed who Miss Ashton was: then, putting his snuff-box into his waistcoat pocket, he seated himself; and, as usual, having spread his handkerchief on one knee before he crossed it with the other leg, he thus began his narrative:—

“ Major Ashton, my father-in-law, although an officer in the American army, yet, was a native of Devonshire; and retained so much of English blood in his veins, that I believe, by Gad! he willingly would have thrown up his commission, and returned, like the prodigal

son, to his paternal soil, had it not pleased Heaven to bereave him of his wife, who left him a widower, with two young daughters. They must have suffered greatly, had he sacrificed his property to his loyalty. You know, Doctor, how hardly the British Government dealt with the American loyalists. Major Ashton, therefore, wisely determined to remain where he was ; but, anxious to obtain for his girls those advantages of instruction that the United States did not afford, he brought them to England ; and, having placed them in a boarding school at Kensington, he returned to Georgia. He had allotted two years for the completion of their education.

“ The girls were pretty, and amiable. You have seen the traces of both these gifts of Providence in my wife ; although she is sadly altered, Doctor, since you first knew her : but, by Gad ! time spares none of us any more than her.”

“ ’Tis too true,” said I, responding to my friend’s remark, as my eye fell upon my emaciated limb, which I had stretched out to rest upon a chair beside me ; “ ’tis too true :—but, after all, we have nothing less than we deserve ; why should we complain ?”

“ You are a philosopher,” replied the Ve-

teran, drawing his right leg up upon his left knee, which it crossed, so that he could lay hold of the ankle with his left hand, whilst his right hand rested upon the right knee. "As for me, I wish it were otherwise! I cannot look in my poor wife's countenance, and recollect its former bloom, without being shocked with the ravages that grief has made upon it. Mental sickness is a worse sickness, my good friend, than any ailment of the body: it withers us in our prime: some few may bend before the blast and rise again; but how many break down! It preys both upon body and soul: our affections, our best feelings, are changed—our temper is soured. You are a philosopher, Doctor—tell me, how is it that the immortal, undying portion of our being should thus suffer like the perishable stuff of our bodies?"

"It is a question," said I, "that cannot be discussed at present. I shall only reply to you, therefore, in the words of my father in Tristram Shandy:—'the soul and the body are like a coat and its lining; rumple the one, and you rumple the other.'"

"Humph!" said the Colonel, smiling; "'tis a good simile."—And he went on with his narrative.

"The two girls, as I was remarking, were

pretty and amiable; but report says—for I never saw her—that Caroline, the elder of the two, was the most beautiful. From all that I have heard, she was one of those beauties who fascinate every man they come near, and always have a host of adorers around them; but who, by Gad! seldom make good wives. They are spoiled, Doctor! utterly spoiled, by flattery and their looking glasses,—they live upon admiration. No women are so apt to go wrong. Too often a woman of this kind is either taken in, if she have money, by some adventurer endowed with a soft persuasive tongue, and who can utter falsehoods with the most unblushing countenance; or, if her beauty is her dowry, she becomes the victim of one of those worthless scamps who regard the sex only as objects for the gratification of the worst feelings of our nature. You know the description of fellows that I mean, Doctor?” said the Veteran, emphatically,—rising at the same time from his seat, and, with his handkerchief in his hand, taking three rapid strides across the room.

“They are a cowardly set of cold-hearted scoundrels!—they are a blot upon humanity!” said I.

“They are a set of poltroons, in every sense of the word: and yet, by Gad! they are per-

mitted to mingle in society,"—rejoined the old man, crossing his arms upon his breast, and standing in a musing posture as he uttered the sentence.

"They should be sent to Coventry."

"It is too mild a punishment," said the Veteran; "in the infinite mercy of Heaven, they should be sent to——" The word was not spoken; but, as the old gentleman gulped it down,—“I wish,” continued he, resting his left hand upon the back of the chair which he had quitted, and demonstrating with the fore finger of his right,—“I wish it were my lot to pronounce the sentence of condemnation upon the whole race! By Gad! the punishment should teach them what it is to prey upon the happiness of woman: for, my good fellow, you know, as well as I do, that to attack the helpless, the weak, and the unprotected, is the worst of all crimes in the eyes of a soldier: and what else is it when the affections of woman are entangled in the net of the seducer;—when, unsuspecting, she hangs upon the faith of his promise;—and, after falling, she is spurned from him, like a vile, corrupted thing—an object fit only for the finger of scorn to point at?”

"It is, indeed, a melancholy truth," responded I; "but proceed with your story."

“The girls,” said the old Colonel, “were sent, during the holidays, to the house of their Aunt, Lady Fancourt, who resided in Portland Place; and when they left school altogether, as unforeseen circumstances prevented Major Ashton from returning to England at the end of two years, they were received under her roof, to await their father’s arrival. But Lady Fancourt was not the person I should have selected for the charge of young women entering into life. She had been a beauty herself; and, although arrived at a certain age, yet, the love of distinction still clung to her. Deeply involved in the vortex of pleasure, she was too much occupied with dress and company, to afford that attention to her nieces which their age demanded. Her house was the resort of most of the young men of fashion, and of any pretensions, in the circle that she moved in, which was one of the gayest and most fashionable: and, consequently, the society into which the Miss Ashtons were introduced was fraught with allurements the most dangerous for minds not yet capable of appreciating the superior value of sterling character, above the tinsel glare of the superficial accomplishments that belong to the mere man of the world.

Among the visitors who crowded the draw-

ing room of Lady Fancourt, was an officer of the Horse Guards, a young man whose society was much courted, although he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him,—a rare occurrence, by Gad! Doctor. Nobody knew who he was, and nobody cared to enquire. His military acquirements, I understand, were considerable: he studied his profession as a branch of science, and he had already attained the character of a good and accomplished soldier; although only a cornet, yet he had been appointed to the adjutancy of the regiment; and had received the thanks of his superior officers for the degree of excellent discipline to which he had brought it. His personal acquirements were those suited to high life; yet his manners did not display that natural ease and stamp of gentility which characterize the gentleman by birth. He drew like an artist; sung with taste and scientific skill; danced gracefully; spoke French, German, and Italian; and was intimately acquainted with the polite literature of the day. The growing attachment between this young officer and Miss Ashton was obvious to every one except Lady Fancourt:—foolish woman!—she saw and thought of nothing but herself. This officer was every day in Portland Place; every evening in Lady Fancourt's box

at the Opera: the best specimens of his pencil were laid at the feet of Miss Ashton; when she played, he accompanied her with his voice; he was invariably her partner in the first quadrille or waltz in every party; in short, he was like her shadow, by Gad!—ever at her side; and when their eyes met, the consciousness she displayed, proved, unequivocally, the depth of the sentiment which he had impressed on her heart. Well—to make a long tale short, this intimacy proceeded until one evening, at a ball given by Lady Fancourt, at which Cornet Atkinson waltzed with Miss Ashton, the young lady disappeared.”

“ Did you say Atkinson ?” said I, interrupting the narrative; for the name struck upon my ear like a spell; and a whole train of transactions, which had hitherto been involved in mystery, at once appeared in a clear and intelligible point of light. “ Was Atkinson the name of the officer ?” I repeated.

“ It was,” replied the Veteran, looking me full in the face, struck with the emphatic manner in which the question was put; “ and if he is now alive, he is a Lieutenant-Colonel.”

“ Proceed,” said I; “ you shall know the cause of my enquiry in due time: at present, I am most anxious to hear the termination of

your narrative. The Colonel looked astonishment;—but, after another pinch of maccaba, he continued thus:—

“ The nature of the party, and the circumstances connected with it, enabled the fugitives to gain time before their flight was suspected; and the greater number of the visitors had departed ere the absence of Miss Ashton occasioned any surprize. When the fact at length was known, you may readily conceive the hubbub that it caused; and, when it also was reported that she had gone off with Cornet Atkinson, Lady Fancourt at once became sensible that she had shut her eyes to transactions, which were evident not only to every inmate, but to every visitor, in the family. Her responsibility to her brother, and her consciousness how unworthily she had performed the trust reposed in her, added to the poignancy of her feelings; and, after consulting some friends, she determined to pursue the fugitives, and, if possible, prevent that step which she justly believed would only tend to insure the wretchedness of her niece.

“ The great difficulty that attended the fulfilment of this determination, was the selection of a gentleman to accompany her in the pursuit. She was a widow; but the rich, warm blood of

youth still circled in her veins ; and, amidst a host of admirers, had she consulted only the emotions that harboured in her bosom, she might have readily selected a companion : but she felt that the gaze of the world was upon her, and she reluctantly yielded to the restraint which it imposed on the dictates of her inclination in this matter. Her marriage with Sir John Fancourt had been, on her part, one of interest. Beautiful, proud, and a reigning belle, she had trampled under feet offers that would have secured her happiness ; and sacrificed her affections on the altar of ambition, merely to gain a title. The disparity of age of the parties was too great, for Sir John was thirty years older than his wife ; whilst the diversity of the tastes and feelings and the superiority of Lady Fancourt's intellectual acquirements, produced disunion, then indifference, and ultimately disquiet and hatred between this ill-sorted couple, which terminated only with the life of the Baronet. By Gad ! Doctor, it was not surprising that the young widow's heart was open to new impressions ; but I shall wander from my story if I begin to detail her adventures : she married again, and found in a second union a sum of felicity by no means equal to counterbalance her misery in the first.

“ Among the daily attendants in her Ladyship’s drawing-room, was one who had hung upon the chair of every rich widow in the fashionable world for half a century ; and, without having lost a particle of the follies of youth, was generally looked upon as so truly harmless a creature, as to be utterly without the pale of scandal. He was constantly at the elbow of Lady Fancourt, escorted her to all public places, was even permitted to put her ~~boa~~ round his neck in returning from the opera in damp nights ; yet none ever dreamt that she regarded him in any other light than as an appendage to her comfort, as a footstool or a fan. To this antiquated bachelor, Sir Charles Stiffney, Lady Fancourt dispatched a note, requesting he would hasten to her immediately, as she wished his advice and assistance on a matter of the utmost importance.

“ It was in the second hour of the morning when the messenger reached the apartments of Sir Charles in the Albany. The worthy Baronet had left her ladyship’s only half an hour before receiving her commands, and had just wiped and placed his glass-eye in water ; for the natural organ which it supplied had been poked out by the thrust of an umbrella, in a broil at an election ; but so cunningly had

Nature been imitated, that few, even of his intimate associates, knew or suspected it."

"Have you ever, Doctor," said the Veteran, "seen a real London dandy's dressing room?"

"Never;" I replied.

"Then," continued he, "you shall have a description of one as I received it—by Gad! I never saw any thing like it.

"The table at which the old beau was seated was of rose-wood, inlaid with lacquered brass-work in the most classical taste. The looking glass, which stood upon it, was in a massive, antiquated, carved frame, partly silvered, partly gilt, and apparently an old family relic, as the glass was panelled Dutch-plate: on each side of it lay a small oval, handled glass, intended to aid the examination of every part of the head; and, before it, a handsome crimson velvet pincushion, in which were two brilliant pins, attached by a small gold chain, four rings, and a splendid topaz brooch, which the Baronet had worn that evening at Lady Fancourt's. The dressing-box, of chased silver, was open, and displayed the soap-glass and other appendages, with gilt, chased covers, embedded in the richest purple velvet. The table was, besides, spread with a profusion of scent bot-

tles, tooth brushes, pots of cosmetics, bottles of washes, and pill boxes. Behind the glass, raised upon stands, were two handsome wigs, of deep auburn, of Robinson's most natural make ; one of which had, only a few minutes before, left the cranium of its possessor, and yielded place to a deep-green velvet cap, trimmed with gold lace. The washing stand was a pure white marble slab, supported upon a richly-carved frame of the same wood as the dressing-table ; whilst the basins, soap-boxes, and covered jars of various kinds, were of the most valuable china ; and the water-bottles and tumblers of the richest cut-glass. (On the opposite side of the room stood a large swing looking-glass, adapted to exhibit the entire person ; and, close to it, a boot and shoe stand, on which hung as many of these articles as might have sufficed for setting up a ready-made shoe shop. The slippers that now incased the feet of the Baronet were dark-red satin, embroidered, and trimmed with fur, to correspond with the dressing-gown, which was of Indian shawl, lined with white satin, and furnished with a deep fur collar.

“ The old beau, as I said, had just laid his glass-eye into clean water ; and was in the act of examining, in the looking glass, a new

set of French teeth, which he had that evening worn for the first time ; whilst Louis, his valet,—I believe, Doctor, I should call him gentleman, should I not ?—In my time, by Gad ! the term valet was thought good enough for these fellows : but times are altered, and they are now called gentlemen.—Well ; Mr. Louis, who was the faithful chronicler of all the scandal of the neighbourhood, whilst folding up his master's clothes, was also busy in amusing him with some scandalous gossip. On opening the door to the tap of the groom, Louis received the epistle of Lady Fancourt, which he handed to his master. The poor old bean thought it unfortunate—most unfortunate, indeed—that the note had not arrived sooner, as he might have been spared the trouble of being again made up : but he consoled himself with the idea of his own importance, and the conviction that it arose from his having the reputation of sound judgment. A note was, therefore, quickly despatched, in reply to Lady Fancourt's ; and, with the aid of Louis, the eye being replaced, and everything made right to the satisfaction of the Baronet on viewing himself in the swing-glass ; and his shoulders being covered with a Spanish cloak, he was assisted by Louis into a hackney coach ; and,

in a few minutes afterwards, was safely landed in Portland Place.

“ The conference with Lady Fancourt terminated in the ready acquiescence of the Baronet to accompany her to Gretna ; and every preliminary being as speedily as possible arranged, the dawn of the morning discovered a travelling chariot and four, with Monsieur Louis and Lady Fancourt’s maid in the dicky, well enveloped in cloaks, changing horses at St. Albans.

“ By Gad, Doctor ! it was all in vain. The carriage containing the Cornet and Miss Ashton was returning down the avenue from Gretna Hall, before that in pursuit had reached Kirkby Lonsdale. The knot, however, had not been tied : for the young lady, although she had taken so imprudent a step as to elope with the Cornet, yet, strange as it may appear, was determined not to be married by the sot whose office it was to perform the ceremonial ;—a resolution she conceived the first moment she cast her eyes upon him at Gretna Hall. The journey had afforded her time for reflection ; she was conscious of, and secretly repented, the indiscretion of the step which she had taken ; and these feelings determined her, notwithstanding the genuine affection which she

felt for Mr. Atkinson, to resist what she regarded a mere mockery of marriage.

The disappointment of the young man, who had anticipated no obstacle of this kind, almost drove him to distraction ; and, upon his knees, he supplicated the completion of the engagement they had mutually sworn to fulfil :—he pointed out to her, in the strongest colours, the taint that would rest upon her character, and what she would suffer in being pointed at by the finger of scorn, and the sneers of the world, were they to return to the metropolis unmarried : and, ultimately, he appealed to a quarter in which he knew she was most susceptible—her affection.

The poor girl was completely overcome ; she paced the room with feelings of the most intense anxiety, then stopped, and gazed for a few moments upon the countenance of her lover, who had flung himself upon the sofa in an agony of despair. She seated herself beside him, placed her hand in his, and, whilst she looked in his face, the tear-drops gathering in her eye, she replied—

“ ‘ Mr. Atkinson, can you doubt my affection—have I not sacrificed everything to that sentiment—have I not proved to you, that you are dearer to me than life ?—but, on that very

account, spare me—spare me from assenting to that which would make me an object of disgust to myself. Devoted as my love is, I cannot—I never will consent to be united to you except in that manner which my consciousness of rectitude and my religious feelings dictate.’ ”

“ The appeal was irresistible—for, libertine as he had been, the affection of Atkinson for Miss Ashton was sincere :—she never before appeared so fascinating in the eyes of her lover—every argument that he had prepared for urging his suit, gave way before that supplicating look ; and, when her lips, with a smile of earnest assurance of her appeal being granted playing around them, were modestly raised to his cheek, he pressed her to his bosom, and assured her that he never again would mention the subject ; and he should instantly enquire whether it was not possible to have the ceremony performed according to the rites of the church. There was, at all events, an imperious necessity for their immediately leaving the inn ; as there could be no doubt that they were pursued : the only difficulty was, how and where they were to direct their march ; for, by Gad ! they might as well have remained in the enemy’s country as continued where they were. This difficulty was productive of one advan-

tage at the moment—it convinced Miss Ashton of the sincerity of the Cornet's affection ; and, from the delicacy of his conduct towards her, under these circumstances, she anticipated a permanency of happiness in the marriage state, that had scarcely before crossed her thoughts.

“ The recital of feelings like these, Doctor,” said the Veteran, as he passed the back of his forefinger across his eyes, “ brings bye-gone moments to my recollection, the most delicious of my life : for, by Gad ! there are no sensations so exquisitely delightful—none that come so near to those that we are led to suppose are the attributes of the spiritual inhabitants of heaven, as those that thrill our bosoms when we are assured that we are truly beloved by those we love.”

“ Yes ;” replied I, “ it is by that deeply impressive eloquence that women rule the world ; and did they know their power, and manage it aright, what a blessed world might they make of it !” My feelings of bye-gone hours, however, were widely different from those of the Veteran ; but this is not the place to record my misfortunes.

“ Proceed, my dear Sir,” said I, “ your narrative deepens every moment in interest.”

“ The inquiries of the Cornet were so well

managed, that he found it was possible that they might be married according to the service of the Scotch Church, by proceeding to Langholm. There was no difficulty in eluding pursuit and in getting there: for, by taking places in the coach to Glasgow, and stopping at Longton, they might then post on to Langholm; whilst the pursuing party would, most probably, hurry forwards to Glasgow. The sole chance against the success of this scheme was, the probability of the arrival of their pursuers before the coach came up from Carlisle: and, to evade this, the waiter, who was bribed into, and who had proposed, this plan of proceeding, directed them secretly to go on foot to a small village about two miles distant from the inn, where they could be taken up by the coach. He assured them that this plan had succeeded on other occasions, as he said that the parties in runaway-matches were never suspected of going by the coach.

“Every movement was successful,” continued the Colonel; “the minister of Langholm, Mr. Martin—”

“Mr. Martin, did you say,” exclaimed I, interrupting the narrative of the Veteran, “Martin; the most excellent of men! he was

one of my earliest friends—my venerated tutor—and a better, or a kinder heart, the light of heaven never shone upon ! "Tis very odd that he should have been an actor in this drama, of the sequel of which I know more than you are aware of ;—but proceed, my dear Sir, I am all anxiety to hear the result of Atkinson's interview with old Martin."

"As I was saying," continued the old gentleman, after fixing upon me, for a few seconds, a look of surprise, which shewed that he evidently doubted what I had stated respecting my knowledge of the sequel of his narrative.—"As I was saying, Mr. Martin was raised from his bed at six in the morning, and presented himself to Atkinson and Miss Ashton in his night-gown and slippers, and his bald head covered with a black velvet cap. Whilst waiting for him, they had occupied themselves in admiring the beauty of the garden, into which the library, where they had been ushered, opened. The Manse, I was told, was most romantically situated on the banks of the river Esk, close to the church ; and, as the minister was a bachelor, and a man of taste, he had formed the whole of his little grounds to harmonize with the surrounding scenery ; which is, I believe,

the most beautiful, as far as wood and water can contribute to the beauty of landscape, that the North can boast."

"I know the spot well," said I; "the moss-roses, the anemonies, the violets, polyanthuses, campanulas, violets, dahlias, and holy-hocks of the parsonage-garden, were the pride of the old man's heart. The spot was indeed a little Paradise, where, like another Adam, with the same pure, simple, unsuspecting, guileless bosom, he weeded his borders and trimmed his flowers, his feelings overflowing with gratitude to the Almighty Being who arrayed them in all their beauty, and who framed him also with the warmest feelings of philanthropy, that embraced the whole human race. His delight was in exercising his power of doing good; and so completely contented was he with the lot that had fallen to him in this world, that he even did not perceive how greatly it circumscribed the sphere of his active benevolence."

"By Gad! Doctor, there are few such characters—I now see the source of your own kindly affections;—but, to proceed with my story."

After the first salutations were over, and Mr. Atkinson had stated to him that the object of his visit to him was to get married, the

Nature been imitated, that few, even of his intimate associates, knew or suspected it."

"Have you ever, Doctor," said the Veteran, "seen a real London dandy's dressing room?"

"Never;" I replied.

"Then," continued he, "you shall have a description of one as I received it—by Gad! I never saw any thing like it.

"The table at which the old beau was seated was of rose-wood, inlaid with lacquered brass-work in the most classical taste. The looking glass, which stood upon it, was in a massive, antiquated, carved frame, partly silvered, partly gilt, and apparently an old family relic, as the glass was panelled Dutch-plate: on each side of it lay a small oval, handled glass, intended to aid the examination of every part of the head; and, before it, a handsome crimson velvet pincushion, in which were two brilliant pins, attached by a small gold chain, four rings, and a splendid topaz brooch, which the Baronet had worn that evening at Lady Fancourt's. The dressing-box, of chased silver, was open, and displayed the soap-glass and other appendages, with gilt, chased covers, embedded in the richest purple velvet. The table was, besides, spread with a profusion of scent bot-

tles, tooth brushes, pots of cosmetics, bottles of washes, and pill boxes. Behind the glass, raised upon stands, were two handsome wigs, of deep auburn, of Robinson's most natural make ; one of which had, only a few minutes before, left the cranium of its possessor, and yielded place to a deep-green velvet cap, trimmed with gold lace. The washing stand was a pure white marble slab, supported upon a richly-carved frame of the same wood as the dressing-table ; whilst the basins, soap-boxes, and covered jars of various kinds, were of the most valuable china ; and the water-bottles and tumblers of the richest cut-glass. (On the opposite side of the room stood a large swing looking-glass, adapted to exhibit the entire person ; and, close to it, a boot and shoe stand, on which hung as many of these articles as might have sufficed for setting up a ready-made shoe shop. The slippers that now incased the feet of the Baronet were dark-red satin, embroidered, and trimmed with fur, to correspond with the dressing-gown, which was of Indian shawl, lined with white satin, and furnished with a deep fur collar.

“ The old beau, as I said, had just laid his glass-eye into clean water ; and was in the act of examining, in the looking glass, a new

set of French teeth, which he had that evening worn for the first time; whilst Louis, his valet,—I believe, Doctor, I should call him gentleman, should I not?—In my time, by Gad! the term valet was thought good enough for these fellows: but times are altered, and they are now called gentlemen.—Well; Mr. Louis, who was the faithful chronicler of all the scandal of the neighbourhood, whilst folding up his master's clothes, was also busy in amusing him with some scandalous gossip. On opening the door to the tap of the groom, Louis received the epistle of Lady Fancourt, which he handed to his master. The poor old beau thought it unfortunate—most unfortunate, indeed—that the note had not arrived sooner, as he might have been spared the trouble of being again made up: but he consoled himself with the idea of his own importance, and the conviction that it arose from his having the reputation of sound judgment. A note was, therefore, quickly despatched, in reply to Lady Fancourt's; and, with the aid of Louis, the eye being replaced, and everything made right to the satisfaction of the Baronet on viewing himself in the swing-glass; and his shoulders being covered with a Spanish cloak, he was assisted by Louis into a hackney coach; and,

in a few minutes afterwards, was safely landed in Portland Place.

“ The conference with Lady Fancourt terminated in the ready acquiescence of the Baronet to accompany her to Gretna ; and every preliminary being as speedily as possible arranged, the dawn of the morning discovered a travelling chariot and four, with Monsieur Louis and Lady Fancourt’s maid in the dicky, well enveloped in cloaks, changing horses at St. Albans.

“ By Gad, Doctor ! it was all in vain. The carriage containing the Cornet and Miss Ashton was returning down the avenue from Gretna Hall, before that in pursuit had reached Kirkby Lonsdale. The knot, however, had not been tied : for the young lady, although she had taken so imprudent a step as to elope with the Cornet, yet, strange as it may appear, was determined not to be married by the sot whose office it was to perform the ceremonial ;—a resolution she conceived the first moment she cast her eyes upon him at Gretna Hall. The journey had afforded her time for reflection ; she was conscious of, and secretly repented, the indiscretion of the step which she had taken ; and these feelings determined her, notwithstanding the genuine affection which she

the effect of marrying in his circumstances ; he had given himself up solely to the charm which love had thrown around him : for although hitherto he had been a rake, who never reflected that the domination of a woman lies in the exercise of prudence and virtue, yet, even after having persuaded her to elope with him, and having whispered her into the belief, that the sympathies that bound them were holier than the respect which she owed to her relation, Lady Fancourt, or even her duty to her father, he knew enough of the world to be assured, that affection, however sincere, would not support a family. He felt that the paradise which he had painted, and which he saw she conceived was to render permanent the delight of those blissful moments they had spent together, would soon suffer a metamorphose, sufficient, perhaps, to embitter the remainder of their lives, and to call down upon him the reproaches of one whose smile of approbation and love was as yet to him the light, the blissful felicity of heaven.

“ Happy, by Gad ! Doctor, it would have been for all parties, if these reflections had sunk deeper into his mind ; but, like most men of talent, Atkinson was an imaginative being ; and the imploring look which Miss Ashton cast

upon him, as she gazed in his face to ascertain the effect which the proposal of old Martin had produced, dissipated in a moment all his contemplations of the future, and determined him to abide the consequences, whatever they might turn up.

“ The parting of the lovers took place that afternoon ; and Mr. Atkinson returned to his regimental duties in the metropolis, whilst Caroline Ashton, under the protection of Miss Peggy Martin, a sedate person of sixty-four, the maiden sister of the worthy minister, was for a time the loveliest inmate that the parsonage of Langholm had ever sheltered. I have heard that Miss Peggy gave Miss Ashton much excellent advice ; but, by Gad ! Doctor, it was thrown away upon her. The honest parson displayed the deepest interest in her, in the most delicate manner : he never alluded to the indiscreet step she had taken ; but, in daily leading her round his garden, and descanting on the beauties of the flowers, or in their evening walks along the banks of the Esk, he turned her thoughts gently from herself. The old man was charmed with his temporary ward, and took great pleasure in studying her character ; but he could not sound its depth. With all the delicacy and softness of the wo-

man, with a voice the music of which might have suited an inhabitant of heaven, with the smile of an angel, and that description of beauty which fascinates not so much by the perfection and harmony of features as by its sweetness of expression, Miss Ashton possessed a decision of character which made her plan her own course of life, regardless of the opinion of others; and enabled her to triumph under disappointments that, whilst they sometimes threw over her a momentary sadness, only gave additional energy to her resolutions. The sublime, but proud sentiment—

“What matter where, if I be still the same! *”

was that which upheld her spirits, and was the spring of all her actions. She had a cultivated feeling for the beauties of Nature: but they were regarded only, as it were, with a side glance, whilst the whole intensity of her thoughts rested upon the accomplishment of her wishes,—in the present instance,—her union with the object of her affection. In her rambles, therefore, with the kind-hearted Minister, he vainly essayed to produce that feeling which was the great comfort of his own existence;

* Paradise Lost.

namely—a deep-rooted sentiment of gratitude to the Divine Dispenser of the richly luxuriant scene which every where met their gaze. She accorded with the enthusiastic expressions of the good old man ; and smiled kindly upon him, when the gratitude which glowed in his bosom filled his eyes with moisture ; but her mind was far distant, and she often seemed absorbed in a reverie that the worthy Minister was too obtuse to observe, until he found that the conversation he was addressing to her obtained no reply. On such occasions he would stop, turn towards her, and, whilst he gazed on her countenance, and marked a tear stealing from under her long, dark eye-lashes, he would take her hand, and endeavour to cheer her spirits, by remarking that, like the viewless wind, Time imperceptibly was ever stealing on ; and would soon bring round the moment on which all her thoughts rested—that which should restore to her the presence of her lover.

“ It was in one of these evening walks along the banks of the Esk—the meadows were smiling in their richest verdure ; the trees, that in many places deepened, by their reflected shade, the mirror of the placid stream, were varied by the brighter green of the midsummer shoots

on their darker foliage; and the transparent blue of the sky was beautifully softening, and harmonizing into the warm purple clouds, fringed with the richest gold, that skirted the west—that the worthy pastor selected as a fitting opportunity to sound the real state of his ward's affection. His daily intercourse with her had informed him of the difficulties likely, to accrue from this union, in a pecuniary point of view: it was not certain that the father of Miss Ashton would extend his forgiveness for a match so imprudently and inconsiderately entered upon; and as the young man had nothing but his commission, with habits that were ill calculated to accommodate themselves to the straits that a marriage, under such circumstances, was likely to impose, the worthy Minister conceived that he would only be doing an act of Christian duty to break off the proposed match, provided that he found the affections of Miss Ashton were not so deeply involved as to render such an attempt utterly futile.

“ ‘ My dear lady,’ said he, gently retaining the hand which he had drawn through his arm, ‘ will you forgive me for asking whether you have seriously considered the nature of the union you are entering into ?—you know that,

when taken, it is irretrievable. I believe that Mr. Atkinson is an excellent young man, that he possesses all the virtues which your vivid imagination beholds in him ; that his affection is of the purest and most ardent description, and that his constancy will remain unshaken ; yet I would have you weigh well the difficulties that surround the matrimonial state, hampered by narrow circumstances. Tell me, have you ventured upon a perspective view of your situation, should Providence bestow upon you a family, without that fortune which you might expect from your father, were you to marry with his consent ; but which, should he not approve your marriage, he may deprive you of for ever ? It is not too—’

“ ‘ Stop, Mr. Martin !’ said she, hastily withdrawing her arm from his ; ‘ this is a subject upon which I cannot permit you to proceed. Were you aware of my character, you would not venture to mention what you were about to urge : I love Mr. Atkinson better than my life—I have looked at the consequences of my alliance with him in every point of view—I am ready to suffer every privation it can subject me to ; and, aware of these, and that my father would never consent to our union, I have taken that step for which I anticipate the

severest censure of many of my own sex, and the utmost displeasure of my dear father; yet I never will recall it. I must be the wife of Mr. Atkinson, or cease to exist:—if he prove faithless, I shall never again believe in the fidelity of man; but even the possibility of that could not, now, alter my resolution.’

“ ‘But, my dear lady,—’

“ ‘Nay; no argument, my kind friend, can change me. If I be the victim of Imagination, as you suppose, what my judgment has decided, my inclination impels me to fulfil: if I have committed myself, the execution of my intention cannot be relinquished; the step I have taken is irretrievable.’

“ ‘It was impossible, after this avowal of her determination, for the old man to offer any further advice. By Gad! Doctor, although it is an old saying, that women have less inflexibility of character than men, yet, in some points, they bid defiance to danger, brave contempt and ridicule, and display the most immoveable obstinacy.’

“ ‘Call it not obstinacy, my dear Sir,’ said I; “ ‘it is the invincibility of moral courage, which shines forth in the female character when the mind is made up to the performance of a particular line of conduct. I do not contend for

the soundness of the judgment that plans the enterprize ; but, like a real hero, when a woman has taken her decision, she systematically dismisses every stipulation for safety, and voluntarily presses forward within the precincts of danger, more willing to feed than to quench the fire of action. It is this determined fortitude that has produced so many self-devoted victims among the tender sex, whether the object has been friendship, or love, or religion."

" Well, well, Doctor ! you may set up for a knight in romance," said the Veteran ; " as for me," he continued, " I am a sober reasoner, who judges of both sexes through their actions. What you term self-devotion, I regard as the mere ascendancy of imagination over sound judgment ; what you consider the invincibility of moral courage, is, in my opinion, little better than obstinacy, stimulated by a heated fancy to commit actions of any kind, even those bordering on the wildest extravagance. Women seldom discern things as they really are :—Imagination throws its colours over coming events, like the cloud scenery of a summer evening—but, although the fictitious forms melt away, yet, the disenchantment is often too late ; the eye has been blinded by the dazzling prospect, and it becomes unfit again to contemplate the common-place materials of the actual world

—but I have done. I will admit that it was inexperience which misled Miss Ashton ; and I shall resume my narrative.

“ Mr. Atkinson arrived on the following day, and the amiable Pastor of Langholm joined the hands of the lovers, by that authority which says—‘ whom God has united let no man put asunder.’

“ It is unnecessary, as it would be impossible for me to describe the feelings of all the parties on this occasion—the visionary expectations of unalloyed happiness in the heated imaginations of the young couple ; the more rational presentiment of disappointment of their hopes that occupied the thoughts of the worthy Minister ; and the agreeable anticipation of being again left free to follow her old jog-trot, domestic habits, that cheered the sober mind of Miss Peggy Martin.

“ The old Minister, however, possessed a degree of romantic sentimentality, derived from his retired life, and an imagination naturally vivid, combined with great warmth of affection : there was no selfishness in his composition ; nothing misanthropic ; not a particle of indifference in his nature. He had felt the deepest interest in Miss Ashton : her society had even awakened sentiments in his bosom that had long remained at rest, and recalled

feelings of an early period of the good man's life, which had deeply tintured the future, and fixed his destiny as a bachelor. The pain of parting with one whose presence had thus touched the chord of a fondly-cherished sentiment, and with whom he could not promise to himself the luxury of again meeting in this world, pressed upon his heart; and he had scarcely power to place her hand in Mr. Atkinson's as he gave her to him, and pronounced the short blessing, which is customary in the cold ceremonial of the Scottish Kirk.

“ Every thing being ready, the old man handed the bride into the carriage, and as he applied his lips to her cheek, he hoped she would occasionally think of old Martin; and assured her that it would be impossible to obliterate the impression which she had made on his affection. He recommended Atkinson to cherish her love, as she was now most truly his own: he reminded him how much she had sacrificed for him; and he added, that he should be greatly deceived indeed, if he did not possess in her a treasure which he could not too highly appreciate. The young people, being seated in the carriage, the old man stretched out his arms in an Apostolic manner, and, with a tear glistening in his eye, bestowed upon them this benedic-

tion—‘ May the Almighty Dispenser of good, bless and protect you.’ Both parties felt as they ought to do on such an occasion ; and returning their grateful thanks for all his kindness, they warmly shook the hand of the old man for the last time, and drove off.”

“ Before you proceed, tell me,” said I, “ what became of Lady Fancourt ? I am curious, to hear how she bore the disappointment of not finding her niece ?”—

“ I really know little about it,” replied the Veteran ; “ I have heard that Sir Charles did every thing to persuade her Ladyship not to lose the opportunity, which their arrival at Gretna-hall afforded, of terminating her widowhood ; and, as the young couple had eluded pursuit, he urged her to conclude their journey north, by bestowing upon him her hand, as a reward for his long-tried devotion to her Ladyship. He protested that he had never spent three days more agreeably than those that had fled so rapidly in her delightful society.

“ ‘ It has indeed been perfect felicity,’ said the old beau,’ with his usual smirk and lisp ; ‘ ’pon my soul it has !—the charming society, the amiable attentions of your Ladyship, have touched the chord of my affections:—is it presumption to hope that your heart will respond

to feelings so devoted, so genuine, so long-tried ?—do not, my dear Lady Fancourt, do not shipwreck my fondest hopes !—when with one little affirmative, you can scatter the clouds of doubt that have obscured the heaven of my wishes—one little word—'pon my soul, I ask no more !—its magic power can change the sterile dreariness of life to a sunny landscape—the dark uncertainty of night to the golden dawn of felicitous day.'

"The Baronet paused to ascertain the effect of this highly-spiced appeal, which, as it had cost much thought in the engendering, he conceived would be quite irresistible : but Lady Fancourt had too much understanding—she was too correct a judge of intellect in others, and viewed the picture of life with too cool and discriminating an eye, to be entrapped in so flimsy a springe, or to sympathize with such a poor specimen of humanity as Sir Charles Stiffney. She smiled at the extravagance of his passionate rhapsody ; told him, that at his age, she usually found sentiment in the wane, and the airy creations of fancy arrested by the sobriety of reason ; but he was an exception to the general rule ; and, patting him on the cheek, she assured him that, although she was quite overpowered by the sublimity of his metaphors, yet they were unequal

to shake her firm resolution never again to fetter herself in the chains of matrimony.

“The disappointed Baronet looked phlegmatically tranquil under his discomfiture: he, however, assured her Ladyship, that her sentence would prove his death-blow—‘pon my soul! I feel it as such.’ Her Ladyship was, nevertheless, inexorable; and she left him to brood over his disappointment, and to tranquillize himself, as he had done on a score of similar occasions, by letting loose his imagination, and drawing his consolation from the ideal future; the contemplation of which had ever been the counterpoize to all his actual griefs.

“By Gad! Doctor,” continued the Veteran, “the old Beau was right; to do him justice, he was a philosopher; for what else can we term him who sinks the practical part of life in the visionary—who finds, that if the world has many evils, it contains also many comforts; and that, if joy be fleeting, misery is not immoveable?”

“Both parties returned to the metropolis in perfect good humour with each other; and, with Monsieur Louis and my Lady’s maid, were set down in Portland Place, exactly eight days after they had left it. In truth, independent of her Ladyship’s contempt for the intellect of the Baronet, her passions were

already turned into another channel ; and, in two months afterwards, her hand was bestowed upon a wealthy Banker, the weight of whose purse overbalanced every defect of either person or of mind ; absolved her from the cares of domestic arrangements, and enabled her to attract to her parties all that was fashionable and gay.

“ You know, my good friend, that it is not necessary, in the circles of fashion, for husband and wife to assimilate, either in temper or in pursuits : the Banker was rich, egotistical, contracted, and contradictory :—Lady Fancourt was clever, wayward, and romantic, having no sympathy with human life, as far as regards its serious duties and rational interests ; making use of the world only as affording subjects of sarcasm and wit ; and aspiring to engross the beams of the leading-stars among the lighter spirits of life. You may readily suppose that two greater extremes, two more complete contrasts, were never jostled together. Sir Charles maintained his part with both : he was the nightly visitant of the Lady’s drawing-room or her opera-box ; and drank the champagne of the husband twice a week, whilst he yawned over his account of party intrigues and their influence upon the price of stocks. All three have been called to their last account ; and,

by Gad ! far be it from me to say one word more than my story requires, of the contracted selfishness, the misery of satiety, and the nervousness of dissipation which they shared amongst them.

“ With respect to Atkinson and his wife, the experience of a few months awoke their minds to the folly of the step which they had taken. Mr. Ashton, who had arrived in England, refused to see either party, or to forgive his daughter ; he returned to America with my wife ; who, as she became the sole object of his parental solicitude, inherited, as you know, the whole of his ample fortune. As Atkinson’s difficulties increased, his libertine habits began again to obtain their ascendancy over him ; he became more and more neglectful of his wife, whose high spirit, for some time, struggled against the indignities that she suffered from both her husband and her aunt ; but it at length gave way, when, on his regiment being ordered abroad, he recommended her to look out for a situation as a governess ; and left her with a pittance scarcely sufficient to procure for her the ordinary wants of life. At the end of a year, she gave birth to a daughter, which, before it was three months old, was placed in the hands of Lady Fancourt ; and, at her death, was transferred to

the care of my wife. Caroline Ashton, for she was never called Atkinson, was that infant:—her beauty, her talents, and her amiable disposition have endeared her to us as a daughter; and, by Gad!" said the Veteran, pretending to wipe his spectacles on his nose, whilst he dried a tear that started in his eye, "I am not sure that I do not love her better than my own child. I never could ascertain," continued he, "what became of her mother: a veil of mystery has separated her from the knowledge of all her relations:—the old man never mentioned her name, and my wife is totally ignorant of every incident of her history from the moment that Atkinson went abroad. Her career, indeed, I fear added another to the many lamentable proofs of the evils resulting from the ascendancy of imagination over sober reason—of dreaming of felicity beyond the destiny of common mortals".

CHAPTER IX.

" ——— *thou* amidst the bright and fair
 Whispering light words, and mocking my despair ?
 It is not well of thee !—my love was more
 Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought explore ;
 And there thou smilest while my heart is dying,
 With all its blighted hopes around it lying ;
 Even thou———"

FELICIA HEMANS.

WHAT the Colonel had narrated, removed a thick veil of mystery that had hung over a very interesting incident in my life. The infant of whose birth he had spoken, and whom I had in truth welcomed into existence, was the beautiful and fascinating young woman who had so deeply interested me by the striking likeness to one whom I did not suspect to be her mother ; and who was, besides, the niece of my excellent friend Colonel Standard. The sequel of the history of her unfortunate parent, as I stated to the Veteran, was well known to me ; and I shall now give it a place in this jour-

nal. It is one of those romances of real life which throw the fictitious into the shade ; and of which medical men are, not unfrequently, involuntary spectators.

“ It was a clear morning in July, not a cloud stained the blue ether into which the rising sun shot up his beam ; the atmosphere was peculiarly transparent, owing to the rain which had fallen on the previous day ; and the freshness of the air spread a delightful and invigorating sensation over even the streets of the metropolis. The clock of St. James’s church had just struck four, when Captain Hugh Cameron issued from the Clarendon Hotel. Having the night before engaged a place in the coach which departed at five for Plymouth, where he was to embark to join his regiment, then in the Peninsula ; he had sent onwards his servant, with his great-coat and portmanteau, to wait for him at Hyde Park-corner, where the coach was to take him up.

“ Delighted with the enlivening feeling which the early morning produced, and being much too soon for the coach, the young officer walked leisurely along Piccadilly, meditating on the quietness and repose of the street, enhanced by the circumstance of its being Sunday, compared with the noise and bustle which it

displays in the busy period of the day. He had proceeded nearly half way along the street without meeting an individual ; when his attention was suddenly roused by a light step hastily approaching ; and, turning round to ascertain who it was, a lady rapidly passed him. Her movement was so quick, that he had no opportunity of observing her countenance ; and she seemed to hurry onwards with a pace between running and walking, without looking on either side. There would have been nothing surprising in this : Captain Cameron conjectured that she was one of those wretched creatures whom the villainy of our sex throws out of the society of their own, returning home from some scene of midnight dissipation. Her dress and appearance, however, indicated that he was mistaken ; and his curiosity was, consequently, excited by the circumstance of a modest woman hurrying through the streets at that early hour.

‘ She is, perhaps,’ said he, thinking aloud, ‘ hastening for medical assistance for some sick friend :—but what is it to me who or what she is ?—what interest can I feel in the business of an utter stranger, whom I may never see again whilst I live ?’

Such were his thoughts, yet he almost un-

consciously quickened his pace ; and a desire, which he could not explain, to know something of this person, suddenly possessed his mind.

“ Although the young officer had walked smartly for some minutes, yet the lady had gained upon him. She turned into Hyde Park, and he shuddered on perceiving it, for an idea that she was going to commit suicide at that instant crossed his mind. He therefore ran forward ; but, before he entered the park gate, she was already tracking her way over the dewy grass, to the opposite bank of the Serpentine. He followed at a respectable distance, until he observed her sit down upon the protruded roots of one of the old elms, and rest her forehead upon her hand. His suspicion was now confirmed ; yet he hesitated to address the wretched woman, until, as she raised her head, gazing wildly around, he perceived that she was aware of his presence. As he advanced towards her, she started up, ran forwards a few paces, then looked fearfully behind ; stopped ;—and seated herself on the grass in the same attitude as before.

“ The young soldier had seen enough to awaken all his sympathy : he approached her in the most respectful manner ; and was satisfied that she was not only a lady, but, although

clouded with anxiety and anguish, yet, that her face was eminently beautiful and lovely.

“ ‘ I perceive, Madam,’ said he, addressing her, ‘ that you are suffering under deep distress of mind—I am a gentleman and an officer—can I serve you in any way ?’

“ ‘ The greatest service, Sir,’ she replied, without lifting her eyes from the ground, ‘ that you can perform to me is, to leave me to myself.’

“ Captain Cameron bowed, and withdrew : but the intense interest which was now lighted up in his bosom for the fate of this unhappy stranger, prevented him from leaving the spot ; and, therefore, placing himself out of view, behind a tree, he determined to watch her movements, and, if possible, to frustrate the fatal event which he justly conjectured she meditated.

“ Half an hour elapsed, and she remained seated on the grass in the same position, her forehead resting upon her hand :—at length, the sound of the horn of the coach, which waited for him at the appointed place, having reached the ear of the young man, he looked round, only for a moment ; when, on again turning his eye in the direction of the object which detained, and so deeply interested him, the spot

where she was seated was vacant, and his eye caught the last glimpse of her white dress as she plunged into the water. It was the work of an instant to disencumber himself from his coat, and to dive into the river: but, although Cameron was an expert swimmer, yet, ten minutes passed before he found the body. He bore it to the shore, and, laying it upon the grass, he gazed for a few seconds upon the lovely features and delicate form, now apparently inanimate in death.

“ ‘ Good God ! why did I allow that accursed horn to arrest my attention ?—I might have saved her !—it is too late !—what is to be done ?’

“ With such reflections in his mind, he gazed around, and hallooed for assistance ; but none appeared :—not a person was within sight or hearing—he, therefore, lifted the body in his arms, and conveyed it to the receiving-house of the Humane Society, in the immediate vicinity, where it was instantly admitted, and a messenger despatched to the barracks for the surgeon and some of the soldiers, to assist in the process of resuscitation.

“ The more the young officer gazed upon the object of his solicitude, the more anxious he became that every effort should be tried

which promised the slightest hope of reanimation: every minute seemed an hour:—his patience was soon exhausted; and, without waiting for the surgeon, he persuaded the woman of the house and her servant, as a warm bed had been already prepared, to undress the body and to commence frictions with hot flannels. He then sat down in the adjoining apartment, to ponder on the singular adventure in which he had borne so important a share.

“ ‘If she recover,’ thought he, ‘I shall be amply repaid for my wetting, and the loss of the coach. Poor young creature! what must have been her mental suffering before she could resolve on such a step?’

“ ‘She is reviving, Sir!’—said the woman of the house, bursting into the room;—‘what shall we do now?’

“ ‘Continue your operations,’ replied the young man, ‘until the surgeon arrives.’

“ In a few minutes afterwards, I was in the house; for I was then attached to the medical staff of the Life Guards, who occupied the barracks; and I was enabled to confirm the satisfactory intelligence of the poor lady’s resuscitation. Cameron, who up to that moment, as he afterwards told me, felt cool and collected, was now quite overcome; and, exclaiming—

‘thank Heaven!—thank Heaven,’—he sunk upon the floor and fainted. He was easily recovered; and, having explained to him that this fit was the consequence of the excitement which he had previously undergone, I urged him to permit me to send to my rooms for dry clothes, as he was still in the state in which he had emerged from the water. He accepted my offer, and begged that his servant, who he supposed was waiting for him at Hyde Park-corner, might be sent to, and directed to bring a coach.

“ ‘ May I see this unfortunate being before I go?—I am certain she is a person of respectable connexions; and it would gratify me to know who she is. I leave town to night:—the vessel, in which I am to embark to join my regiment on the Peninsula, is expected to sail from Plymouth in a few days.’

“ I explained to the young Officer the necessity of leaving my patient to repose at this time; but I assured him that he might safely satisfy his curiosity in the afternoon, and that I would meet him, for that purpose, at five o’clock; after which, I hoped he would be my guest at the mess-dinner, as the mail could take him up at the gate of the barracks. He accepted my invitation; and, having adjourned

to my rooms, he changed his clothes, and we walked together to Hyde Park-corner, where his servant was waiting.

“ At the appointed hour, Cameron was at the receiving-house, all anxiety to see again the interesting being whom he had saved ; and, as I had already ascertained that my patient was sufficiently recovered to support the interview, I ushered him into the apartment. For a few seconds, the eye of the unfortunate lady wandered over the person of the young Officer : then, as her recognition of him became clear, a death-like paleness overspread her countenance, and she hid her face in the pillow. Cameron approached the bed, and took her hand : for a few minutes, not a word was spoken on either side ; at length breaking the silence—

“ ‘ This, my dear Madam,’ said I, ‘ is the gentleman to whose generous exertions you owe your life.’

“ ‘ I know it ;’ she replied, without raising her face from the pillow.

“ ‘ May I hope,’ said the young Officer, ‘ to render my services still further useful ?’

“ There was a kindness in the manner of uttering these few words, which seemed to rouse all the grateful feelings of the wretched

being to whom they were addressed. She turned round, and grasping the hand of Cameron in both of hers, she pressed it fervently to her lips. The gaze of the young man, who was most powerfully struck with the loveliness of her countenance, raised a transient blush as her eye met his; and although it beamed with a faint smile, yet there was an evident expression of unutterable wretchedness beneath that of the gratitude which it was meant to convey.

“ ‘It is an empty offer,’ continued he, ‘for I must, unfortunately, leave London this evening: but may I venture to ask the name of one in whose fate I cannot but feel the deepest interest?’

“ She made no reply, but rested her forehead upon his hand, which she still grasped.

“ ‘I do not wish, I have no right, Madam,’ continued he, ‘to inquire into the mystery of your distress: but is it too much to desire to know who you are?’

“ She remained silent: but, as the young Soldier pressed his enquiry, she loosened her hand from his, and, raising her eyes with a look of agony, replied—

“ ‘I regret that I am constrained to deny any thing to one to whom I owe such a debt of gratitude.’

“ Captain Cameron felt the impropriety of urging further his request : he gazed for a few seconds upon the lovely countenance which was turned on him, and whose full eye and faint smile spoke the sincerity of the feeling which had dictated the reply that silenced him ; and pressing her hand, which she again extended to him, he took his leave, saying, that he was satisfied that he left her in the care of a gentleman and a man of honour ; and that Dr. Mac Alpine would not only watch over her recovery, but would afford her every consolation which her unhappy situation might require.

“ She thanked him with a look that I can never forget ; and, as we quitted the room, I perceived that her forehead had sunk upon her hand, and her countenance displayed an expression of utter wretchedness ; an expression which, although indelibly imprinted on my memory, yet, cannot be described in words.

“ As Cameron and I walked together to the barracks, he informed me that the regiment in which he was an officer, was in the Peninsula ; that he had come home to settle some family affairs ; and that, if he had not already exceeded his leave of absence, nothing would have prevented him from doing every thing in

his power to place the unfortunate being whom he had so providentially rescued, in the hands of her friends.

“ ‘ There is something in that lovely and unfortunate woman which interests my feelings most powerfully,’ continued the young man; ‘ she is certainly a gentlewoman ; and, my dear Sir, you will confer upon me a lasting obligation if you will write to me the result of your enquiries respecting her.’

“ I promised Captain Cameron that I would not fail to comply with his request, and that I should not lose sight of my patient until I had found out her friends. Our conversation, after dinner, chiefly regarded her ; and, at nine o’clock, when he stepped into the mail, we parted as if we had been old and intimate acquaintances. There was an open, generous frankness in the young man which delighted me, and I could not avoid fancying that the event which had occurred had made an impression upon his heart which would not easily be obliterated.

“ On the following morning, when I called at the receiving-house, I found my patient up and dressed. The effects of her submersion had subsided ; her loveliness and elegance

were more apparent, than the day before ; and the melancholy which hung over her, rather added than diminished the interest which she could not fail to excite in every one who saw her. She gracefully bowed her head as I entered the apartment, and replied to my enquiries after her health and feelings in a satisfactory manner : but she preserved a determined silence to every question respecting her name or family.

“ It was impossible that the poor lady could remain where she was ; and yet, as no information could be obtained of her family, a question arose—what was to be done with her ?—The keeper of the Humane Society’s house suggested sending her to Mount Street Workhouse ; but to this proposition I could not consent, seeing that she was a lady, and her manners were evidently those of refined society : I, therefore, had her removed to a lodging in Knightsbridge ; and expected, in a few days, through the medium of the newspapers, either to bring forward her relations, or to prevail on her to divulge her name and circumstances. Alas ! in less than two days, she became insane.

“ It required no medical skill to perceive that the wretchedness of life was the only picture present to the mind of my poor unknown ;

and that it was the desire of escaping from this condition, whatever might be its origin, which had impelled her to attempt suicide.

“ What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave ?
Is not short payne well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave ?” *

To such delusive reasonings had she listened, until the delirium they induced had overpowered her judgement ; and, therefore, I was not surprised at the result.

“ The landlady of the lodging, whom I had engaged to sit with her, and who had sent for me, told me that she had done nothing but sigh, day and night, ever since she had entered her house ; that she seemed immersed in deep thought ; and never moved :—on the first night she was obliged to put her to bed, where she had since then remained, as she refused to get up, and even to take nourishment.

“ ‘ Poor, young, innocent dear !—I would do any thing to serve her—her smile is so beautiful. You may depend upon it,’ continued the kind-hearted woman, ‘ there is something pressing upon her heart.’

“ ‘ Has she not,’ said I, ‘ made any allusion to her friends ?’

* Spencer.

“ ‘ Heaven bless her! Sir,’ replied she, ‘ not a word has passed her lips until this morning, a few minutes before she appeared so wild :— she then sobbed, just for all the world like a hysterical, most piteously ; and afterwards muttered, ‘ Where shall we go ?—where ?—where ?’ I could have sat down and cried with her—it is some disappointment in love—she is broken-hearted, Sir!’

“ There was apparently much truth in the good woman’s remark ; but, from seeing a marriage ring on the stranger’s finger, I was more disposed to attribute the malady to some domestic affliction, than to love. On contemplating its victim, I could not avoid reflecting how frequently an erroneous education is the most influential cause of insanity, particularly in females. Excessive indulgence, and a defect of moral discipline, engender caprice and violent passions, which lay a ground-work, or, in medical language, form a predisposition to the disease in the moral affections of the person ; and the higher the scale of intellect in the individual, the stronger the predisposition operates. How little do parents reflect, when pushing to the utmost, the mental powers of the child, that they are sacrificing its physical and moral health.

“ When I entered the apartment of the poor

maniac, she was sitting up in bed, moving her body with a slow, pendulous motion, and her eyes staring upon vacuity. I tried to arrest her attention, but it was in vain: she seemed utterly unconscious of anything around her, and the hysterical fit, which the landlady mentioned, had terminated in a mild, low delirium, in which the ideas, passing through the brain, were giving rise to imperfect and incoherent sentences.

“ ‘Do you mourn?’ said she, in a low tone of voice: and then, laughing wildly, she sung, in a sweet and plaintive measure—

‘ O, mourn no longer,
Death is strong, but love is stronger !’*

From this turn, which the insanity had assumed, it was possible that the poor maniac might soon become the subject of violent excitement; and, consequently, besides the medical management which the case demanded, it was necessary to place her under the care of a person accustomed to the treatment of the insane: a keeper was consequently procured, and the assistance of a physician of eminence in mental affections, was called in.

“ In this manner five months passed away,

* Kerfaludy, the Hungarian Petrarch.

without any decided improvement in the condition of our patient ; whilst, at the same time, it became as evident that she would soon become a mother. The bloom of health and of beauty had nearly disappeared from her cheek ; her round, and beautifully oval face had grown thin and emaciated ; the eye was sunk within its hollow socket ; and the countenance was pale and dejected. During all this time, not the smallest information had been obtained who, or whence she was. On many occasions, the wild and alarming aspect of her countenance, excited an apprehension that the attack would terminate in furious and permanent mania : but a benevolent Providence decided otherwise : the light of reason again shed its beams upon the mind of the unfortunate lady ; and made us acquainted with her melancholy story.

“ Mrs. Atkinson—for it was she—the same Caroline Ashton, whose story the Veteran had detailed to me, that had been thus driven, by excessive grief, domestic sorrow, and disappointed hopes, to attempt suicide,—now informed us of her relationship to Lady Fancourt. I knew nothing of her Ladyship ; but the same excellent physician, to whose kind, unremitting attention the recovery of our poor patient was chiefly to be attributed, was ac-

quainted with her ; and undertook the task of waiting upon her, both to inform her of the situation of her niece, and to concert measures for her restoration to her family. Our hopes in both instances were frustrated : her Ladyship would not see her unhappy relative ; but she wrote to her father, whose name neither our patient nor Lady Fancourt would divulge, and who, we were told, was inexorable.

“ After four months’ negotiation, this unnatural parent agreed merely to allow her a small annuity, provided she would give up her child, who was then three months’ old ; and that she would endeavour to obtain the situation of a governess in some respectable family, until her husband should return to support her. For some weeks she proudly spurned this proposal ; but, as she had no other means of subsistence than that which we afforded to her—tired out, hopeless, and dismayed by the dark cloud which hung over the future, and contemplating the prospect of the wretchedness of life which must follow her determination not to part with her child, her resolution began to waver. Her religious principles, also, were not the strongest, and, therefore, that gloom and melancholy again settled upon her countenance, which I knew must inevitably terminate in a second

attempt at self-destruction. Could it indeed be otherwise?—it was not the failure of ambitious views, nor false pride, nor the dread of private contempt, that was operating so injuriously on her mind—but she felt that the last hold upon her affection was to be torn from her bosom—the only being that was now dear to her:—her child—was to be exchanged for the pittance which was to sustain her wretched existence.

“ Although I was convinced, that giving up the infant was not only essential, but the sole chance of the unfortunate lady obtaining the means of subsistence as a governess, and was also, probably, the only means that might bring about a reconciliation with her friends, yet I could not urge the separation. I had been present at the birth of the babe ; I had seen it laid in the maternal bosom ; and, whilst it nestled there, I had witnessed the tears of mingled joy and of sorrow which the mother shed over its entrance into life.

“ ‘ Thy father, my dear infant !’—did she say, as she gazed intently upon it—‘ where is he ?’—then sighing deeply, and pressing the child closely to her bosom, she gave vent to a flood of tears.

“ I am not one of those who affect sanctity ;

but, at such a moment, it was impossible not to acknowledge the counteracting influence which a firm religious reliance on Divine aid would have afforded to the utter despondency which now pressed upon the humbled pride and disappointed hopes of this wretched woman. To that never-failing source of consolation she had not been taught reverently to look up. Her strong and energetic mind could have proudly triumphed over the tyranny of fortune, but it could not perceive, in the wound which her affections had sustained, in the disappointment of cherished wishes, the advantage of that necessary discipline which the paternal wisdom of Providence exercises over mortals; perhaps, in chastening the mind, to wean it from the world, and to refine, and exalt, and fit it for a happier state of existence. But, although the feelings of Mrs. Atkinson were closely allied with the world, yet it was impossible not to sympathize with them. In the very morning of life, she had felt the sting of cold neglect in return for the most ardent love: condemned by the world; cast off by her relations; deserted by the father of her child: if she had erred, her sufferings were more than commensurate to the fault.

“ It was not in me to urge the separation of

the mother and child ; but Dr. B——, who had felt an unusual interest in our joint patient, saw the paramount importance of the measure ; and he persuaded the heart-broken parent that it was the most likely method of pacifying the anger of her father, and procuring that education for her infant which she would necessarily wish it to have, whatever might be her own future condition. With respect to a temporary provision for Mrs. Atkinson herself, I fortunately had it in my power to assist her : a relation of mine, in the north of Scotland, being anxious to obtain the assistance of an accomplished English lady to superintend the education of her daughters.

“ I shall not attempt, because it would be vain, to describe the parting of the mother and her child : the hours she gazed upon it, as it lay in innocent, unconscious slumber upon her knee ; the tears that poured in streams from her eyes ; the sighs that seemed to tear asunder her bosom ; the kisses that were imprinted upon the lips and breast of the sleeping babe ; the many times it was taken back after it was given into the arms of the nurse who was sent for it from Lady Fancourt's :—how often the mantle in which it lay, was unfolded to permit one more look to the distressed mother ; her

earnest charge to the nurse—‘ O, beseech my aunt to be kind to my darling !’—and the heart-rending shriek that penetrated my very soul, as I handed the nurse with the infant into the carriage, and the wretched mother fell almost lifeless into my arms.

“ A fortnight passed before the afflicted lady recovered sufficient composure of mind to commence preparations for her journey to Scotland. I had called daily in Portland Place to inquire into the health of the infant. After a few days I was told it was sent away ; but I could obtain no information of its destiny from Lady Fancourt, who only assured me that it was safe and well. She displayed, in every reply to my anxious inquiries, the most heartless disposition towards her afflicted niece.

“ ‘ She has selected her own path of life, Dr. Mac Alpine,’ would she say, ‘ and must abide by the consequences.’

“ ‘ But think, Lady Fancourt, of the misery which she has suffered.’

“ ‘ It is the natural consequence of such conduct,’ was her reply ; ‘ and her greatest wisdom is to submit in silence.’

“ ‘ But her father, surely, will not refuse to see the heart-broken sufferer ? I understand he is in this country.’

“ If he take my advice,’ said her Ladyship, ‘ he will not see her at present :—he has a duty to perform to his other daughter : it would be improper to allow the sisters to meet.’

“ I was so shocked with the sentiments of this cold-hearted woman of the world, that I was resolved never again to see her ; and, therefore, I begged that she would inform me of the name and residence of Mrs. Atkinson’s father : but, to this request, her Ladyship returned a decided refusal ; and, until I heard the narrative of the old Colonel, I remained ignorant of the name and parentage of my unhappy patient, who, in detailing her misfortunes, had studiously avoided every allusion to her father.

“ A settled melancholy seemed to be the destiny of this unfortunate woman ; and I dreaded lest it should interfere with the performance of her duties in my friend’s family ; yet, there remained no alternative to this disposal of her. In a week afterwards, every arrangement being effected, I conveyed her to the mail-coach, and placed her under the charge of a gentleman who was going to Edinburgh. I had previously received from her the grateful, heart-felt thanks of a wounded spirit : and, whilst her arms were thrown around my neck, and her tear-bedewed face buried in my bosom,

and I felt the impress of her lips upon my forehead, I bade 'God bless her,' shook her by the hand, and saw the last of an individual whose personal charms, energetic, and highly cultivated mind, and amiable and fascinating manners, deserved a better fate: and whose misfortunes made an impression upon my feelings that time has not been able to obliterate.

"She did not long remain in the family of my friend; for, her father having died soon afterwards, she found herself in the possession of an annuity of two hundred a year: and having determined, if possible, to regain her child, she left Scotland. Colonel Standard informed me that she had been in America, soon after he and his family had quitted Savannah; and that he had lately ascertained that she had returned to Europe. He also informed me that, although his family regarded this journey into the Highlands as a mere tour of pleasure, yet he had made it partly with a view of obtaining some account of Mrs. Atkinson. The only information that was at all satisfactory, he had procured from a banker in Edinburgh, through whose hands her annuity was paid; but this gentleman, perhaps afraid that Atkinson would discover her retreat, which he had been endea-

vouring for some time to effect, would say nothing more than that she was in Scotland."

The Veteran, who had in my Journal perused the foregoing account of the sequel of his own story, was urgent in his inquiries, whether I knew any thing more of Atkinson; and, also, if Cameron were still alive? I told him that I had seen both of them after the events which he had read of; and, if he would tax his patience for another hour, he would find, in the Journal, all that I knew of either party.

In order to prepare the reader for this narrative, however, it is necessary for the Editor to inform him of an Episode in the life of his deceased friend, which had shadowed every subsequent moment of it, and laid the foundation of that sombre cast of disposition which now characterized him, and which appeared to the old Colonel completely inexplicable, as it was at variance with the gay, volatile, open, carelessness of his deportment, when he had enjoyed the hospitality and polite attention of the warm-hearted Veteran, during his short residence in America. It was, in truth, an affair of the heart, which induced him, for some

time, to change the lancet for the sword ; and to seek, in the excitement of a military life, relief from thoughts that were undermining both his mental happiness and his physical powers.

In mentioning this event, it is not the intention of the Editor to enter into details, or to record the name of the faithless fair one. Whatever may be the failings of women, infidelity in the tender passion is not often displayed in them : and, although the circumstances, in this instance of it, portrayed a heart of the most sordid kind, and the injury inflicted was sufficient to embitter the remaining years of the poor Doctor's existence, yet, I am certain that it is consonant to the gallantry of his feelings to withhold the name of the lady, and also to touch as lightly as possible upon her failings.

She was a cousin of the Doctor ; had been brought up with him from childhood ; and been always regarded by the friends of both as his future wife : indeed, so thoroughly did they appear to understand one another, that her last letter, received a few hours only before his departure from Savannah for England, to fulfil his engagement by making her his wife, indicated no diminution of attachment. His disappoint-

ment may be more readily conceived than described, at finding, on his arrival in London, that the lady was already the wife of an old man, an East-Indian, who had purchased a baronetcy, and had conferred upon her at once, both title and fortune ; the terms for which she bartered affection and her faith to her lover.

The bitter disappointment of the Doctor may be readily conceived ; for, as Hope is, of all our passions, that which gives the greatest exercise to the imagination, it, also, produces the most poignant suffering when its anticipations fail to be realized. The shock which fell upon my poor friend's mental fabric, almost reduced it to a state of ruin ; and, although he struggled to reconcile himself to his fate, yet such a degree of apathy succeeded, that his friends advised him to leave England ; and, in order to comply with their wishes, he obtained the Surgeoncy of the Forty-second regiment, with which he shared all the glory that was shed upon that band of heroes in the Peninsular war.

The sequel of the story which the Colonel was requested to read, was connected with that period of Dr. Mac Alpine's career in the army. In his Journal it is prefaced by an

Essay upon Looks ; which, however, the Editor has ventured to set aside ; and merely to extract from it one or two paragraphs : but he fears that many of the readers of his friend's opinions, may think that even these would have admitted of curtailment.

CHAPTER X.

“—— whether we shall meet again, I know not,
Therefore our everlasting farewell take ;
For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius* !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
SHAKSPEARE.

“ WHAT a volume of ideas may often be read in a single look ! A man, after half an hour’s reasoning, satisfied that every thing that he has advanced is convincing, unanswerable, before his adversary has said one word to controvert it, may say to himself—‘ ’tis all in vain, I have wasted the breath of my lungs’—his look convinces me that he does not subscribe to one opinion of my argument.

“ In the most ordinary events of life, we are guided by this principle. When I was last at Strasbourg, having sallied out of the Hotel du Saint Esprit, and stood for half an hour before the façade of the cathedral, to admire the rich decorations of its gates and porches, and to wonder at the astounding height of its airy

spire, my mind, some how or other, wandered to the tale of Slawkenbergeus, which Sterne has made so much use of in *Tristram Shandy*. It was a story, dear reader, of a traveller who had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had procured a nasal appendage which set the whole city by the ears. Wrapped up in the story, and forgetting what I was gazing upon, I walked unconsciously onwards until I lost myself, the cathedral, and my road back to the Saint Esprit. The street was full of people : it was a French town, and I felt no lack of words ; yet I could not bring myself to ask my way, until a young woman advanced, whose look suited the occasion, and told me I should not ask in vain ; and I was not mistaken : there was an innocency in it—an expression which promised gentleness and soft responses.

“ ‘I will shew Monsieur the way,’ said she, in the sweetest accent imaginable.

“ I could have followed her to the world’s end :—she only led me to the porch of the Saint Esprit.

“ What is a look, in fact, but a glimpse of the soul, from the temple of her divinity, the brain, beaming through the eyes, and giving a pictured image, a visible, intelligible impress to that which is itself invisible ? Now I consider the faculty of reading looks to be the highest

science, the truest philosophy ; and that to make out from them the real condition of the mind, to descry what invisible ideas are passing through it, should be studied by every one. It enables a man to separate the genuine feelings of the person from the false shows that are put on to mask real sentiments, like the gorgeous air-castles, hovering over the abyss of the north, into which we are told ‘ the hapless traveller is often seduced to enter, and so sinks to rise no more.’ ”

But it is not the intention of the Editor to print here his deceased friend's *Essay on Looks*; the public shall have it, some day, in a separate form. He has introduced the above extract merely to account for the influence which this object of his contemplation had in regulating many of his actions. And having said this much, he shall proceed with that passage of the Doctor's Journal which he opened to the Veteran, to elucidate further the sequel of the story which had so powerfully roused his curiosity.

After detailing a few incidents of the voyage, he proceeds.—

“ I had scarcely landed in the Peninsula, ere my first essay in the service was made in the face of the enemy. I had selected the 42d regiment, because it was that of which my friend Cameron was then the Major ; and, as I had never before seen a battle, the gratification

which I experienced on the preceding evening, when I received orders to be on the ground early the next morning, was to me new and indescribable.

“ We were on the ground at day-break, and had taken up a position on the brow of a hill, with a detachment of artillery on our flank. The opposite hill, on which the French army was posted, was obscured by a mist, which, like an undulating sea, filled the intervening valley, and rose sufficiently high upon the hills to hide completely the opposing armies from one another. The French bands of music, however, were slightly audible as the morning breeze swept from the declivity on which the enemy was drawn up. All was silence on our side, except that, now and then, was heard the tuck of a drum, and the words ‘ to advance slowly down the hill,’ as they were passed along the line ; varied only by the sound of the limbering and unlimbering of the cannon in our vicinity. At length the sun rose, and the mist gradually began to clear, ascending in spirals on the sides of the hills, and displaying to each army the gallant array and bearing of its opponent. It was, indeed, an inspiring sight.

“ Through the centre of the valley, which was about a quarter of a mile in breadth, consisting of very unequal ground, a small river

wound its course, to the banks of which the French army was advancing, in echelon movement, with colours flying and music playing, as if it were the day of a review rather than the morning of an actual battle. A few shots were fired at intervals, along the enemy's line; 'till our guns, having attained an advantageous position, began to play upon their flank, making gaps in their front; which, however, were instantly filled up, without in any degree impeding their advancement. Our battalion was directed to take possession of a small eminence on the right, which the French cavalry were evidently desirous of gaining. We made a rapid movement under the fire of our own guns; but, before we could gain our object, a party of French cuirassiers was perceived wheeling round the base of the hill, as if determined to throw us into confusion. We were immediately ordered to halt and form.

“ It was in the short pause which ensued, as we waited the expected charge, that my attention was first directed to the impress of thought which passing circumstances stamps upon the countenance. The officers near me were brave and excellent men; their minds were wound up to the performance of their duty, and there was a steady composure in the look of each, which indicated this determination: but, at the same

time, I could clearly perceive amid the fixedness of that look, the working of imagination: a train of associated reminiscences was rapidly passing through the minds of these daring men, that were rendered only more vivid by the uncertainty of the events which the moment involved. Not a word was spoken, except, in a subdued tone, the occasional expressions—‘steady men, steady!’ as a cannon-ball, plunging amongst us, hewed down a file or two in opening its path through our ranks.

“The look of each officer, at this moment, visibly expressed what was passing in the mind:—the parental fire-side—the last firm grasp of a father’s hand—the parting embrace of a fond, forboding mother—or that of a still more beloved object, with similar thoughts, were swelling in the breasts, and impressing the looks, even of those whose steadfast eye and collected bearing betokened nothing to the ordinary observer but the daring port of the gallant soldier. None of these feelings occupied my own mind; the only remaining scion of an ancient stock, I had left no parents nor family circle:—gone was the only tender attachment that ever clung round my heart. I had also acquired habits of abstraction, which enabled me to command my

attention under any circumstances; and, at this moment, I was turning over in my mind the inexplicable operation of the causes on which the train of our ideas depends; the rapidity of the vast current of thoughts which pass through our minds in the shortest space of time, and the difference between association and intentional memory, when my reverie was broken by the body of the orderly sergeant being brought into the rear, and hearing the command, given in a firm and audible voice—‘front ranks kneel—rear, make ready—present—fire.’

“ The effect was awful; the charging horse, at which the platoon was levelled, halted but shortly, only to wheel round, as if to disengage themselves from the bodies of the wounded horses and dying horsemen, which the fire had brought down; and, before our men could recover their arms, they dashed amongst our ranks, and all was confusion.

“ It would be vain to attempt the description of the battle, which was now general; the roar of the cannon, the smoke, the shouts, the clanging of trumpets, the groans of the wounded and the dying, may be conceived, but no accurate idea of a battle can be formed by the most lively fancy. Those most actively engaged are

often the most ignorant of the fortunes of the field ; and victory may be decisive in one part, whilst yet the day is lost.

“ Our poor soldiers defended themselves bravely against the horsemen, who attempted to ride them down on all sides : Highlandmen, however, display their courage most on such occasions ; their over-eagerness, which unfortunately afforded the opening in their ranks through which the cavalry entered, served them in the individual combats which ensued. The slaughter was great on both sides, and the struggle still hung doubtful, when a detachment of the English Horse Guards rode up, and gallantly decided the event. The remnant of the French horse, for the greater part of the attacking party were left dead on the field, retreated in disorder ; and left us to take up our position on the eminence which had been thus contested, and which we maintained during the remainder of the fray.

“ The first breathing moment discovered, among others, that my friend Cameron was missing. I enquired eagerly for him : the ensign of the Company near which I stood, the son of a tenant of my excellent friend, who had come into the regiment as a cadet, under his patronage, informed me that he had seen

him thrown from his horse, on the onset of the cavalry, in the effort to retrieve the error which had opened the way of the horsemen into our ranks ; and that he could not have survived, as the whole rode over him.

“ Poor Cameron ! he had anticipated his fate ; and, on the preceding evening, had delivered a paper to me, containing his wishes respecting the disposition of his property, and the communication of his death, should he fall, to his mother. He was by nature as brave as a lion ; and, with the best heart, as gay, thoughtless, wild, and extravagant as could well be ; but his brother officers remarked that he had lately lost much of the elasticity of his spirits ; that his wit and hilarity seemed to flow less naturally ; that he read more and talked less than formerly ; that a greater portion of his time was occupied in examining into the comforts of the soldiers, and in visiting the hospital ; and, although he was still the life of the mess, when we were in quarters, yet, that he often looked serious when the chaplain rapped out an oath. With all his apparent thoughtlessness, he had studied arms as a profession ; and was, indeed, beloved by every man in the corps. My intimacy with him was that of a brother. The occasion that first brought us

together, indeed, was sufficient to have united us in the closest intimacy ; and we were both genuine Highlandmen.

“ On receiving his instructions, I ventured to rally him on his presentiments.

“ ‘ I cannot help the depression which has lately seized me,’ said he ; ‘ I have combated with it, my dear Mac Alpine, in vain ; it returns in defiance of all my efforts ; and my old hypochondriac uncle, the banker, who imagined that he was a teapot, and used to stand with one arm extended like a spout, and the other curved like a handle, had not a firmer conviction that he was the useful utensil he supposed himself to be, than I have that some cloud is impending over me. I do not anticipate more risk than usual in the severe brush with the enemy, which we shall certainly have to-morrow ; but you know, my dear fellow, every ball has its commission.’

“ I ventured to inquire whether his letters from home, of late, were as satisfactory as his ardent disposition expected ?

“ ‘ Perfectly so,’ was his reply. ‘ My poor mother !’ Something like a tear started in his eye ; and the firm compression of his lips displayed the feeling conflict which was passing in his mind. Recovering his self-possession,

—‘tomorrow before dawn,’—he exclaimed; and, with a warm compression of the hand, we parted.

“The morrow came; and the last words which my excellent friend uttered were these, as he rode along the rear of the regiment—

“‘Highlandmen, be firm; do your duty; maintain the character of the regiment!’

“I turned as he spoke, our eyes met: he gave me a look which I can never forget; and the powerful influence of which induced me to write my *Essay on Looks*.

“After the events of the day were closed, I walked out upon the field of battle with the young ensign, whom I have already mentioned, to endeavour to recover the body of our excellent friend. The horrors of such a scene cannot be conceived by those who have not witnessed them.

“The night was serene; the full orb of the harvest-moon, suspended in the deep concave of an unclouded sky, seemed, in the calm dignity of its lustre, to read a moral lesson to mortals. Amidst the turbulence of a battle, the mind is too much excited to permit any reflections upon passing events; but, in the pause which follows, to those not engaged in the pursuit of the retreating army, the serenity of

Nature, after such a conflict, produces a deep sense of the utter insignificance of the affairs of mortals, the turmoils of ambition, and the rise or fall of empires, in the great scheme of the universe. We had felt the stirring passions awakened by the share which we had taken in securing this triumph of British prowess; but they were partly softened by the melancholy object of our walk, and almost wholly subdued by the peaceful loveliness of the night: but other feelings, those of disgust of our species, were aroused the moment we began to traverse the late foughten field.

“ Above us, all was serenity, the still magnificence of Nature; around us lay the dying and the dead, relics of the fury of infuriated mortals; the horrors of the carnage, rendered more horrific by the acts of those, the followers of the camp, who were now busily engaged in stripping and plundering the bodies of the slain. These wretches (how can it be believed by those who have never witnessed such a scene?) were chiefly women! Well might the poets say, in the fable of Prometheus, ‘ that, in adding to the original clay, in his formation of man, some ingredient taken

from every animal, he applied the vehemence of the enraged lion to the human breast*.

“There is one effect of moonlight, which every accurate observer must have remarked: when the beams are reflected from the ripple of a shallow stream, the objects betwixt the flickering light and the spectator, being entirely in shadow, if they be moving objects, assume a peculiar, almost unearthly character. On the present occasion, the persons thus situated were numerous; busied in their horrid occupation, they seemed like a troop of demons, in perfect accordance with the work in which they were engaged. The ground was strewed with helmets, caps, swords, and muskets; dismounted cannon and their broken carriages; the carcasses of horses; and the mutilated bodies of dying men, mingled with the still more mutilated dead. The spots where the contests had been most severe, were marked by the heaps of the slain. Our attention was particularly attracted to a small village, which the stream half encircled, giving the ground on which it stood almost an insular character;

* ————et insani leonis

Vien stomacho appossiusse nestro.

HORACE, *Carmen* xvi.

it had been repeatedly and most resolutely attacked by the French, and nobly defended by the British Foot Guards. The cottages were unroofed and nearly battered to the ground; each was the temporary cemetery of the brave; whilst the bodies of the enemy, who in the last attack had been pursued across the stream, which was here much widened, so blocked up the current, that it had overflowed its boundaries, and formed a little lake in a recently reaped field on the opposite bank, in which the shocks of corn were still standing. The ammunition waggons passing over the field to pick up the wounded and convey them to the hospitals; the glare of the torches of the pioneers, digging pits for depositing the bodies of their fallen comrades; and the dreadful occupation of the harpies, who were previously stripping and plundering them, impressed me with the necessity of discovering, as quickly as possible, the remains of my poor friend. There was no difficulty in finding the spot where we had sustained the charge of the cuirassiers. Our brave fellows lay mingled with the horses and horsemen with whom they had come into close contact: some still grasped the bridles of their opponents, which they held when both had fallen together:

whilst others, by the nature of their wounds, displayed, too palpably, the obstinate courage with which the combat had been sustained.

“ I turned my eye upon my young friend, who stood beside me with his chin resting on his thumb and forefinger, in deep thoughtfulness, affording another strong illustration of my ‘ theory of looks.’ He had just begun his career in arms :—might not the soaring ambition which had hitherto fired his soul for distinction, thus soon terminate ?—is it worth the life which is risked ?

“ I fancied I could read these questions passing through his mind, as he gazed for a moment in my face ; a thousand cogitations were crowded in that single glance :—

“ Hope and fear, alternate, swayed his breast,
Like light and shade upon a waving field,
Coursing each other, when the flying clouds
Now hide, and now reveal the sun*.”

But Imagination, in the morning of life, cheats our intellectual and reasoning faculty. Before my young friend’s eye lay a ghastly heap of mangled bodies—on his ear fell the groans of dying men—his reason, at the instant, strongly condemned war and all its attendant evils ; and

* Home.

he silently wondered that man can thus criminally imbue his hands in the blood of his fellow men ; but no sooner did his mind accord to these truths, than fancy reversed the picture—painted, in the brightest hues, the image of his country—plead the sacred duty of her sons to uphold the honour of her throne—sounded in his ears the applause of the senates on heroic deeds—pointed to the approving smile of beauty, which hails the return of the successful warrior. Fancy was proceeding to heighten the colouring of the sketch, when I recalled my young friend's thoughts, by laying my hand upon his shoulder.

“ ‘ It is a trying scene, Campbell,’ said I, ‘ for so young a soldier!’

“ ‘ It may be so, Captain Mac Alpine,’ replied he, erecting himself and folding his arms upon his breast, ‘ but it has no effect upon me : the soldier, if he fall, meets only the fate of thousands, and his anxieties are ended : if he survive, the gratitude of his country is a sufficient recompense for all his hardships.’

“ ‘ Come,’ said I, ‘ we must not argue the point ; our search for our friend's body should not end here ; we must endeavour to secure it from the talons of these harpies.’

and, linking my arm in that of Campbell, we again traversed the ground, closely examining the features of every corpse that displayed the uniform of a field-officer ; but all in vain.

“ Numerous were the acts of brutality which we were forced to witness in the performance of this melancholy duty. Many well-known faces were recognized, but the body of our friend was not found.

“ What a fund of reflection did these slaughtered heaps present—how many ambitious projects—how many benevolent intentions—what warm affections—what deep regrets and fond imaginings—what vices and doubts—how much goodness, and how many ardent hopes, were suddenly extinguished ! I had seen death in all its forms ; but never before had I beheld the barbarities by which the avarice of mankind augments the horrors of a field of battle. Yet what should we expect ?—what is war ?—strip it of its glittering arms, caparisoned steeds, emblazoned banners, its music, imposing array, and all its pomp and pageantry—what is it ?—murder in the aggregate !—What is the field of battle but a slaughter-house ? In hazarding this opinion, however, which the scene around me so forcibly impressed, I must not confound

the soldier with his occupation—a contempt and indifference for personal danger ; an open, frank, and generous bearing ; a nice sense of honour, candour, gentlemanly politeness, and attention to others ; devotion to the fair sex ; warmth of friendship, loyalty, patriotism, philanthropy ; and, if to these attributes be added a liberal education and a deep feeling of religion, where can we find a more perfect combination of all that should constitute a man ? Such were most of my brother-officers—such, in all respects, was the individual whose loss I had now to deplore, and the search after whose mortal remains had elicited the feelings and sentiments which I have recorded.

“ How inscrutable are the ways of Providence ! The affair of to-day had, to all appearance, laid in the dust my lamented friend Cameron : one of the warmest of friends, the best of brothers, the most affectionate of sons, and the most unexceptionable in character as an officer and a man ; whilst one of the greatest libertines in the army, Captain Atkinson—for he had risen to a troop—was not only spared, but was elevated to a majority, and received the public thanks of the Commander-in-chief. It is, however, but justice to acknowledge, that he

was an excellent officer: he had studied his profession as a science; and, both in tactics and gallantry, was not surpassed by any one in the army.

“ We failed, as I have already related, in finding the body of poor Cameron; of whose death, however, I entertained no doubt.

“ In returning through a field of newly-reaped corn, in which the shocks had been thrown down and were scattered in every direction, our attention was attracted by groans, proceeding, as it were, from beneath some shocks that lay tumbled together: on removing them, we discovered a corporal of my own regiment, severely wounded; my excellent and honest, humble friend and faithful servant, Dugald Macnab.

“ ‘ Hah, Doctor!’ said the poor fellow, as we uncovered him, ‘ I axes your pardon for being so free; but you see, Sir, as how she thought it was all over with her, should it be some of the Frenchmen who might be moving the stacks; and when she see’d it was you, her heart sprung to her mouth, and the words came o’ themselves.’

“ ‘ Never mind, my good fellow; this is not a time for ceremony. Where are you wounded?’

“ ‘ Faith, it is nae so easy to say. I think I

got a scratch on the souther frae ane of the French dragoons, just before the pistol was fired that winged me,' replied he, striving in vain to raise himself upon his elbow.

" ' You are a non-commissioned officer of the Forty-second ; do you know any thing of Major Cameron ? ' I eagerly enquired.

" ' I fear, Sir,' said he, ' he's come to nae gude: I saw him fa' wi' his horse, in the charge when we were a' ridden down. Is he missing, Sir ? — God bless him ! — he was a brave soger and a good man.'

" Seeing that the wounded corporal could give me no information on the subject I had most at heart, I requested Campbell to get some men to convey the poor fellow to the hospital, and I should remain near him until they arrived. This was done : he was taken to the hospital, and recovered. I kept my eyes upon this excellent man until after the affair of Badajoz, in which he was again wounded in a manner to render him unfit for further service ; and he became my domestic.

" The hospitals were in a melancholy condition ; situated on a low, flat, moist piece of ground, occasionally overflowed by the river, and almost nightly enveloped in fogs. The natives themselves, indeed, were of a sickly

cast of countenance, and universally afflicted with remittents and agues; it was not remarkable, therefore, that many of our poor fellows, who had escaped the grasp of death in the field of battle, sunk the victims of disease in the hospitals. Even officers in their quarters were severely attacked with fevers; and the mortality spread so wide on every hand, that a feeling of hopelessness and depression fell upon us all, and rendered our meetings, at mess and elsewhere, scenes of the most gloomy melancholy. Many of the medical officers were suffering under the prevailing epidemic; so that those who had withstood its influence were overwhelmed with their duties.

“ I was requested to see a lady at the quarters of a cavalry officer. . My surprise may be conceived, when I mention that this was a Spanish lady, under the protection of Captain Atkinson. Before me stood the man, whom of all others I most detested; with the history of whose cruelty and dishonourable conduct I was intimately acquainted. I had never before met with him, although I knew he was in the same division of the army; and I had not told to Cameron the share which he had in the fate of Mrs. Atkinson, fearing that a duel might place my friend's life in jeopardy. He was a tall,

handsome man, in every point a soldier ; with a mild, pleasing expression of countenance, which ill corresponded with what I knew of the infamy of his conduct, and the badness of his heart : his countenance was at complete variance with my doctrine of looks, and made me secretly acknowledge the truth, that, although we may guess at a tree by its fruit, yet, that we cannot look into the hearts of men. All their study is to please, all their labour to satisfy their passions, and their endeavours to gain their own ends.

“ ‘ I fear,’ said he, bowing, as I entered the little room in which the patient lay, ‘ that it is too late, Doctor, to save this unfortunate woman ; she has been ill four days, the disease is gaining ground, and the delirium is of the most frightful description. You will perceive that she is a Spanish woman ; her attachment to me has induced her to forsake her friends, and, therefore, I am bound to protect her.’

“ What a remark from the lips of such a man ! I could scarcely refrain from taxing him with the desertion of one who also had forsaken her friends for him ; whose affection was of the purest and most disinterested kind ; who had received, in return, only neglect and

scorn ; and who was the victim of his cruelty and indifference. I looked at him for a moment ; and, without replying to his remark, sat down by the bed-side of the patient.

“ She was a woman, apparently scarcely twenty years of age, with the dark hair and pale complexion of her country-women, with a fine intelligent contour of countenance. The continuance of the disease had sufficed to produce emaciation ; but the suffusion of the eyes, the rolling of the head on the pillow, the low muttering delirium, with the action of the arms of the insensible patient, as if endeavouring to drive away some imaginary objects, and the occasional picking of the bed clothes, satisfied me that no favourable prognosis could be hazarded. As I held my fingers upon the pulse, I could collect from the train of ideas that were passing through the brain, that the poor sufferer believed herself again at home, and was pleading with her mother the excuse of her errors.

“ ‘ He is so handsome—he spoke so tenderly—yes! yes! yes! loved me, mother—yes! so devotedly.’—She repeated the last sentence a dozen times, till her voice dropped, and the words were confused in a whisper; then, again raising her voice, staring wildly, and

jumping up in the bed, she exclaimed—‘ Yes, yes! but see’—stretching out her arms—‘ he is gone!—come to me, mother!—I’ll tell you!’ and then again she continued muttering in a whisper, until she became exhausted and fell back in the bed.

“ Atkinson, who seemed much affected, bit his lips, as she uttered these sentences, and stood gazing upon her.

“ ‘ Can nothing be done, Doctor?’ said he, with eagerness.

“ I told him that I feared not: but wrote a prescription, having given my direction to a soldier’s wife, who acted as a sick nurse, and was about to depart, when he seized my hands, thanked me hastily, and beseeched me to repeat my visit in the evening. Although I could not but pity the wretched man, at this moment, yet I felt a cold shudder pass through my frame as he held my hand. My evening visit was unnecessary: I was informed, by a note from Atkinson, that, two hours after I left his quarters, my patient breathed her last.

“ What a picture did the scene which I had just witnessed present of the just dispensations of the Almighty, and of the truth, that real happiness can only exist when the mind is influenced by sentiments totally independent of

external circumstances, namely, a consciousness of rectitude, and a firm reliance on the benevolence of the Creator. Here was an individual, on whose deeds as an officer the full tribute of applause had been lavished—the envy of his brethren in arms—who regarded his triumph as complete, and his expectations the most lofty, humbled in the midst of his glorious career ; his private feelings awakened to a retrospect of crimes held up to his mind's eye by an irresistible power ; and the still, small voice of conscience, whispering in his ears, ‘ What are the honours which have been heaped upon you ?—what all the homage and command that you may win in the narrow scene of this diminutive world, to one moment's enjoyment of the peaceful repose of heart which solaces the bosom of the good and just man, borne down by misfortunes, turning his eye with reverential submission to contemplate the mystery of Omnipotent benevolence ?’

“ I saw nothing more of Atkinson while I remained on the Peninsula ; but I heard that the death of this unfortunate woman had produced a considerable improvement in his habits. He rose rapidly in rank ; and, after I returned home, and had left the service, he was gazetted

as a lieutenant-colonel. The future history of his unfortunate wife is still involved in mystery."

Having digressed thus far to give all the information requisite respecting the history of Miss Caroline Ashton, the Editor has now to request the reader to return to the close of the seventh Chapter, the point where the Doctor's Diary was interrupted.

CHAPTER XI.

“ ————— she says nothing : what of that ?
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

I HAD settled the matter in my own mind, that Mr. Mordaunt was over head and ears in love with Miss Caroline Ashton ; and I lost two hours' sleep in reflecting upon the nature of that irresistible of all human passions, which subjugates even human reason to its power.

I think it was Plato who defined love to be “ a pure pleasure, derived from the perfection of mind, a sympathy of soul, free from all corporeal feelings.” But, were this true, the sex of the beloved object would be of no account ; and moral charms, independent of personal beauty, elegance of form, and gracefulness, would be sufficient to awaken the passion in every bosom ; and the idea of its ever occurring at first sight, would, in that case, be

entirely out of the question. Now, this I deny; for that the unalloyed sentiment, the purest and most romantic love, has arisen in two individuals the first moment they have beheld one another is undoubted: and many examples in proof of it, both from ancient and modern history, might be brought forward, were it requisite to discuss the point so fully. If this be true, how, it may be enquired, is this sudden romantic affection to be explained? I believe, in truth, it arises from the influence of that natural physiognomical science which we all possess, and daily, and hourly, and momentarily exercise. There is something in the look of every person that indicates his moral qualities; and if these be of a description highly valued by another, and, at the same time, beauty or elegance of person be added, there is no reason why that mutual sympathy, which attracts and binds the opposite sexes, should not be at once awakened. It is not a matter of the understanding, nor a cool decision of judgment, but a simple act of that occult, inexplicable, but powerful and generally operating principle, which, for want of a better term, is designated sympathy.

I was half awake, conning over such thoughts as these, when Dugald, who knew my early

habits, tapped at my room door, and proclaimed that it was six o'clock.

The morning was clear and serene; the bright blue of the sky was unstained by the smallest speck of cloud: and, as much rain had fallen during the night, the transparency of the air was so great, that, from my little window, which fronted the Trosachs, every thing, even the most distant objects, appeared as distinct as if they were within my grasp. Ben Venue seemed lowered to half its usual altitude; and I could distinguish the heath and the mountain-flowers that embossed the summits of the rocky pyramids in the opening of the glen.

I had gathered from Dugald that none of the party was yet astir, except the parson, as he termed Mr. Mordaunt, who, he informed me, had left the inn at five o'clock.

"She may be gane," continued Dugald, "to shoot a brace o' moor-fowl, or to snare a trout for the leddies: but, yet, she took nither gun nor fishing-rod. Weel, 'tis hard to sae what took her out so soon, as the air is raw and the dew thick upon the sod."

I was not in a humour to listen to more of Dugald's conjectures; and, therefore dismissing him, I hastily dressed, and following the ex-

ample of Mr. Mordaunt, I walked out and directed my steps to the Trosachs. My first impressions on entering, that romantic defile were such as I cannot describe. The glowing description of Sir Walter Scott had prepared me to anticipate many of its beauties ; but the idea I had formed of the whole fell far short of the scene before me. I had visited most of the celebrated passes of Italy and Switzerland : many, in point of sublimity and awful magnificence, leave the Trosachs far behind ; but, except the Vallée d'Enfer, between Freybourg and Schaffhausen, none of them can compete with the variety of its fantastic features.

In tracing the road which leads to the lake, I found myself, at one time, elevated above most of the rocky fragments which compose the pass : the craggy face and wild crest of Binean rising on the right ; on the left, the base of Ben Venue groaning beneath its garniture of foliage, richly tinted with the autumnal hues ; and, before me, a slight glimpse of the loch. Again I was lost in the gloom of the shade thrown by the trees shooting from the rifts of the rocks on each side of the deep and narrow defile. At one turn of the road, the most profound silence reigned, interrupted only by the gurgle of the little runnels which, clear

as crystal, crossed the rocky path : even the dropping of a morsel of withered twig, fractured by a bird forcing its way through the brakes, or a fragment of sand pushed down by the tiny foot of the emmet, became audible : at another, the ear was suddenly struck with the rush of some mountain torrent, concealed from sight by the tangled screen of birch, hazel, and eglantine, which covered the face of the crags.

Emerging from one of these dells, I sat down upon a projecting point of rock, cushioned with velvety moss, to enjoy the warmth of the sun, which had now risen high enough to throw his beams into the many windings of the pass that opened to the east. I was soon attracted by the hum of a bee, which alighted upon a honeysuckle near me ; and was observing the artifices of the insect to procure the honey from the deep horn of the flower, when a stone rolling down from the crag above arrested my attention, and, looking upwards, I perceived Mr. Mordaunt descending its rugged face.

“ Hah ! Doctor,” said he, “ I fear I have interrupted your study. I had climbed to the top of this rocky knoll to pluck a wild rose, which attracted my eye as I was strolling down the pass.”

I was almost tempted to say that I could guess for whom it was intended : but I merely remarked that he had displayed the taste of the poet in his selection of the flower.

“ I know no object in nature,” said he, “ so beautiful as the opening bud of the wild rose, bathed in the morning dew, and peeping out beneath the mantle of its fresh green leaves.”

“ Except,” said I, “ the blushing, unconscious maiden, of whom assuredly it is the emblem.”

“ Hah ! Doctor,” replied he, “ I perceive that your gravity has not closed your bosom to the impression of beauty.”

“ If it had, Mr. Mordaunt, could it fail to be again opened after having seen Miss Caroline Ashton ?”

“ Certainly not, Doctor !” was his response : but, purposely changing the subject, he enquired what I was so earnestly contemplating when he perceived me from the top of the rock : and, having explained to him, he linked his arm in mine, and chatting upon the promising aspect of the weather for the day’s excursion, we reached the inn, just as Dugald was in the act of announcing breakfast to Mr. Sketchly, who was occupied in transferring to

his portfolio a beautiful group of trees close to the house.

The ladies, with the exception of Mrs. Standard, were already assembled and equipped for the projected expedition. A large beaver hat, similar to that which Reubens has painted in his celebrated picture of the *chapeau de paille*, with a black lace veil thrown over it and dropping carelessly upon the left shoulder ; a dark green pelisse fitted closely to her person, and the belt fastened with a gold buckle, added grace to the tall, elegant figure of Miss Standard. I could perceive that Caroline had bestowed much care in arranging, in the most pleasing negligence, her auburn ringlets, clustering beneath a black riding-hat, decorated with a drooping feather ; and a dark-blue pelisse, the belt fastened with a silver buckle, displayed to great advantage her airy figure. The enchanting smile with which she returned our salutations heightened every charm and lighted up almost an angelic expression in her beautiful countenance. The eye of her aunt, who now entered the room, hung upon the lovely girl with an enviable delight.

“ I have found,” said Mr. Mordaunt, holding the wild rose lightly between his fingers and gracefully advancing to Caroline Ashton, “ a

native of these sylvan regions that throws into the shade all the brightest beauties of the court; see—the dewy tear still hangs upon her blushing cheek.”

He presented the flower, which she received with a smile and a graceful inclination of the head; and blushed deeply while she playfully remarked, that “she was not surprized at Mr. Mordaunt’s preference: art might imitate, but could never equal the unsophisticated beauties of nature;” and, in the simple-heartedness of innocence, she placed the rose-bud in her bosom.

The eyes of the clergyman moistened with delight. Mrs. Standard threw a look upon him, as if to read his very soul. It was evident that an idea, which was a stranger to her mind, had intruded itself, and was now regulating the train of her thoughts. Miss Standard, also, who was chatting cheerfully with the Cantab, suddenly became silent and thoughtful: and Aunt Bridget gave the Advocate a significant wink. Mr. Oatlands was in high spirits; and, not being able to resist the desire of teasing his friend, rose, and, advancing to Caroline Ashton, requested leave to examine the flower. “It is, indeed,” said he, “one of the most beautiful of its kind. Mordaunt, this

is no groundling ; I know the species well. Miss Caroline, this rose is never found but shooting from the clefts of the rocks, flinging over their rugged fronts its long, green, streaming shoots, studded with blossoms. I was not aware that my friend's southron limbs could have mastered the crag on which this bonnie bud was borne. Mordaunt, what was the height ?”

The Clergyman knew the humor of his friend too well to reply ; and turned round to shake the hand of the Colonel, who at that moment entered the room. The Advocate, in returning the gift to its fair owner, enquired if she recollected the first stanza of the fourth Canto of the *Lady of the Lake*. She replied that she had read and admired it, but did not then remember the passage. “ It is,” said Mr. Oatlands, “ one of the many beautiful passages of that exquisite poem which impress themselves indelibly upon the memory. I am a poor hand at recitation, but I will attempt it.” And, with a taste and feeling which astonished those of the party who had judged of him solely by his mirth, he recited the following lines :—

" The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears ;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears :
 O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
 I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through future years."

A slight blush mantled on the cheek of Caroline Ashton as the Advocate concluded the stanza. Mr. Mordaunt threw a glance of reproof upon his friend ; who, smothering a roguish laugh, his usual custom when pleased with the effect of any practical jest, walked carelessly towards the breakfast table.

The party was now seated. The steaming vase gave out its curling clouds : eggs, cold moor-fowl, venison-ham, broiled trout, marmalade, currant-jelly, and all the other requisites of a Highland breakfast, to which every one seemed disposed to do justice, were rapidly disappearing. The veteran, whose attention had hitherto been otherwise engaged, now began to peruse the dress of his daughters. He proposed that plaids should be carried by his servant and Dugald for the women, as he termed the ladies : " By Gad !" continued he, " if we meet one of those mountain-showers we have so frequently encountered among the hills, that silk pelisse of yours, Biddy, will

make but a sorry fight. The large drops of a Highland shower have no respect for finery."

"Drops, Colonel!" said the Cantab: "did you ever see a drop in a Highland shower? It comes down in torrents, not in drops."

The Advocate proposed to borrow the plaids of the host and the landlady. "I will carry our host's myself for Miss Bridget," said he, "I'll warnt 'tis big enough for two."

Aunt Bridget, pursing up her lips to a smile, and throwing back her head to add to the grace of a formal courtesy, thanked the Advocate for his kindness to a forlorn old maid. "But, O! Mr. Oatlands," said she, "you are so fond of a joke."

"I am, indeed," replied he; "but this is no joke. Suppose, my dear lady! we meet one of these wholesale showers your brother talks of, would it not be very comfortable to be rolled up together in a cozy Highland impenetrable?" Miss Bridget attempted to get up a blush, the failure of which greatly amused her lively niece, who threw an arch smile at Mrs. Standard.

Breakfast being finished, and the plaids despatched by the Colonel's servant and Dugald to the side of the loch, the party prepared to move.

“ Shall we not have the pleasure of Mrs. Standard’s company ?” said I ; for I perceived no signs of equipment in that quarter. “ No,” she replied, “ I have no desire to be drowned upon land. I have seen enough of wild rocks and glens. My curiosity is more easily sated than that of the young people ;” directing her eye to Aunt Bridget, who felt the allusion and was framing a rejoinder ; when the Veteran, who perceived an approaching skirmish, with excellent generalship drew off the weaker party, remarking, “ Never mind, Biddy ! there is no age in taste, and we may class ourselves among the young as long as we can enjoy their amusements.”

“ I hope you have your thick shoes on, Carry, my dear,” said Mrs. Standard. The lively girl had already accepted Mr. Mordaunt’s arm ; and, nodding assent, left the room : Miss Bridget, hooked hers in that of Mr. Oatlands, who, also, carried her camp-stool : Miss Standard took her father’s arm and mine ; whilst Mr. Sketchly, with his drawing apparatus, and the Cantab, with his botanical box, paired off in close conversation on the organ of design. In this order we proceeded down the Trosachs.

Much of the enchantment of this extraordinary pass had vanished : the deep, clear, broad

shadows produced by the sidelong beams of the rising orb of day; the sparkling of the dew-drops on the leafy garniture of the grotesque knolls, that constitute its remarkable features, had passed away with the freshness of the morning hour, which had yielded to the almost oppressive warmth of a brilliant noon-day sun, in an unclouded sky. A remarkable effect of this change struck me forcibly: instead of the powerful influence of even the smallest noises upon the ear, the conversation of the groups passing on before us, at no great distance, was scarcely audible; except, now and then, when the hearty laugh of the Advocate indicated that he was succeeding in extracting some amusement from the remarks of Aunt Bridget. There seemed, indeed, as if none but those in our immediate group of the party were in the pass. My companions were not less struck with this circumstance than I was, and Miss Standard requested me to explain it: but, before I could frame my reply, the Veteran had afforded the explanation in his own way.

“Why, don’t you perceive, my dear Letitia,” said he, gently withdrawing his daughter’s arm from his, and assuming a military position, at the same time extending his cane like a sword,

as if about to give the command to a battalion, —“ don’t you perceive that, in this narrow defile, with a hot sun over our heads, we are exactly like mice in an air-pump ?”

“ You are quite right, Colonel,” added I ; “ but is it not extraordinary that, although this effect, evidently depending upon the great rarefaction of the atmosphere, must have been often observed, yet it is not mentioned, at least I do not remember seeing it remarked upon, in any work on pneumatics ?”

“ I have often observed the same effect of heat,” said the Colonel, “ when on duty in America.”

Miss Standard here ventured to remark that, not only was the power of sound diminished in this state of the atmosphere, but that of vision also.

“ Yes, Madam,” replied I, delighted to perceive that she took an interest in this kind of conversation ; “ that is owing to the greater degree of refraction of dry air ; whereas, in a moist atmosphere, the rays of light proceed nearly in straight lines to the eye.”

“ I comprehend your explanation, Doctor,” said she, “ and presume that the very clear view of distant objects, which I have often observed in the course of our tour, is owing to the constant moist state of the atmosphere in these mountainous regions.”

The Veteran was pleased with the remarks of his daughter, and smiled. "By Gad!" added he, "it is often most extraordinary;—you must recollect, Letty, my dear, how much we were struck with this circumstance, in looking at Ben Nevis from the inn at Fort William; although the distance is full eight miles, yet, we saw the summit as distinctly as if within half a mile of it. The whole of the previous day, Doctor, had been one *stone* shower, as we used to say in Savannah: but the following morning was a glorious one; and the landlady of the inn assured us that we might be twenty years at Fort William, and not see the mountain as it appeared that morning."

In this manner the conversation continued until we arrived at the side of the lake. Poor Dugald had deposited his load of cloaks and umbrellas in the boat, in which Aunt Bridget was already seated, whilst the rest of the party waited to deliberate on the course which was to be pursued.

I confess that I was disappointed with this view of the lake. Although it is picturesque, yet the idea of its grandeur and its mountain walls, which the perusal of Sir Walter Scott's poem had pictured in my imagination, was not realized. The keen eye of the Barrister observed what was passing in my mind.

“ You are a child of the mist, Doctor,” said he ; “ yet I perceive that you have fallen into the mistake which is committed by the crowds of visitors from the south, who daily rush down to the Trosach, full of the Lady of the Lake and Fitz-James. Now let me be the guide to-day ; and let the boat, with Miss Bridget, who is already fatigued with her walk, row quietly round into the bay, and take us up where I shall point out.”

This proposition was instantly relished by all the party, except Aunt Bridget, who, finding that the Barrister did not enter the boat which began to move off from the shore, and not having heard the plan which had been proposed, began to be alarmed : raising her shrill voice, “ Oh ! Mr. Oatlands,” said she, “ is this your gallantry ? Can you desert a forlorn old maid who has trusted to your promises ?”

Roused by the sharp note which struck his ear, the Advocate suddenly turned round, “ By Heavens !” exclaimed he, “ I have forgotten to communicate our plan to the old lady ;” and, beckoning to the boatmen to push back, rushed half-leg deep into the water to meet the boat. “ Pardon me, my dear lady,” said he, gallantly pressing the long withered fingers which were held out to him to his lips ; and, having hastily stated his plan, stepped back upon the beach.

As the boat glided off, Miss Bridget waved her handkerchief, whilst the Barrister, to the great amusement of the party, drew his from his pocket, and, tying one part of it round his neck, and the other round the branch of a noble beech which overhung the bank, stood with his arms hanging down and his head inclined upon his shoulder as if he had suspended himself from the branch.

"See," said Caroline Ashton, who had indulged in the hearty laugh which the quaint humour of the Advocate had created, "Aunt Bridget actually rises in the boat, as if uncertain whether her gallant Lothario be in jest or earnest."

"He has spoiled an excellent scene," said Mr. Mordaunt, "by his hasty resuscitation;" for, at that moment having disengaged him, and advancing to the party, he seemed to enjoy the laugh as much as any of those in whom he had provoked it.

"To prove," replied Mr. Oatlands, "that my resuscitation is complete, I will commence my office of guide."

He conducted the party round the base of a little hill to the left of the spot where the visitors usually take boat; from which point, to that where the river issues which joins the lake with Loch Achray, a succession of

the most wild, romantic, and varied landscapes present themselves. At one part, the lofty, grey masses of the naked rock stretch almost into the water; leaving scarcely room for a single person to pick a footing round their base, and form a striking contrast with others, from the fissures of which the oak, firmly rooted, throws his knotted branches and deep-green foliage over the narrow path. Such is the nature of the foregrounds:—the distances, viewed across various breadths of water, are composed of the broad and apparently inaccessible shoulder of Ben Venue, its tremendous cliffs, intervening hollows, and scattered wood mingled with the broken rocks and frowning precipices which indent its base.

“It is a fearful, but highly picturesque and interesting scene,” said Miss Standard, as the whole party collected upon a little plat of green-sward, formed by an opening of the rocks, “Ben Venue certainly presents here all its grandeur; but it is a gloomy magnificence.”

The party proceeded under the guidance of the Advocate; and it required some address to get the ladies through the underwood. At length the river burst upon them in all its wild and boisterous magnificence. The recess into which they descended is an awful wilderness of rocks, and woods, and rushing waters; the river,

the origin of which in the lake is here completely obscured, seems to burst out of the side of the mountain; and, boiling along its rugged channel, hollowed in some places in the primæval rock, and shadowed beneath outstretching oaks, almost as ancient as the granitic masses in the chasms of which they are rooted, is again suddenly lost amid the lofty and thickly wooded crags, through which it has evidently forced a passage, to lose itself in the peaceful and glassy sheet of Loch Achray. The suddenness with which they had been transported into this apparently inaccessible mountain-recess, where all was wrapt in twilight gloom and mystery, and not a sound, save the rush of the rapid torrent, broke upon the ear, produced the most striking expression on the intelligent countenances of Miss Standard and her cousin. The Advocate enjoyed the astonishment thus excited, not only in the ladies, but in the whole party, none of which had ever been here before.

“I hope you are now convinced,” said he, addressing Caroline Ashton, with the beam of exultation glittering in his eye, “that this northern land, rich in that most blessed of all manna, oatmeal, and that most sovereign of all balms, whiskey, equals, if it does not surpass, your much-lauded Switzerland in the picturesque.”

“ This is indeed,” replied she, “ a most extraordinary and romantic spot.”

“ You see,” said Mr. Mordaunt, whose look bespoke the pleasure he experienced in the astonishment of his lovely companion, “ that, under the quaint humour of my friend, is hidden a refined taste, and a perception of the sublime and beautiful which is associated only with the highest class of intellect.”

“ At your old tricks, Mordaunt!” said the Advocate. “ Flattery, Miss Caroline, is the besetting sin of my friend.”

“ I have perceived no indication of that vice, as yet, in Mr. Mordaunt,” replied Caroline.

“ Hem !” ejaculated Mr. Oatlands, straining his penetrating eye upon the Clergyman, who felt the full meaning of the interjection ; and was about to divert the conversation into another channel, when the attention of every one was suddenly arrested by the exclamation—

“ Oh, Heavens !” from Miss Standard, who, having advanced a short way into the gloom of the recess, was now hastily retreating. She was followed by a being scarcely human, not unlike the idiot described in the tale of Wandering Willie, who had suddenly appeared from amongst the rocks, and was following, in a kind of ambling trot, close at the heels of

the lady. As he came into the light, he halted, and gave the party, which he now first perceived, an opportunity of surveying him.

He was about the middle size, of a spare habit, dried up by long exposure to sun and wind ; his features were sharp and angular ; his scanty head of hair was of a reddish-sand colour, and the few long, thin tufts on a chin, which had never felt the influence of a razor, were of the same hue ; his legs and arms were bare, owing to the scantiness of his clothing, which was of the fashion of the country, and nearly worn to rags ; and the nails on both toes and fingers were lengthened to talons. He stood for a few seconds, grinning at the party, muttering incoherent sentences ; which, from the extension of his skinny hand, seemed to imply a request ; and glancing his piercing grey eyes over the party, but chiefly on the ladies, with an indescribable rapidity of movement.

Mr. Mordaunt and myself having advanced, the creature turned round in an instant, as if apprehensive of some danger, and disappeared behind the rocks whence he issued*. We followed

* About eight years since, the Editor met with a being closely resembling the description of his friend, on the road between Callander and the Trosachs. He ran by the side of the carriage for nearly a mile.

him to the point where he had disappeared, but no traces of him remained ; indeed, we could not see many yards before us on entering the chasm, for the crag through which the river had evidently forced a passage, was so thickly overhung with trees and shrubs, as to exclude the light ; and the hollow, booming sound of a cataract met the ear, and led us to imagine that it was precipitated into a subterraneous cavern before it mingled its waters with those of Loch Achray. Whoever the being was who had emerged from this den, it was evident that he was well acquainted with it, as he had effectually eluded our power of tracing his flight.

This little incident aroused many conjectures respecting this singular-looking being. The Cantab, who had returned from gathering lichen and woodroff among the damp rocks, contended he must be a satyr ; and he was anxious to commence an argument with the Advocate on the possibility of the existence of such beings.

“ If that be the case,” said Caroline Ashton, “ he must have mistaken you, dear Letty ! for a mountain nymph ; did he not approach you with such a grace as Mr. Peters would have called a natural soliciting ? ”

“ Caroline !—Caroline ! ” replied her cousin,

with a look of reproof, "you must rein in your satirical humour."

"You are right, as you always are, my dear Letitia ; I will be as grave as a judge."

The Advocate, however, who would not lose the opportunity of playing off a jest on this little alarm to the ladies, enquired who Mr. Peters was ?

"A pious rector, who made love to Letitia"—was the immediate reply of Caroline Ashton :—"but I must not proceed—only tell me, Letitia," said she, "how your knight of the cavern introduced himself?"

"Carry, you are incorrigible," said her cousin. But, nevertheless, she good-naturedly proceeded to satisfy her request. She stated, that, having advanced to look into the mouth of the chasm, she felt something drop, as it were, near her ; and, turning round, saw the creature's horrible eyes glaring upon her ; when she instantly retreated.

"And he pursued," continued Caroline Ashton ?

"In that he shewed his good taste," said the Advocate ; "and he, also, gave an undeniable proof that the genus to which my friend Percival opines he belongs, are people of refined sentiments. Pray, Miss Standard, had he hoofs?"

Miss Ashton seemed to enjoy the question, and was apparently about to add some pleasant remark, when she suddenly became pale, and would have fallen, if Mr. Mordaunt had not sprang forwards and caught her in his arms.

“For heaven’s sake, Carry,” said the Veteran, “what is the matter?”

“Nothing, nothing, uncle!” replied she, as she revived; and, blushing deeply, at finding herself supported by Mr. Mordaunt, she gently disengaged herself, thanked him for his attention, and sat down on a projection of the rock. It was evident that such a state of feeling was not the result of any thing connected with the little adventure already related, which had excited only the playfulness of the lovely girl; and I could not avoid referring it to a circumstance which powerfully attracted my notice, and made me almost, for a moment, believe in the second sight of the Highlanders.

Just before Miss Ashton fainted, my attention was roused by a movement amongst the trees above the dell in which the party was standing; and, turning my eye in the direction of the sound, I perceived the figure of a man glide past, half hid by the foliage, but yet sufficiently exposed to induce me to think that it was a person familiar to my recollection, but

who, I believed, could not possibly be in this part of the country. I noticed the eye of Mr. Mordaunt turned in the same direction, and suddenly, also, that of Miss Ashton, who immediately fainted. There was something mysterious in all this, which I could not explain. The Clergyman stood by Caroline Ashton with an expression of uneasy thoughtfulness ; and, as she recovered her composure, she gave a look at her cousin, which convinced me that the source of her uneasiness was connected with what she had seen, and which was known to both. It was probable that none of the rest of the party had observed the person pass among the trees ; and, although I determined to communicate my suspicions to the Veteran, yet this was not the moment ; and, therefore, I did not care to turn his conversation from the channel in which it flowed.

“ Why, Carry ! ” continued he, “ you look as if you had seen a ghost. Is this dell, Mr. Oatlands, the Coir nan Uisk, Ursk, or what is the name ?—By Gad ! I never shall be able to mouth your break-jaw, outlandish, Highland names.”

“ Coir nan Urisken,” replied the Advocate.
 “ No, Colonel, that is a pleasure to come.

'This, however, is a Coir, and, according to our friend Percival, the being that has alarmed the ladies is an Uriskin, or a satyr."

"Or something very like one," said Miss Standard; "but I do not think that that is the cause of my cousin's fainting."

"No, no," said the Veteran, "Carry has too much courage to be afraid of such ragga-muffin satyrs—a mere half-naked Highlander."

"Yet," pertinaciously continued the Advocate, who wished to draw off the attention of the party until Miss Ashton should recover, whatever might have been the cause of her fainting, "suppose, Colonel, it was the ghost of a Highland Cearn? you recollect the passage of Shakspeare—

" ——— the merciless Macdonnel
(Worthy to be a rebel—for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the Western isles
With *kerns* and *gallow-glasses* was supplied."

It was owing to such gentry making these wilds their retreats, that the loch derived its name: it is generally both pronounced and written Catrine, instead of Cateran, which is, in truth, a corruption of Cath-earn, signifying, in Gaelic, men of war, soldiers, or thieves: now,

this satyr-like being may be the ghost of a Cearnach."

"Fiddlestick!" said the Veteran, who did not perceive the jesting of the man of law; "a man, Sir, of flesh and blood, take my word for it."

The arrival of Mr. Sketchly, who had loitered behind, in ecstasy with the views which presented themselves at several points in his progress, terminated the argument about satyrs, by his assuring the Veteran that the boatmen would be able to give some account of the dubious being who had appeared and vanished so mysteriously. It was therefore resolved that the party should move on to a little cove, where the boat had been ordered to put in; and as it proceeded along the edge of the lake, Mr. Sketchly pointed out the infinite variety of changes in the landscape, which was produced by the foregrounds altering, even when the distance remained the same. Mr. Sketchly explained the distinction between combinations of objects which interest, when transferred to the canvass, and those which produce powerful impressions on the imagination.

"Thus," said he, "the mystical obscurity of the mountain recess, which we have just

quitted, with its labyrinths of rocks, rushing water, and shadowing trees, is not fitted for the canvass ; whilst those very circumstances, added to its solitude and twilight gloom, tend to awaken trains of romantic associations, bordering on the supernatural, which form the great charm of poetry."

Every one felt pleased with these remarks ; but a feeling of depression had fallen over the whole party since the inexplicable fainting which had overcome Caroline Ashton, and which at once completely subdued all the liveliness of her spirits, and sunk the joyous buoyancy so peculiarly her nature.

On arriving at the cove, they found the stores, which had been liberally supplied, spread out on the mossy carpet by Dugald, under the superintendence of Aunt Bridget ; who, seated on her camp-stool, was waiting with anxiety the arrival of the party. In a short time, the moorfowl-pie, which the Advocate eulogized as the quintessence of all that is excellent in the gastronomic art, the cold tongue, the veal sandwiches, and various other etceteras, all nearly disappeared under the brisk attack, as the old Colonel remarked, of the main body ; and totally vanished under that

of the rear-guard, namely, Dugald and the boatmen.

As the ladies did not seem wholly recovered from their alarm, nor desirous of ascending Ben-Venue to-day, and, as I pronounced that it was necessary to rest some time after so hearty a repast, the Advocate, to rouse the spirits of Miss Ashton, by changing her train of ideas, proposed that the party should retire under the shady screen of the rock, and fill up the time of resting with a story.

This proposition being agreed to, the Advocate stretched himself at the feet of Aunt Bridget; Caroline Ashton, much to the disappointment of Mr. Mordaunt, placed her arm in that of the Veteran, whilst Miss Standard, also, seated herself near him. The group being formed, Mr. Mordaunt claimed his right to name the story-teller; and, justly considering that anything of a sombre or a melancholy character would be wholly out of place at this time, named Mr. Oatlands.

“For once,” said the Advocate, “my friend Mordaunt has made a foolish choice: I am a purely matter-of-fact person; and never could I boast of either imagination to invent anything, or memory sufficient to retain what I hear, so as

to relate it to others : but, if a simple relation of what I have seen can be regarded as a story, I am ready to perform my part of the compact into which we have entered."

All were satisfied with the Advocate's account of his capabilities, and quickly settled themselves to listen.

"Did you know, Colonel," said he, "the late Doctor —— ? If you did, I need not inform you that he was one of those persons who pique themselves on certain peculiarities, and often keep alive old customs which have been long banished by the mass of society."

"I had not the happiness of his acquaintance," replied the Veteran.

"I knew the Doctor well," continued the Advocate, "and although I respected him most highly, yet he was a very odd man ; one who did good things in a very strange way, and was as full of prejudice as he was of Greek. I happened to be on a visit in ——shire, and received an invitation to spend a day at ——, on the twelfth of May, the Old May Day of the good old times. I will give the party an account of that day ; but, like Mordaunt, and other great men, I must give a name to my story, which I shall therefore call "*Old May Day*."

CHAPTER, XIV.

OLD MAY-DAY.

“ ——— there was mine host, one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life ; and I paid nothing for it neither.”

Merry Wives of Windsor.

“ AGREEABLY to my invitation, I left my friend’s house, and reached my especial destination on the 12th of May (Old May-day), 1815. A kind of unsettled, expectant look, on the faces of the villagers, denoted the approach of just enough of festivity to disturb, without sufficient amusement to occupy them. They looked half asleep, and the more industrious portion had gone off to their usual occupations ; those who remained were chiefly the idle and dissolute. Nevertheless, in all rural galas, there must be something picturesque and engaging, as long as the people remain sober. The men, with their bright-blue coats, red waistcoats, long

shoe-ties, and knee-ties, and little round tied-up posies in their button-holes ; the girls and matrons with their white aprons, their garments of many colours, their vivid bonnet garnitures, which ladies, I believe, call trimmings, often selected with such an undue appreciation of their own charms ; the pale and ~~sallow~~ universally chusing green ; the bright, full-blown, blowsy lass always adding to her native radiance with red or yellow ;—and, then the children, ever in the way, busy about nothing, excited, without a cause ; and, alternately, the pride and shame, the pleasure and torment of those elderly personages who retain the mob-cap, and pinched-up black sort of rusty-looking silk bonnet, that seems as if it never had been new.”

“ I did not know, Mr. Oatlands,” said Miss Bridget, “ that the ladies attracted so much of your notice.”

“ Forgive me, my dear Madam !” replied he ; “ I am sorry that my attentions to you have not fulfilled my object of convincing you of my devotion to the fair sex.”

Aunt Bridget attempted to blush, smiled graciously, and begged the Advocate to continue his narrative.

“ All these multifarious sort of people,”

continued he, "separated from their party on the green, as my post-chaise drew near: the men, after the custom of English rustic beaux, appropriated to themselves the accommodation of the rail, against which they leaned, crossing their blue-stockinged legs, and giving a sort of bob to the gentleman as he passed. The women suspended their chattering talk for the indulgence of that long stare, of which the very high, and the very low, alone, have the privilege. The little bodies crossed their hands in front, and ran, to their imminent peril, before the carriage, dropping their little troublesome curtseys to 'the gentleman.' Yet, I don't know how it is, one likes these tributes to the patrician state, and feeling oneself of a little consequence does make one more amiable.

"I was too late: the Christian service, with which the Doctor chose to preface the revival of a heathen custom, was over, and the great Monarch of the Lexicon and the Grammar was leading forth the small portion of his flock that had chosen to attend. Among these were two of the younger branches of his relations, the one laughing and blooming like Hebe, or rather, with her long ringlets, like one of King Charles's beauties; the other, with the high

impress of talent on her marked countenance, a face on which the feminine attractions were not depicted, but which never displayed one indication of selfishness, nor expression of meanness. An arm of each of these young and interesting women was tucked under the wing of the Doctor, his ample robes half forming a mantle to each of them, his only cherished natural ties. The venerable divine looked full of importance; his face swelling out with the anticipated business of the day, his mouth compressed, his eyes, like the sky, sometimes dubious between fair and foul weather; yet, unlike the atmosphere,—for, as he generally set in, in the morning, he usually continued: when he rose gloomily, he looked black all day; no sarcasm could be too venomous to satisfy his inward cravings to make others as uncomfortable as himself, no mode of domestic government too tyrannical, no well-rounded periods of abuse too violent, both for the absent and for those present. In short, when once his temper began to indicate a storm, he never fared."

"Nay, nay, Oatlands," said Mr. Mordaunt, "you are too severe; I knew the Doctor: take him altogether, he was a good-hearted old man; and, if the many impulses of benevolence, the many acts of kindness, the many

resolutions of forgiveness which he felt, and performed, and made, be weighed in the balance with his faults, trust me that, whilst there will be found much to pardon, there will also appear much to commend him to that Being whose very essence is mercy."

"Well, well," said the Advocate, "I know it will have due effect. I wish," continued he, "I could have passed over in reality, as readily as I am about to do in my narrative, the period which elapsed between my arrival at — and the commencement of the festivities. It extended to a long, unsettled, yet ceremonious two hours.

"I was first paraded by the Doctor into his library, and introduced to the ancients there: then I was sily, as a little bit of fun, lead into his wiggery by a young lady, who shall be nameless. Here we beheld every gradation of peruke—mushroom-wig, undress, and dress wig, frontispiece and back-piece, and all except the wig *au naturel*, an audacious piece of presumptuous imitation, which was not, in the Doctor's younger days, so much as thought of. These treasures, some in high buckle, and fully charged with powder; some a little the worse for last night's combat, by which I mean no insinuations that the church had been mili-

tant, but merely that, in the earnest vociferations, and other verbal contests, in which the good Doctor was at times engaged, sundry clouds of white dust were wont to escape from the ambush of his huge curls, despite the influence of pomatum, and all the ingenious precautions of frizzing.

“ ‘ I do like a wig to look like a wig,’ said my fair companion ; ‘ I detest those performances which I sometimes see on the heads of elderly ladies—a row of bright auburn ringlets on a wrinkled brow, or a gay, juvenile toupée upon a man of seventy.’

“ ‘ In short, you like a candid wig.’

“ ‘ Fancy me Dr. —,’ cried she, placing on her head a ponderous concern which had just returned from preaching in St. Mary’s, Oxford, and enclosing her slender figure in one of the Doctor’s spare gowns. ‘ Mister Oatlands, I am proud to welcome you to —, for though you are a lawyer, yet you are honest ; though you are a Presbyterian, yet you are not an apostate ; though you are a Scotchman, yet you are not—but, oh Heavens !’ screamed she, ‘ here is the Doctor himself.’

“ It was his voice, thundering along the passage—‘ Where is that wild boy, Oatlands, and that saucy jade, Miss — ?—bring them

out, I say, bring them out, to shew themselves, and join the lasses on the green, and foot it nimbly—Doctor —— orders it:’

“ ‘ We are ready, Sir’—said my fair companion, in an instant disentangling herself from her cumbrous vestments, and assuming, in a moment, the utmost precision and composure of manner: ‘ I was only giving Mr. Oatlands a lecture on whigism; for I find him, I am sorry to say, an unconquerable Tory.’

“ ‘ Well; come along, we will talk to him, and put him in the right way at dinner.’

“ ‘ Pray do, Doctor.’

“ ‘ Mr. Oatlands,’ said he, looking sternly at me, as he walked along, ‘ the man who is a Tory at ——, must be a monster of prejudice and obstinacy.’

“ When we had descended into the garden before the house, we found between twenty and thirty young ladies assembled, waiting for the Doctor to lead them off to the May-pole. These fair nymphs were as various in their deportment and attire as if they had met by hazard, and not by particular and well-weighed invitation. Some few were the daughters of country gentlemen: that class of persons who, in England, have more pride of station than any other order: they are, indeed, a ‘ peculiar

people,'—a distinct race—the very monarchs of country races and of provincial assemblies, concentrating within themselves the cherished prejudices of by-gone generations. Yet I mean not to disparage the worth of this class of the aristocracy, which, whilst it exceeds their brethren among the nobility in pride of birth, exceeds them also in firmness of principle, and in a strict attention, both by precept and example, to the conduct of those around them. Of course, in speaking of this class, I mean to refer chiefly to those who have not town-houses, but spend the whole year chiefly at their country seats.

“ The three young ladies who belonged decidedly to this *caste*, were sisters, and were strictly aristocratic in every thing but being rich; consequently they had ‘hung on hand,’ to use a vulgar expression, and were now on the debatable grounds of five, six, and seven-and-twenty. As their fear of degradation had prevented their marrying any one beneath themselves, so their plain faces had stood in the way of their being courted by any one above them. Maria, the eldest, was the only one of the family who could boast anything like a good complexion; but then, she had a very large nose. Nevertheless, good-natured and liberal

persons, especially those who had no daughters, said that she was handsome ; and asserted it the more stoutly, that none of the gentlemen could ever be found to agree with that opinion. At any rate, she was good-tempered, and had not that perpetual curl of the upper-lip which distinguished her next sister, Selina. Selina had red hair, puffed off by her mother's friends as ' golden : ' at any rate, it was the only golden possession that she had. She was accounted to be a fine figure, a kind mode of getting rid of any discussion upon her face. Her eyes were narrow, and close together ; her nose, from its sanguine hue and projection, was, relatively to her pale face, what a mountain covered with heath is to a sandy plain. I could never divine what she had to pride herself upon ; yet she entered a room with an air as full of confidence as if she had been the first belle there. Caroline, the youngest, was near-sighted, and had a trick of incessantly screwing up her eyes. Her hair and complexion were of that dingy, ashy hue which belongs to no class, which can neither be termed dark nor fair ; and she was a little awry : of course, as she belonged to a county family, she had her partizans, and was considered genteel. These young ladies were dressed scrupulously alike, even to their shoe-

ties; and I was puzzled, for half an hour, when their backs were turned, to know with which I was engaged to dance. You would have thought, by their extreme care neither to touch nor to speak to the majority of the other ladies, that they were performing quarantine themselves, either after some infectious disease, or that they were of opinion that the rest of the party ought to do so: but no, the only contagion they dreaded was, that worst of all complaints, vulgarity.

“ These three Miss Smithsons, along with a motley party, were all paraded up to the green which I had passed, whereupon stood a thing called a May-pole; but a device which I fancy the goddess Maia would not have owned, had she been alive, as a suitable tribute to her. It was stiff, gorgeous, and in execrable taste, and looked as if the old electioneering ribbons of some neighbouring contest had been appropriated to its decoration. I must here remark, that we were preceded to this spot by a flag and band of music, the Doctor calling upon every one to contribute a shilling to the performers, when we arrived at the May-pole. And now dancing commenced; and I, to my sorrow, was commanded to lead off with the eldest Miss Smithson; and, of course, expected

by the young lady to fall in love with her; but, as I complied with the first injunction, I considered that I might be excused from fulfilling the last-mentioned expectation. In truth, we were not of the same calibre : she had some military acquaintance, and was versed in the affairs of the 73rd, from the resignation of the late colonel to the appointment of the youngest cornet. I knew nothing about any officer, but a sheriff's officer—'don't look grave, Miss Caroline, it was not on my own account'—and I was far better acquainted with the details of the university calendar than those of the army-list; but young ladies have a remarkable memory that way. I was soon released, and hastened to the dark-eyed, animated girl, to whom I have before alluded,—to whom I mean to *allude* only, Miss Bridget. I found her seated near the youngest Miss R——, in the most mischievous humour possible, and having a lively coadjutor in her young neighbour.

" ' We have been contemplating,' said my lovely incognita, ' every variety of country-dance-step, from the turned-up toe and hop of the country bumpkin, to that vague sort of waddling, kicking, ambulatory motion which gentlemen call dancing.'

“ ‘ Then, we have seen you thoroughly danced down by Miss Smithson,’ cried Miss R——.

“ ‘ Ladies, you are very diverting,’ said I, ‘ and —’

“ ‘ And we consider it your duty,’ said my incognita, ‘ to take the second and third Miss Smithson in turns ; every one does it ; and, if you begin with the set, you are expected to go through with it.’

“ ‘ I thank you for the advice, but I —’

“ ‘ Oh ! don’t be disturbed about an introduction ; we will manage that,’ said Miss R—— ; ‘ and, if you are fond of family dances, there are the four Miss M——’s, whom you may ask at one stroke for the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth.’

“ ‘ Oh, Heavens ! I shall have a paralysis of the lower limbs before I have done, I expect.’

“ ‘ But there is no freedom of choice here,’ said my beautiful unknown ; ‘ and see,’ said she, ‘ what the Doctor is bringing to me !’

“ ‘ And to me,’ said Miss R——.

“ And, in short, I saw, to my infinite vexation, a spectacle, or rather a pair of ‘ spectacles,’ which annihilated my hopes of dancing with the partner for whom I secretly sighed—

(for sighs of this kind will occur, you well know, my dear Mordaunt)—for the whole evening.’

“ The Doctor, on these annual occasions, made the futile attempt to please his highly-born county acquaintances, and to conciliate the affections and contribute to the enjoyment of his parishioners ; consequently, he not only brought persons of different stations, manners, and ideas into close contact, but insisted upon effecting introductions, which could only be awkward to one party, and disagreeable to the other. The consequence may be readily conceived. The young farmer, bouncing down the dance, supporting, jumping, turning, and setting to a delicate, well-bred girl, thought her proud and stiff if she had that kind of *retenue* in her manner, which a nymph, if politely nurtured, cannot but display towards a man greatly her inferior in rank, and, not only in rank, but in all that marks and accompanies their difference of station.

“ ‘ How high and mighty she be !’ said a top-booted, corderoy-breeched young clodpole, after dancing down with, and kicking half-a-dozen times with his stout soles the tender ankles of a delicate and modest young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring clergy-

man. "I'd raather have had Betty Sutton, by half.'

"Betty Sutton was a red-faced, flaxen-haired, able-bodied dancer, who acquired a sort of notoriety by being what Dr. — chose to style the Queen of May. She was jigging it, miserably out of time, and with cheeks of crimson—whilst a fatigued, thin, but elegant-looking young officer, in vain strove to follow her down the middle fast enough to get out of the way of her *in politesse*, or to stand the swing which she spontaneously and gratuitously gave him when they reached the bottom. At length, his fine hair shaken quite out of curl, and his face the picture of woe, he begged her to excuse him for a moment, slunk behind the crowd, and was no more heard of that day. A laugh, ten degrees louder than a titter, shook Miss Betsey and four or five of her acquaintances, at this desertion.

" 'Where's Tom Tims?'—cried the Queen of May—'he's better nor any on 'em lords, any day; I be quite sick o' hoigh loife, that I be!'

"But, to return to my fair companions: I saw them in despair led off; one by a miller, the other by a grazier. Miss R——, accustomed to her grandfather's oddities, *non cha-*

lante, and getting through it as a task; my young unknown, behaving with a matchless propriety, displaying no little airs, but treating her Patie of the Mill as her partner only, yet answering, with a good-humoured dignity, his observations on the last importations of American flour. Only once did I see her lips, around which a thousand playful expressions ever hovered, extend to an absolute smile, and that occurred when an agricultural friend of her partner, encountering him in the dance, turned round and said—

“ ‘ Were you at — Fair last week ?’

“ ‘ Yes !’

“ ‘ How’s oats ?’

“ As for Miss R——, I asked her, when breathless she passed me, after she had capered away with her partner, like a lambkin by the side of an ox—‘ Well, Miss R——, have you had much discourse with your Knight of the Golden Fleece ?—Have you learned how much mutton is to be per stone, and if hides are likely to rise ?’

“ No,’ said she, ‘ my hero was not so conversable as Amelia’s.’

“ Amelia is a *nom de guerre*, Miss Bridget; you don’t know her, so you need not guess.”

“ ‘ He only said to me,’ continued she, ‘ well,

now we are at the top!—and, when we had danced down—well, now we are at the bottom!”

“ ‘Senseless wretch! You ought to have answered him — the mountains have danced like rams, and the little hills like young sheep.’

“ ‘Fie! Mr. Oatlands, I’ll tell my grand-papa of you!—but here he comes, all in a flurry.’

“ In good truth, the Doctor was marshalling his forces preparatory to driving us all to dinner: but what was my surprise to find that the gentlemen were all expected to dine at the Inn, and that the good cheer of the Rectory was reserved for the ladies only. ‘Well, this is a May-day à la *Diane*,’ thought I, as I stood in hopeless agony, seeing the ladies flock by me like a flight of sparrows. Yet I was not so unreasonable as to regret the loss of the *whole* groups; for *one* only I grieved: she passed me almost the last of the retreating fair ones, and a sort of malicious smile lighted up her dark eyes as she looked up at me, and ran nimbly by me without speaking.

“ ‘I will storm the castle,’ cried I, in a paroxysm of vexation.

“ ‘Take my advice,’ said a spruce little country attorney, who stood close by me;

‘ walk to the Rectory, and pretend that you know nothing about this arrangement. Sit down at the table with a face of innocence—possession is nine points of the law—.’

“ ‘ Thank you, my friend ! ’ replied I ; ‘ and if ever I cheat my neighbour, or want to cheat him, I’ll employ *you* as my lawyer. ’

“ Fortunately, I was not obliged to follow his dirty means of intruding myself unbidden. A message, conveyed by a red-headed clodhopper of a boy, the Doctor’s under-footman, summoned me to the Rectory ; but to what intercession, or to what peculiar merits of my own, I was indebted for this distinguished honour, I still remain ignorant.

“ I found a spacious apartment set out for dinner, and lined, not only with the worthies of old on its bookshelves, but with the beauties of modern times, who were already seated at the ample cold collation provided by the Doctor. I was the only gentleman in the room, and, consequently, had much the same sensations as a white mouse may be supposed to feel amongst black ones, or a Newfoundland dog in company with French poodles.”

“ Do not be shocked, Miss Bridget ; I do not mean to infer superiority.”

“ ‘ Doctor,’ said I, in a piteous tone, ‘ am I to be the only knight among these damsels of noted charms ?’

“ You shall have a mate, Sir,’ said he; and, waddling out of the room, he thrust in a sickly, undergrown youth with a lady’s scarf on his shoulders. ‘ This gentleman is an invalid,’ said the Doctor; ‘ he comes in here, ladies, on condition that you will treat him as one of yourselves:’ and he pushed the blushing youth down upon a seat, and there left him to recover the confusion of his entrance.

“ I soon found out for what purpose I had been rescued from the herd of those who had been sentenced to the precincts of a low, tobacco-scented, blue-plated dinner, at a public house—it was to carve a round of beef, of which savoury dish the Doctor eat no less than seven times, commencing each renewed attack with—

“ ‘ This beef is excellent!—I knew you could carve, Oatlands, else you were not from Brazen-Nose, my man.’

“ At length, after my right hand had nearly lost its cunning, I found that every one else had done, and that the Doctor had begun with his merciless toasts; so that I was constrained

to despatch my share of the entertainment with as much expedition as possible.

“ And now began a series of ceremonials, upon the performance of which Dr. —— prided himself greatly.—*Nota Bene*, saving to his own right and left hands, there were none but home-made wines down the table—black currant, muddy as the Styx ; white currant, thin, colourless, and conducive to cholera ; raisin, sticky with brown sugar ; and grape, made from that vine which the fox jumped at and despised.”

“ I am puzzled,” quoth Aunt Bridget, “ to think what Mrs. —— could have been about to have allowed such potations to have been concocted. I should like to send her my grandmother’s receipt for black currant, made in the year of our Lord 1780 ; for cowslip, brewed when I was born——”

“ 1750 !” interrupted the Colonel.

“ This is a digression,” resumed Mr. Oatlands, with a solemn look around him. “ Nothing is so troublesome and unprofitable as the subject of dates ; I like no figures but those of the young and lovely objects which now greet my eyes” (with a kind and generalizing look at old and young), “ except, save and except, Miss Bridget, that of a certain absentee, who

has been, and who shall be, nameless. But, to continue my narrative :—

“ The first of the Doctor’s amiable fooleries consisted in drinking solemnly to the health and welfare of the parents of all his young ladies, with a little commendatory tribute, merited or not, as it happened, to each. Now this would have been all very well, could the course of Nature have been stopped to oblige him, and all the parents of all the young ladies present lived to have their healths drunk, from May-day to May-day. But it would occur, in spite of Dr. —, that some young damsels had been orphans for years ; others had witnessed the last slumbers of a father or mother, perhaps, since the last festive occasion which had called them together ; and a few, perhaps, might have parental ties, which, from conduct, insanity, or other circumstances, they were not desirous to have recalled to public notice. Nevertheless, the Doctor went round, speechifying in set terms, varying his beautiful paragraphs with much ingenuity, but making a solemn pause at those of his fair guests whom death had deprived of their closest connections. The consequence was, that he set half a dozen young ladies a crying. One circumstance struck me particularly, and interested and

shocked me greatly. There was a delicate, pretty-looking girl, who seemed to belong to nobody there, and whom I had remarked as moving about the room alone, having no acquaintance. She was the daughter of a major in the army, a person of good family, and—but who—I hardly know how to express myself—*ought* to have married her mother.”

“A vastly proper remark!” was heard to fall from Miss Bridget’s lips, in a suppressed voice.

“I believe that Dr.—— was the first person who had invited this poor girl into what was esteemed respectable society, and I should not think she would forget the condescension in a minute. After eulogizing her father as ‘that brave officer’ (by-the-bye, I believe he was in the militia, and had served two days in the Birmingham riots), ‘a most accomplished gentleman, a man of unsullied *honour*, a credit to his family, his birth-place, his country:’—he paused significantly; looked most portentous; shook a good deal of powder out of his wig; and, in a tone more than usually audible, said—

“‘I forbear to speak of your mother.’

“My cheeks, for once, glowed with that painful feeling which is produced when others are needlessly pained. The gentle girl bowed

down her head like a broken flower : and I saw, to my mingled delight and concern, that the eyes of Amelia were filled with tears.

“ Do not too hastily condemn the old Doctor. I am persuaded that he meant most kindly by this young person ; but he never could resist the temptation of producing an effect.—He was a great actor every where but at the dinner-table ; and there, like Garrick on the stage, he was natural.

“ After our progenitors and progenitresses were discussed, the Doctor thought it necessary to introduce a new species of torture. A large gold cup, of most suspicious-looking, sacred appearance, filled with a compound, of which wine and spirits made the least ingredient, swimming with leaves of borage, and tasting of lemon-juice, stick-liquorice, and other vegetable ingredients : this huge concern, which was called the loving-cup, and which was applied to the lips of each individual without reserve, as the auctioneers say, accompanied by a toast from the Doctor to the health of the person ‘ whom you love best.’ The change of feeling upon the introduction of this new ceremonial was remarkable. Young ladies who had snivelled or looked pensive when their dear papas

and mammas were referred to, now tittered abundantly; some could scarcely hold the cup for laughing; others attempted to pass it slyly. One pretty nymph declared that her lover must be in Fairy Land, for she hadn't one on earth; another, who was known to be engaged, said she wished her's was there. The elder Miss Smithson drank off the toast good-humouredly, and submitted to be joked by her neighbour about her military taste; but the younger ones passed it round, after sipping it with haughty and contemptuous looks; for which offence they were never invited to the Rectory again.

“ ‘Am I to name the idol of my affections, Grandpapa?’ said the lively Miss R——, as she took the huge goblet in her beautiful hands.

“ ‘Thou saucy jade, thou pussy, thou minx, thou prate-a-pace!’ squeaked out the pleased old Doctor; fond, even as a parent of his first-born, of his two granddaughters—‘even as thou wilt; for, like thy mother, and like her mother too, thou wilt have thine own way.’

“ ‘Well, then, here's to the Grazier!’ cried the fair girl. ‘Nay, sister, you can't be angry, for Grandpapa introduced him to me.’

“ ‘ If we chuse our last partners, we may all drink to the memory of some honest vocation,’ said Amelia, with hypocritical gravity.

“ ‘ I have no doubt but that the next harvest has your best wishes, Miss Amelia,’ said I.

“ ‘ It has ; and may the arts of industry flourish any where except at a dance,’ said she, in a lowered tone, as the cup passed her.

“ Nay, Miss Bridget,” continued the Advocate, good-humouredly, “ I will not gratify you ; I will not tell you of whom I thought when the loving-cup, after its evolutions, came round to me. All I know is, that if that fair object of my admiration were ignorant of the object of my thoughts at that moment, she must have studied the science of the loving-cup to very little purpose under the great Dr. —.

“ We separated early, acknowledging all, I believe, the kindness of purpose of the worthy Doctor in assembling us on the Twelfth of May, but regretting his arrangements. Few, I believe, left — without some relique of the day. The gentlemen at the ordinary went home tipsy ; some were found in the ditches ; others, who had not head enough to get so far, slept on the benches of the public-house. Such are the frequent consequences of a separation from the restraints of female society.

“ The young ladies were mostly indisposed in the evening. One had the tooth-ache; another complained that her clothes were scented with the fumes of the Doctor’s pipe; a third never drank British wines at home, and they did not agree with her. Most of them were vexed at being interrupted in their flirtations with some favoured beau. I myself had an abominable headache from drinking deeply the contents of the loving-cup, of which I thought myself in gallantry bound to imbibe largely; and all the company, I believe, would, from the result of their own personal experience, have willingly subscribed for a new edition of the poem, of which Dr. — was so fond, entitled the ‘ Tears of Old May-day.’ ”

The Advocate’s story had the desired effect; it dispersed the heavy cloud that hung over the party, which now moved to the boat: but, before entering it, Miss Standard requested Mr. Mordaunt, whose arm she had accepted, to ask the boatman if he could give an account of the singular being whose presence had so startled her in the dell.

“ Aye; wha should she be,” replied the boat-

man, 'wha but Sandy Mac Vitæ? Nae doubt, Sir, ye hae heard o' Sandy?"

"Not I, truly," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Weel, weel, it does nae matter:—he is ane of twins; his brither is dead a year ago. The nicht afore he was born, his mither was frightened by the taisch* o' his father, wha was in Spain. Andrew Mac Vitæ, ye see, listed, and left his spouse ahint him:—what is your opinion, Sir, anent the army?"

Mr. Mordaunt was amused with the categorical mode of conversation so common with Highlanders, but he replied—"As to my opinion of the army, there is so much to be said, that we must defer the discussion until another time: but I may now say that, judging from the courage and the high military character of the highland regiments, the army is a line of life peculiarly adapted for a Highlander."

"Ye ken little about the matter, Sir, if ye think so; Highlanders ne'er would list, were it no to oblige the laird. May be ye ken'd Major Cameron?"

"I had not the honour of knowing that gal-

* Taisch implies the similitude of the person in the second sight.

lant officer," said Mr. Mordaunt; "but I am anxious that you should furnish me with some information respecting the wild man, Sandy Mac — what did you call him?"

"Mac Vitæ," replied Donald. "Weel, weel, I am coming to that. Ye see that the Major was Andrew's chief, and fell in the same fecht wi' him—aye, it was a sair day for the Camerons as weel as the Mac Vitæs!—but Andrew fell wi' the chief, and that was some consolation to him; though I true it was little to the gude-wife, wha, that very nicht, saw Andrew wi' a great gash in his head."

"I understood," said the Clergyman, "that he fell fighting in Spain?"

"Tweel did she," replied the everlasting digressor; "there's nae doubt that she fell on Spanish ground. But a stark man was Andrew, to my certie!—ere he fell, I opine, the French got as gude as they gied, or my name is no Donald Cameron."

"But what of Sandy Mac Vitæ?" said Mr. Mordaunt, anxious to bring him to the point.

"Sandy!—that's true, I was forgetting Sandy—nae doubt ye tak snuff, Sir!—I prefer rapée:—ye see this mull, Sir?—my great great grandfather, by the mither's side—she was a

Grant d'ye see, and came o' gentle bluid ; my great great grandfather gat it frae Grant o' Rothermurchies ; it was an heir loom."

" But what of Sandy Mac Vitæ ?" reiterated Mr. Mordaunt.

" Weel, weel, we're coming to that. When the gude wife saw this waeful sight, she gied nearly dimentit, and fell into labour."

Miss Standard, who until now had stood admiring the patience of Mr. Mordaunt, and the specimen of a true Highlander, which Donald exhibited, turned round and approached the boat.

" Wait a wee, my leddy !" said Donald, stepping into the water ; " ye'll wat ye're bonnie feet—safly now, dinna be in a hurry—just stap on my knee !"—bending his knee, and gallantly suiting the action to the word, as Mr. Mordaunt handed her from the bank. " Now, there, sit down my leddy, 'tis a' right !" and Donald again regaled his nose with a pinch of rappée. " Weel, Sir, said he," returning to the charge with Mr. Mordaunt, " ye dinna snuff?—a weel, ye see that the tweens were born idiots ; the head o' ane o' them was as flat as a paddock's."

" Flat ! did you say ?"—exclaimed the Can-
tab, stepping out of the boat—" the forehead,

you mean, my good man:—there was no development of the intellectual faculties.”

“What’s ye’re wull, Sir?” said Donald.

“Nay, Mr. Percival,” said Mr. Mordaunt, “if you interrupt Donald, I shall never hear the end of his tale.”

“Ye’re richt, Sir, quite richt, Sir; nae man should be bauked in a story. I kend a man wha was telling some news whan anither came in—”

“Nay, Donald, leave that story at present—what of the twins?”

“Weel, weel, we’re coming to them. Ye see Andrew Mac Vitae’s wife died, and the tweens grew up little better than daft. ’Tis a sair misfortune that, Sir! do ye nae think sae?”

“It is, indeed; and how were they supported?”

“’Tweel ye may speer that; but, as the minister says, ‘the Lord is kind to bairns and daft folk:’ so a gentleman, wha heard o’ their condition—ye hae some kind folks in the Lowlands—and Providence fills the heart o’ man wi’ mercy every where, it fa’s like the dew o’ Heaven in the plains and on the mountains!”

“Well,” said Mr. Mordaunt, fearful of another digression, “what of this gentleman?”

“Ouh, naething, Sir, naething. You see he

gaed an order to Duncan Stewart—ye ken Duncan, our landlord?—a weel, Sir! ye see Duncan gat an order to cleid the tweens, and to get them taught to read: but it was o' nae use, Sir. Ye dinna think it possible to teach a fool to read?"

"Never mind what I think, Donald; proceed."

"Ye're richt, Sir, ye're thoughts will no mend the matter now:—but it is a fact, that the Dominie could mak naething o' them, puir things! they had nae stomach for learning, and just wandered about like wild nowte."

Mr. Mordaunt had heard enough of the narrative to guess the sequel; and politely thanked Donald for the information. But a Highlander is not to be put off in that way, and Donald made a determined stand against it.

"Na, na, Sir!" said he, refreshing his olfactories with another pinch, "ye hae nae heard the best o' the story. The tweens, ye see, Sir, grew up to callants, wilder and wilder. That was a consequence to be expected—is that not your opinion, Sir?—but, what was I saying?—aye, Duncan Stewart was obligated to cut the auld claise frae their backs, and hae the new put on by main force: few wise folk require

sic persuasion to put on a new coat ; do they, Sir ?”

“ Never mind ; proceed, Duncan.”

“ Weel, Sir, they were awfu’ speilers ; and ane day the youngest was found floating in Loch Achray. Nae doubt ye’re wondering at the word youngest, when they were tweens—but such a think is possible, is it no, Sir ?

“ Weel, Sir, ye dinna seem disposed to gie an opinion ; perhaps ye’re right—but, what was I saying ?—aye, the youngest gat, naebody kens how, into Loch Achray, although it is possible that he may hae fallen into the Teith, and been carried down—is that no likely, Sir ?”

The Colonel, whose patience had been for some time exhausted, now earnestly begged that Mr. Mordaunt would step into the boat. “ If you wait, my dear Sir, to hear the end of Donald’s story, the revuellée will be beaten to-morrow morning.”

Donald pulled off his bonnet.—“ Ye’re ho-
hour’s time eneugh,” said he, “ for the Coir-
nan-Uriskin ; ye’ll no think muckle o’ it, when
ye get there.”

Mr. Oatlands smiled.

“ I have only one question more to ask
Donald,” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“That will produce five hundred on his part”—exclaimed the Advocate.

“Tell me,” continued Mr. Mordaunt, “how this wretched man is supported?”

“Naeboddy kens; it may be, like the prophet, he is fed by the corbies. The herd lads, nae doubt gie him a scone now and then; and, when he happens to be on the road, travellers gie him a bawbee for snishing.”

“The poor creature disappeared so suddenly,” said Mr. Mordaunt, “that I fear he has shared the fate of his brother.”

“Do you think sae?” asked Donald.

“By Gad, Mr. Mordaunt!” exclaimed the Veteran, “we must leave you and Donald behind.—Donald, I command you to do your duty!”

“Weel, weel, Sir, ye army gentlemen maunie be gainsaid—your honour’s pleasure maun be done.”

Donald took another pinch; and, with the most provoking coolness and composure, stepped into the boat, and shoved it from the beach. The Cantab and the Advocate took the oars; the former to display his skill in rowing, the latter from his knowledge of the proverbial awkwardness of Highland boatmen. In two

minutes we shot into the little creek which leads to the Coir-nan-Uriskin.

As we pushed off in the boat, I again caught a glimpse of the same figure that had attracted my eye in the dell, bending forwards from behind the rock under the screen of which the party had been seated. I was now more than ever puzzled, as the recognition which the distance permitted me to make, almost convinced me that my first idea was correct ; but how to account for the presence here of that individual, was a mystery which I could not solve : and still more difficult was it to explain the impression which his appearance, admitting the truth of my conjecture, had made upon Caroline Ashton and Mr. Mordaunt. As I gazed, the figure disappeared, and I was again half inclined to think that it was one of those illusions of the brain that mock the eye ; yet, I determined to lose no opportunity of investigating the mystery.

If we had not seen the mountain recess, which we had just left, the Coir would have made a powerful impression upon us. It is as wild, and nearly as romantic as the dell we left, as far as concerns trees and rocks, and the rude piling of huge fragments, which form the

narrow cavity which the magic of Sir Walter Scott has transformed into a grotto :—

“ Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.”

But it wants the river-torrent and its interminate source and afflux under the gloom of the mingled shade of the oaks and birches, with the distant hollow and mysterious boom of the unseen waterfall, interrupting the solemn stillness of the spot, which impresses so high a feeling of the sublime in the other recess. There are, it must be admitted, in the Coir, when a person visits it alone, a solitude and a stillness which are truly fearful: if he suspend his footsteps to listen for some demonstration of life or humanity, he hears only the beatings of his own heart; he seems shut out of the world; and there is nothing to destroy this impression. But the Coir requires to be visited alone; it is to the imagination, not to the eye, that we must ascribe the sublime awe with which the mind is overpowered.

“ Well, Miss Caroline, are your ideas of the Coir, formed upon Sir Walter’s description, realized ?” said the Advocate.

“ I prefer,” replied she, “ the taste of Letitia’s living Urisk, if I dare believe that the sylvan

deity can retire to a more comfortable abode in severe weather."

The Advocate smiled. "You are certainly right in your judgment of the two spots ; yet, for hundreds that visit the Coir, not one sees the mountain recess."

"It is a fortunate circumstance," remarked Mr. Mordaunt, "for the comfort of the Urisk."

THE END OF VOL. I.



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